

MARKET FOCUS

h, if not euphoric

Hungary

FT Weekend

Gene genie

'It was too late. We were on a journey into a rapidly evolving future that no one could stop'

Page I

Take Manhattan

'We're doing antidepressant aromatherapy lipstick and aroma colour bath (no bubbles, just pure colour energy)'

Page XII

FT

FINANCIAL TIMES

JANUARY 17/JANUARY 18 1998

FT Weekend

Boy wonder

'I have posters of Agassi at home. I can't believe I shall be on the same court as him'

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FT Property

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Private sector debt problem intensifies with rupiah at 8,200 to the dollar

IMF deal fails to ease crisis in Indonesia

By Peter Montagnon and Sander Theones in Jakarta

Indonesia's \$80bn private sector debt crisis has intensified after Thursday's International Monetary Fund rescue package failed to restore confidence in the rupiah, senior bankers and diplomats said yesterday.

"I'm still convinced there will be a debt moratorium, but it will be done in an orderly way with the appointment of national negotiating groups for foreign lenders," said Neil Saker, regional economist with SocGen-Crosby.

"It has to happen soon, we are close to total collapse," said a leading European banker who declined to be identified.

They were speaking after the rupiah fell as low as Rp9,000 to the dollar yesterday, although it recovered to close slightly firmer on the day at 8,200. Bankers say the rate needs to return to about



Indonesian demonstrators demand democracy and cheap food as the debt crisis continues

Rp4,000 before the private sector debt becomes manageable. When the crisis struck last August, the dollar was worth about Rp2,600.

Dealers blamed the failure of the rescue package to address the country's debt problem as well as political uncertainties for the rupiah's failure to rise. However, the stock market took heart from the package with shares rising almost 7 per cent, although some dealers detected buying by government-owned brokers.

The IMF and World Bank are wringing their hands at the rupiah's response to what they thought was a tough package that hit almost every vested interest in Indonesia, said one diplomat familiar with the IMF negotiations. "Virtually everyone agrees that the debt needs a solution, and needs one quickly."

But neither institution has a well-thought out solution for dealing with private sector debt,

Stockholm ice palace artists lose their cool

Europe's new cultural capital feels the heat as flagship pavilion melts

By Tim Burt in Stockholm

Barbro Behm took off her gloves and ran her hands across the ice. "Even now it is sweating. It will all melt - there is just too much dirt in it," she said.

The sculptor, one of eight artists working inside Stockholm's first art gallery built entirely from snow and ice, yesterday expressed doubts the 200 sq m igloo would survive long enough to become one of the flagship venues of Stockholm '98, marking the city's year as cultural capital of Europe.

Sweden's mildest winter since 1920 has left the ice pavilion, due to open today, looking like a beached white whale on the muddy Stockholm quayside.

A conspicuous lack of snow and temperatures stubbornly above zero have forced the building's designers to look elsewhere for their raw material.

More than 100 tonnes of ice has been trucked down from the Arctic Circle to support the structure, and snow and ice have been scraped from the city's hockey rinks to pack it all together.

Yesterday, 30 architecture students were brought in to shovel snow against the outside walls while sculptors struggled inside against the elements to complete their own works of ice.

"It has prompted a great deal of debate about global warming and I am afraid it might not last as long as we had hoped," said Mats Widbom, programme co-ordinator for architecture and design at Stockholm '98.

The unseasonably warm weather, moreover, has persuaded the organisers to find a new theme for the launch project

Chernomyrdin stakes strong claim as Yeltsin heir

By John Thornhill in Moscow

Victor Chernomyrdin, Russia's prime minister, yesterday staked a strong claim to succeed Boris Yeltsin as president by consolidating his grip over his cabinet through a significant reshuffle.

Brushing aside rumours of ill-health, Mr Chernomyrdin, a former gas industry boss, regained oversight of the fuel and energy ministry, previously supervised by Boris Nemtsov, first deputy prime minister.

Mr Chernomyrdin clipped the

portfolio of Anatoly Chubais, the other young first deputy prime minister, and took over supervision of the finance ministry.

The Izvestiya newspaper argued the changes, approved by the president, represented an unprecedented strengthening of the authority of the prime minister. It speculated that Mr Yeltsin had taken the decision either to stand for a third term or name Mr Chernomyrdin as his heir.

Boris Makarenko, a political analyst at the Centre for Political Technologies, a Moscow-based

of Stockholm's year as cultural capital. Instead of a Nordic celebration of ice and snow, the ice pavilion is being hailed as an example of technical ingenuity overcoming environmental obstacles.

About 5km of frozen pipes have been inserted into the walls, helping to keep the temperature inside the pavilion between -2°C and -5°C.

Snow gathered 30 miles away in Sandviken has been packed on the roof and the whole edifice wrapped up in polythene before today's official opening.

"In the worst-case scenario, we expected the temperature to be around zero. But it has been warmer than anyone can remember," said Mr Widbom.

Some commentators in Stockholm regard the frantic activity around the ice pavilion - due to sit in Kungsträdgården park for a month - as an ominous sign for the cultural year.

"The eyes of Europe are on us and we have to show that we can pull this off successfully," said one newspaper columnist.

The pressure has increased on Stockholm to revitalise the concept of a European cultural capital following criticism of Thessaloniki, the Greek city that held the accolade in 1997.

Thessaloniki's financial management of its year as city of culture has been the subject of inquiries by the European Commission and Greek government into how its grant aid was spent.

"Stockholm, with a budget of SKr460m (\$57.5m), has to produce a better-than-average performance," said one European diplomat in Stockholm.

"The heat is on in more ways than one."

US and Britain press Iraq

The US and Britain stepped up pressure on Iraq after France and Russia, which want to see the lifting of sanctions, sought to dilute the American presence in the United Nations weapons-monitoring mission. Scott Ritter, the American whom Iraq has accused of being a spy, yesterday left Baghdad with his inspection team a day early after being blocked from working for two days. Page 3

China announces banking reforms

China unveiled sweeping reforms of its debt-burdened banking sector aimed at "commercialising" banks by 2000 and avoiding a south-east Asian-style financial crisis. Beijing also indicated that it would ease credit selectively for housing, infrastructure, agriculture and small businesses to stimulate an economy which is slowing. Page 2; Lex, Page 24

Pope and Castro agree to differ

On Wednesday the Pope, whose reputation as an anti-communist crusader still shadows him, will visit communist Cuba, island fiefdom of President Fidel Castro. Cuba and the Vatican have gone out of their way to damp speculation that the Pope may seek to persuade Mr Castro to dump communism. This is a pastoral, not a political, visit, they say. Page 3

Clinton makes legal history

Today, Bill Clinton will become the first incumbent US president to testify as a defendant in a court case. He will be answering a claim by Paula Corbin Jones that he sexually harassed her in 1991, when he was governor of Arkansas. The proceedings may mark the point of no return on a path to a full trial planned for May. Page 4

Man in the News

General in the White House

Clinton's government is expected to announce a new policy on the Middle East, which will be a major test of his leadership. The policy will be announced in the coming weeks, and will be a major test of his leadership. The policy will be announced in the coming weeks, and will be a major test of his leadership.

Seagate to cut workforce

Seagate Technology, the world's largest independent maker of disk drives, will cut 10,000 jobs, about 10 per cent of its workforce, in an attempt to stem mounting losses. Most of the job losses will be in Asia. The company's problems stem largely from competition for high-capacity disk drives. Analysts say it has been losing market share to IBM, Fujitsu, Maxtor and Samsung. Page 24

Asian problems hit Deutsche Telekom

German telecoms company Deutsche Telekom is to make provisions of up to DM750m (\$412m) in its 1997 results to cover the impact of south-east Asia's financial upheavals. The group reported annual after-tax income of DM3.3bn, according to preliminary estimates, at least DM1bn lower than market forecasts. Page 24

Wall Street follows Tokyo recovery in pre-holiday trading

The US stock market warmed up for the Martin Luther King holiday on Monday by rallying strongly in response to the recovery in the Tokyo market. An hour before its close, the Dow Jones Industrial Average was about 90 points higher at 7,781. While the market recovered from its sharp initial fall on Monday, it was plagued all week by fears that the Asian economic crisis would have adverse effects on corporate profits. London stocks, Page 17; World stocks, Page 21; Markets, FT Weekend Page XX

Reebok on new track

After spending hundreds of millions of dollars slugging it out with its rival Nike to sign sponsorship deals with basketball stars, US sportswear group Reebok is switching to custom-made shoes and older customers, and away from mass-producing \$200 sports shoes for kids. Page 6

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NEWS: INTERNATIONAL

US and UK toughen up Iraq stance

By Laura Silber in New York

The US and Britain yesterday stepped up pressure on Iraq after France and Russia sought to dilute the American presence in the UN weapons-monitoring mission.

Scott Ritter, the American whom Iraq has accused of being a spy, yesterday left Baghdad with his inspection team. William Cohen, US defence secretary in Baghdad, said Iraq's President Saddam Hussein did not score a victory with the departure of Mr Ritter's team. His 18-member team left a day earlier than scheduled after being blocked for two days from working when the required official escort failed to turn up.

In spite of Russia's offer on Thursday to provide aircraft to monitor Iraq, Mr Cohen said US spy aircraft would continue their surveillance. Iraq has threatened to shoot down the American U-2s. After Iraq complained that Americans and Britons were dominating the inspection team, Russia on Thursday submitted a list of 80 names for Richard Butler, chief UN inspector, to consider. UN officials said a senior French expert would join the disarmament commission (Unscocm) at UN headquarters in New York.

France and Russia want to see the early lifting of sanctions against Iraq, imposed after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait in August 1990. Sanctions will remain in force until UN inspectors certify that Iraq has dismantled its arsenal of weapons of mass destruction and their pro-

duction facilities.

Britain yesterday said it was sending the aircraft carrier HMS *Invincible*, accompanied by the Royal Fleet Auxiliary *Fort Victoria*, to the Gulf region.

George Robertson, British defence secretary, said the UK was working with other Security Council members to secure Iraqi co-operation with the UN inspection teams. But he made clear that Britain was ready to use force if diplomacy failed to win access for the inspection teams.

Richard Butler, the chief weapons inspector, is due to meet UN inspectors today in Baghdad and on Monday talk to Iraqi officials in an effort to break the deadlock with Iraq over access for the weapons inspectors.

In addition to blocking Mr Ritter's team, Iraq has placed suspected weapons sites off-limits, claiming they are presidential palaces and other "sovereign" sites.

Western diplomats say Baghdad is expanding the category of off-limits sites in an effort to make impossible the monitoring and dismantling of Iraq's weapons.

This is the latest in a string of crises since last summer which diplomats have attributed to the fact that Unscocm is closing in on Iraq's hidden arsenal of chemical and biological weapons and possibly home-made Scuds.

A senior UN inspector said Iraq, hoping to exploit divisions within the Council, has "decided it can retain what remains of their weapons of mass destruction and get rid of sanctions."

Cubans make light of the First Coming

The Pope's visit to the communist-ruled island is the stuff of legend, writes Pascal Fletcher

Why is the Pope going to Cuba? "To see hell for himself, meet the devil in person and witness the miracle of how Cubans have survived!" This joke, doing the rounds in Havana, shows just how much the forthcoming visit of Pope John Paul II to Cuba has ignited the imagination, if not the expectations, of the island's long-suffering 11m people.

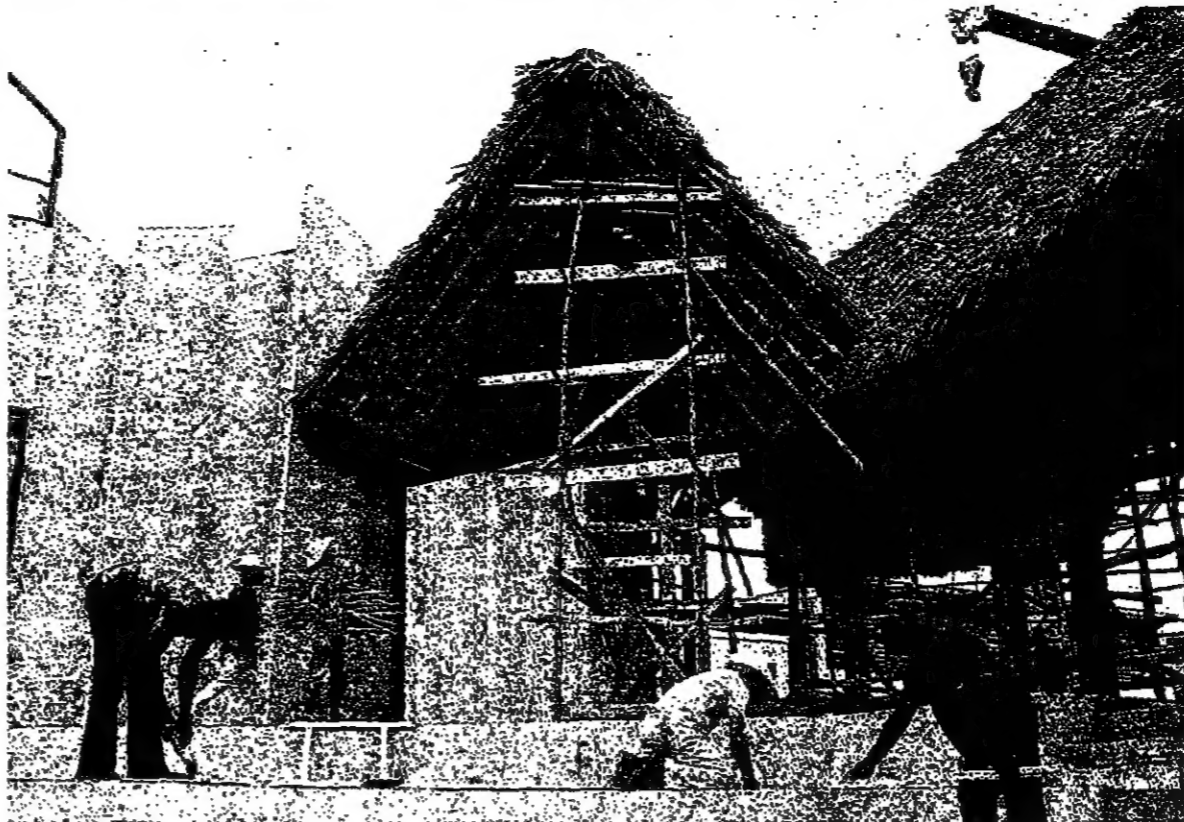
On Wednesday the 77-year-old Polish Pope, whose reputation as an anti-communist crusader still shadows him, will set foot on the island of Cuba's 71-year-old President Fidel Castro, stern defender of one of the world's last remaining one-party communist states.

Cuba's "Maximum Leader" will receive "the Messenger of Hope and Truth", the term being used by the Pope to describe his five-day pastoral mission to the Caribbean island as spiritual head of the world's Roman Catholics.

This is the stuff of myths and legends and, sure enough, 3,000 of the world's finest myth-makers from the international press will be at hand to record the momentous occasion.

Headlines are already being feverishly prepared: "A clash of titans", "Battle of hearts and minds", "An end-of-millennium meeting of the world's two great ideologies: Marxism and Catholicism".

Meanwhile, back in the real world both the Cuban government and the Vatican have gone out of their way to damp down speculation that the crusading Pope, on his first visit to the island, may seek to persuade Mr



Workers construct an altar in preparation for the Pope's visit to Santa Clara in Cuba on January 22

Castro to follow the way of his native Poland and dump one-party communism.

No, chorus the Vatican spokesmen, Cuban church leaders and government officials in apparent unison. This is a pastoral, not a political, visit.

But if the Pope says he is visiting Cuba as a "messenger of hope and truth", surely this suggests he believes these spiritual commodities may be in short supply there?

And what to make of a recent speech in Rome, in

which the Holy Father said he hoped his visit would help to make Cuba a "more just and united" country. Does that not sound just a tiny bit political?

US President Bill Clinton, who has no qualms about criticising Cuba's one-party system, certainly seems to think so. In recent remarks he said he was "very encouraged" by the Pope's visit to Cuba and added ominously: "The Pope is a very persuasive fellow."

This kind of endorsement from the headquarters of

world "imperialism" is usually enough to set the alarm bells ringing in Havana.

Mr Castro has told reporters he finds it strange that anyone should think the Holy Father would even try to convince him to abandon his faith in Marxism and the revolution. After all, he argued reasonably, did anyone seriously expect him to try to persuade the Pope to give up Catholicism?

Neither, Mr Castro added, would he be so impolite as to demand that his revered guest condemn the long-

standing US embargo against Cuba.

In fact, the pontiff is widely expected to repeat the church's public opposition to the US embargo, couched in suitably diplomatic terms.

As if to bury speculation about political change, Cuba's government held scheduled one-party general elections 10 days before the Pope's arrival. The authorities reported a miraculous near-100 per cent voter turnout and said this showed the level of support for Cuba's

one-party political system. But not all has been sweetness and light.

In spite of an assurance by Mr Castro that Cuba has "no material interest" in the papal visit, some big US television networks which have travelled to Havana are furious about what they call "outrageous price-gouging" by the Cubans. They are being asked to pay upwards of \$100,000 for the Cuban TV feed of the visit and \$5,000 a day for each satellite uplink licence, well above normal rates.

Mr Castro has denounced what he called efforts by "intriguers and enemies" to spoil the visit through "dirty publicity".

He cited international media coverage of a December 27 incident involving a Mexican tourist, in which a firework went off accidentally near a church in Havana. Some international news reports called it a "small bomb" and linked it to the papal visit.

"That firecracker resounded around the world like an atomic bomb," Mr Castro commented acidly.

Matters have not been helped by other press reports, subsequently confirmed by unnamed Vatican sources, that a listening "bug" was found before Christmas hidden in one of the church buildings that the Pope will visit during his trip. The government has avoided comment.

Amid all the fuss and paranoia, most ordinary Cubans seem to be keeping their feet firmly on the ground. "I don't expect much to change," said one Cuban. "Have you heard the latest Pope jokes?"



A downcast Necmettin Erbakan on his way to court

Court orders closure of Welfare party

Islamist leader Necmettin Erbakan banned from office for five years

By John Bartham in Ankara

Turkey's constitutional court yesterday ordered the closure of the Islamist Welfare opposition party for conspiring against the secularist order and banned Necmettin Erbakan, its leader and a former prime minister, from political office for five years.

The court's 11 judges ruled 9-2 to uphold charges brought by a state prosecutor last May that Welfare, Turkey's largest party, was "undermining Turkey's secular regime and bringing the country to the brink of civil war".

Mr Erbakan yesterday urged his supporters to remain calm.

He said: "Even if the court's decision was wrong, people should obey it. I am asking for peace."

The prosecutor filed charges as part of a campaign led by the secularist military last year to force the Islamists from office. Mr Erbakan resigned in June after 11 months in office at the head of a coalition government with the conservative True Path party of Tansu Ciller.

The court also banned five other Welfare officials from participating in politics.

All the party's property must be transferred to the treasury.

Mr Erbakan said he would appeal against the court's

decision to the European Court of Human Rights, although the constitutional court's president stated that international treaties safeguarding basic human rights such as free speech are not binding in this case.

Hasan Cemal, political columnist at Sabah, Turkey's leading newspaper, said the court's decision to announce its decision on a Friday, Islam's holiest day, during the holy month of Ramadan was a blunt warning that the secularist state, increasingly dominated by the army, would tolerate no challenges from the Islamists.

However, the ruling may further alienate support for Turkey in the European Union, where leaders have criticised the Welfare trial as undemocratic.

This is the first time an Islamist party has been closed under a democratic government. Military-led governments closed two parties founded by Mr Erbakan in 1971 and 1980.

The party's 147 remaining MPs are expected to sit as independents and may later join the Virtue party, set up in December by Islamists as a successor to Welfare.

The Istanbul stock market's main price index rose 2.7 per cent yesterday, reflecting investors' belief that the end of the trial has reduced political uncertainty.

Consumer seen as victor in beef row

By Daniel Dombey in Brussels and Frances Williams in Geneva

The European Commission yesterday hailed a ruling on hormone-treated beef as a "victory for the consumer", even though the decision leaves it unclear whether the European Union will be able to continue indefinitely its ban on imports of the meat from the US and Canada.

The ruling, issued yesterday by the World Trade Organisation's appellate body, found the EU ban was in breach of international trade rules. But it ruled in favour of the EU on several points and EU officials say they will be able to keep the ban if they provide an adequate assessment of the risks that the beef may pose to human health.

The ruling is the latest attempt to settle a dispute that has run for more than nine years and which the US says has cost it \$200m-\$250m a year in lost export revenue.

Rita Hayes, US ambassador to the WTO in Geneva, called for the ban to be lifted within the 15 month adjustment period the WTO normally allows. She noted that two comprehensive studies, including one by the EU itself, had found no risk attached to beef from hormone-treated animals.

"There is no wiggle room here," she said.

The WTO ruling overturned an earlier panel on two counts. It said the EU was not necessarily inconsistent in allowing hormones into other parts of the food chain while banning the hormone-treated beef. It added that the EU would be allowed to impose tougher food standards than the corresponding international codes if its standards were scientifically based, a ruling that the Commission was quick to praise.

A WTO source had previously doubted whether the EU would be able to provide convincing evidence of the beef's alleged effect on health, since the earlier studies provided by the EU had focused on the hormones used rather than the beef itself.

But the ruling indicated that the conditions for a risk assessment could be met if toxins were found, even if they were only present in small quantities. "One molecule is enough," said an EU official.

The EU would also be justified in banning beef if the hormones were not administered in accordance with good animal husbandry.

Whose company should you keep?

The FT 500. Thursday January 22.

For listings of the European, UK, Japanese and US top 500 international companies based on market capitalisation, look in the FT on Thursday. The survey will also include detailed comment and analysis from FT journalists worldwide.

FINANCIAL TIMES

No FT, no comment.

سكدا من الالاهل

NEWS: INTERNATIONAL

Clinton sex case hearing makes legal history

By Gerard Baker in Washington

Some time this morning, in a deserted office building a few blocks from the White House in downtown Washington, the president of the US will place his hand on a bible, swear an oath and talk on video for three hours or so about his sex life.

The occasion will not be some new experiment in schlock confessional television nor a very personal visual autobiography. It will be a piece of legal history.

Bill Clinton will become the first incumbent president ever to testify as a defendant in a court case. He will be answering a claim from Paula Corbin Jones that, on May 8, 1991, in a suite at the

Deposition will see first incumbent president testifying in a court case

Excelsior hotel in Little Rock, Arkansas, he wilfully and knowingly dropped his trousers and requested oral sex, an act that, since he was governor of Arkansas at the time and Ms Jones was an employee of the state, amounted to sexual harassment, an infringement of Ms Jones's federally protected rights.

In spite of efforts by lawyers for both the plaintiff and defendant to settle the case before it came to this, today's somewhat surreal proceedings, if they go ahead as planned, may mark the point of no return on a path to a full trial scheduled for May. Ms Jones has already turned down an offer from

the president's lawyers of \$700,000 as settlement.

She wanted instead a bit more money, an apology and what has become a litigiously obsessed nation that most precious form of redress, her day in court.

The proceedings, known formally as a deposition, mark the most visible moment yet in a public relations nightmare for Mr Clinton.

The president tried to prevent the case coming to court during his term of office, arguing that no president had ever had to defend himself in such a way. That argument was rejected by the Supreme Court, and so Mr Clinton has been

required to give the deposition, a legally binding account of his version of events that will be used as evidence at the trial.

The trial judge will be available at the other end of a telephone if needed, but the question and answer session will be essentially unrefereed. Mr Jones's lawyers have made it plain they intend to ask probing questions about Mr Clinton's sexual history, many of which would surely be ruled out of order in court.

But the White House has gone out of its way to limit the damage. Originally scheduled to be held in the White House itself, Mr Clinton's lawyers and advisers

decided against it. Ms Jones is entitled to be present at the deposition, and stomachs clearly turned in Mr Clinton's offices at the thought of television pictures of the plaintiff sweeping in to the presidential mansion for her moment of history.

Instead the event will take place at the offices of Mr Clinton's lawyers on a Saturday morning, when the streets will be empty and most citizens' thoughts will be elsewhere. The building has an underground car park so Mr Clinton will not be forced to step out of his presidential limousine under the television lights.

And in giving the deposition in

private, the president may be able to avoid having to testify in open court if the trial goes ahead.

Ms Jones's supporters argue these efforts at damage limitation have recently gone much further.

Last week the Treasury began an investigation into the circumstances surrounding the curious coincidence that Ms Jones and her husband have found themselves the subject of an audit of their tax records by the Internal Revenue Service.

In the end, perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the case has been how unmoved the American public has been by it.

Even among those who say they believe Ms Jones's allegations, the president enjoys widespread approval.



John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth

'Heroic' senator redefines space age

By Nicholas Timmins

John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth, struck a blow for the elderly everywhere yesterday with the news that he is to return to space in October, aged 77.

The Ohio senator, whose freckled, crew-cut good looks and ice-cool demeanor enamoured him to Americans 36 years ago when he orbited the earth three times in Friendship Seven, is to fly again to allow detailed experiments on the ageing process.

Mr Glenn's first flight came when the US was seen to be trailing the Soviet Union in a space race conducted at the height of the cold war.

It was a rejuvenating moment for America, making him in the words yesterday of Dan Goldin, NASA's administrator, "one of the great heroes of the 20th century".

The new flight meant Glenn would be "America's first hero of the 21st century". Mr Goldin added.

Both NASA and Mr Glenn yesterday insisted the flight was not about a serious piece of scientific experimentation. Space flight has many similar effects to ageing on muscles, bones and the cardiovascular and immunological systems, effects which are reversed when astronauts return to earth.

Having Mr Glenn fly again will allow study of the effect on somebody well past normal retirement age, and allow NASA to compare what happens to Mr Glenn's body against the baseline data they hold from his previous flight.

Outlining his decision to go with the same mix of modesty, charm and intelligence which characterised his appeal 36 years ago, Mr Glenn said the flight should help address the "whys" of what happens to astronauts in space, as opposed to the well documented "whats".

When he put the idea to NASA two years ago, he said, he had asked himself "would we see the same kind of changes" in someone who has already gone through the ageing process. "Would you be immune to them? Would we be able to find out what turns the ageing process on and off eventually?"

Mr Goldin said the man who would be both "America's newest and oldest astronaut" had "a unique blend of experience, expertise and excellent health".

His decision to risk his life again in the interests of science showed the senator undeniably had "the right stuff" - a reference to Tom Wolfe's book depicting the key characteristic of the pilots, including Mr Glenn, who pioneered US space travel on the Mercury and Gemini missions.

US industrial production rises sharply

By Gerard Baker in Washington

US industrial production rose sharply last month, as companies ran at their fastest operating rate in more than two years, the Federal Reserve said yesterday.

The figures were the latest evidence that the widely expected economic slowdown as a result of the Asian financial crisis of the last six months has not arrived yet.

Total output climbed by a seasonally adjusted 0.5 per cent in December after a 0.8 per cent leap the month before.

Businesses were running at 83.4 per cent of their maximum capacity as 1997 ended - the highest operating rate since September 1995, but still comfortably below what most economists regard as the inflationary flash point of about 85 per cent.

Last year was clearly a banner year for US factories - output was up by 5.9 per cent on 1996; manufacturing industry recorded growth of 6.5 per cent.

But analysts expect production to slow in the first few months of 1998 as a combination of rising stock levels and the fall-out from the Asian crisis begin to affect output.

The growth in production in the last three months of the year - at about an annual rate of 7.4 per cent - was much faster than the growth in demand - what was actually bought.

That suggests companies were forced to put much of the increased production into stocks.

Over the next few months businesses will tend to ease off production and run down their higher stock levels to meet demand.

In addition, the Asian effect should start to be felt, as US companies face weaker demand in the region and are forced to cope with a rise in the price of their goods as a result of the stronger dollar.

"The momentum in the industrial sector is upward going into 1998, but we expect it to ease over the course of the year, as [stocks] growth eases and export growth slows," said Jonathan Basile, an economist with HSBC Markets, an investment bank.

What no one knows for certain, however, is the scale of this slowdown. If the overall effect on output is small, the Federal Reserve will face a renewed dilemma over interest rate policy.

Currently the Fed seems content to remain on hold, pending further evidence of the depth of the expected deceleration.

Some analysts are even expecting the central bank to cut interest rates, as the economy slows sharply.

But if production continued to be as robust as it has been in the last few months, the chances of an easing in policy seem remote. And in yesterday's report the Fed pointed out that December output would have been even stronger if the car industry had not cooled off.

Excluding cars and car parts, December output climbed 0.7 per cent following a 0.6 per cent November rise.

Ice stars chase glittering prizes

National Hockey League is sending leading players to the Olympics, says Richard Waters

Eric Lindros is 6ft 4in, 230lb, and a menacing presence on a hockey rink. When this giant Canadian crushes opposing players against the boards, they feel it.

So how will his team mates on the Philadelphia Flyers react when they are submitted to the Lindros punishment at the Winter Olympics next month? And how will fans of the four US big league sports feel when they see their local heroes lining up on the opposing side against the red, white and blue of the national team?

If you are one of the bean-counters at the National Hockey League, which is sending its players to the Olympics for the first time, this will strike you as a truly exciting prospect.

The last Winter Olympics gave American television viewers the Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan show, an all-consuming drama worthy of prime time. This time, America's skaters have not tried to cripple each other off the ice - but maybe its top hockey players will do it in full view of the cameras instead.

The National Basketball Association first ploughed the Olympic furrow by releasing its stars to play in Barcelona six years ago. Dream Teams one and two became international showcases for NBA talent - and a tool for its marketing arm.

But while the NBA gave the world the awesome talents of Michael Jordan, Charles Barkley et al, the top players from the NHL could produce something different: a decent sporting contest. Only around 20 per cent of the players in the league carry US passports. Three out of every five come from Canada, where to call hockey a national obsession would be a gross understatement. The rest are Europeans of one flavour or another, with Russia, Sweden, Finland and the Czech Republic fielding the strongest contingents. Almost all the world's top players take to the ice in the NHL.

The translation of this super-league to the Olympics will involve some tinkering. The Olympic rink is about 20ft wider than the average NHL rink, a factor which should reduce the amount of body-checking by giving faster players more room.

Olympic rules also frown more harshly on the fighting that often



Eric Lindros: \$16m deal as center for the Philadelphia Flyers

characterises hockey.

The sport's two different rulebooks both read like elaborate combat manuals, with their descriptions of the penalties for "excessive rough play" (not something recognised in the NHL), "butt-ending and spearing", "fisticuffs" and "roughing". Suffice it to say that Olympic penalties are tougher, something that should also add to the generally faster and less physical hockey played outside the NHL.

The world has waited a long time for the Olympic match-ups, says Martin Saarikangas, who heads Finland's national hockey organisation. But while he exhibits some frustration at the fact that it has taken so long for the league to free its players, it is a wonder in many ways that it has happened at all.

The Olympics, after all, come in

the middle of an 82-game season.

While some tinkering with the schedule has meant that no NHL games - and hence no television revenue - has been lost, the momentum to the season will be gone.

There have also been some deeply opposing vested interests to appease. Fox, the television network which carries the NHL, will lose the sport temporarily to rival CBS, which covers the Olympics.

The players' union has been concerned about wear and tear on players; team owners have worried about injuries to their stars. "It's a real risk - no other contact sport plays this many games a year," says Bob Russell, a Canadian who has spent 30 years coaching junior hockey teams. And, in one of the most difficult negotiations, the NHL has persuaded the Olympic organisers to

hold a two-stage contest: the top six nations will get an automatic pass to the final round of eight teams, minimising the amount of time that the league's highly paid stars will have to spend in the Olympic Village. "There definitely were some wrangles," says Steve Solomon, the league's chief operating officer and a former senior vice-president at ABC Sports.

The fact that these differences have been overcome is a testament to the amount all sides believe is at stake. Hockey may be a national passion in Canada, but it has only achieved the status of a national sport in the US in the 1990s with the spread of the game to Sunbelt cities like Dallas, Tampa Bay and Phoenix.

As a result, the sport did not have national television exposure in the US until the deal with Fox in 1993, and a cable agreement with ESPN the following year. With TV coverage comes big-time sponsorship: national sponsors will spend \$200m this year for the privilege of being linked to the league. 10 times what they paid five years ago, says Solomon.

If the NHL's US business plan is still in its early stages, then an international strategy hardly exists. While some 180 countries are said to carry NHL games, only around 10 per cent of the league's \$1.3bn licensing and merchandising revenues come from outside North America.

In Europe, the NHL opened its first office in Zurich, three years ago and has its eyes on countries such as Germany and Austria, where an avid following is said to be forming. Using the Olympics as a platform for its best athletes for the first time should give the NHL the push it needs in all these places.

The business plan seems to be working well so far. The NHL recently displayed the clearest symptom of a sport that has truly joined the big leagues: the arrival of sky-high salaries.

Lindros last month reached a two-year, \$16m salary extension - a move that was widely seen as a riposte to the two-year, \$14m deal secured weeks before by Paul Kariya of the Mighty Ducks, a team owned by Disney. When the two Canadians meet in the locker room in Nagano, they will be able to compare notes.

Texas wins \$14bn tobacco deal

By Nicholas Timmins in Washington

The US tobacco industry yesterday agreed a record \$14bn settlement with the state of Texas, its biggest setback yet in the face of a spate of lawsuits.

The deal, affecting eight cigarette manufacturers, is the biggest civil settlement in US history and follows the resolution of smoking-related health claims in Mississippi and Florida, which between them cost as much as the Texas settlement. The deal also precedes what may be an even more damaging case for the manufacturers in Minnesota next week.

Details of the agreement were being announced yesterday as President Bill Clinton and the Democratic leadership sought to put fresh

pressure on Congress to agree the \$368.5bn national settlement outlined last June and impose tough anti-smoking legislation.

It was not immediately clear whether the Texas settlement would expedite federal legislation, which could overtake state settlements. Mike McCurry, White House spokesman, said tobacco companies were "clearly on the run, and on the run for good reason".

The Texas settlement - which involves R.J. Reynolds, Philip Morris, BAT Industries, American Tobacco, Brown and Williamson, Liggett, Lorillard Tobacco and United States Tobacco - is expected to include, like the Florida and Mississippi settlements, public health measures, advertising restrictions and a campaign aimed at stopping underage smoking.

The industry had said it would fight the Texas case as one of the weakest brought against it. Next week's case against the industry in Minnesota is seen as one of the strongest.

Hubert "Skip" Humphrey, Minnesota's attorney-general, is one of the fiercest critics of the proposed national settlement, describing it as too weak. He is running for governor this year and is thought to be determined to push the case to trial as a way of disclosing millions of pages of documents which could prove even more damaging to the industry than those already released.

Industry sources fear such disclosures could undermine the national deal which the

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Ministers expected to approve \$65m aid package for van joint venture

Daewoo to take stake in LDV

By Haig Simonian
in London

The government is expected to give its approval later this month for up to \$60m (£35.5m) in aid for the proposed joint venture between LDV, the Birmingham-based van group, and Daewoo of South Korea to go ahead.

A recommendation on whether to back the deal, discussed on Thursday by a panel of experts at the Department of Trade and Industry, has been passed to ministers. They are expected to give the green light, although the application for \$40m may be trimmed.

The joint venture, which will include Daewoo taking a minority stake in LDV, involves investing more than £200m in a new generation of vans early next century. The new products should secure the 1,500 jobs at LDV and potentially create a further 2,000 by 2005.

Some observers had feared

the deal might fall through after the economic turmoil in Korea, which has led to the freezing or cancellation of some investments. Matters have been further complicated by Daewoo's decision last month to buy Saangyong, another Korean vehicle group, which also builds vans.

Daewoo officials say they remain committed to the project, although some details remain to be negotiated.

The company, in intermittent talks with LDV for almost two years, has said it will take one van for every vehicle LDV builds for itself.

The deal marks Daewoo's first investment in vehicle manufacturing in the UK. The company, which broke industry tradition by selling its cars directly to motorists rather than through dealers, bought part of IAD, an automotive engineering and design business, in 1994.

The latest deal will offer a lifeline to LDV, which rose from the ashes of the collapsed Daf group in 1993. Although the company has modernised its products, its vans date back to British Leyland designs and would have difficulty remaining competitive after 2000.

LDV will gain access to

Daewoo's engineering and product skills as well as its much bigger clout for components purchasing. For Daewoo, the deal offers instant access to the big UK van market as well as LDV's experience in manufacturing and marketing commercial vehicles.

Progress on the new van range is believed to be going smoothly, with introduction planned early next century. The project includes a proposal to export some vans to Korea, although this may have to be reviewed in the light of the recent economic circumstances and the Saangyong acquisition.

Ballet and opera hit by round of fund freezes

By Anthony Thompson
in London

The Arts Council yesterday announced a freeze in funding for most of its 165 clients, with some companies receiving a cut in subsidy for 1998-99. The council's own grant from the government for 1998-99 is £184.6m (£300.8m), a cut of £1.5m on the previous year. Since 1993, the arts have seen a £24m reduction in funding in real terms.

Among the largest clients, The Royal Opera, the South Bank Centre, and English National Ballet will all see a cut in grant. Several organisations, such as the Ikon Gallery in Birmingham, England's largest city after London, the ICA in London, and some modern dance troupes, will gain.

Lord Gowrie, retiring chairman of the Council, which is responsible for distributing £184.6m in government aid, said: "The news is dire. The funded arts are in the worst revenue crisis of my adult lifetime."

The council made an across-the-board cut in grants of 0.8 per cent. By trimming council running costs by £500,000 and reducing reserves, many clients will now see their grant frozen at last year's figure - effectively a cut in real funding.

Graham Devlin, acting secretary-general of the council, added yesterday: "Companies have been tightening their belts to the point where in some organisations it is almost unsustainable. Most are in very grave difficulties and at the edge of survival. But I don't believe that any are in danger of closing."

Lord Gowrie added: "By prudent management we have been able to protect most people from the impact of our loss."

The reaction in the arts world was predictably disappointed. "I feel bitterly disappointed by yet another year on stand-still funding," said Adrian Noble, artistic director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. The RSC's grant has been frozen at £8.4m since 1993-94, representing an accumulated loss in revenue in real terms of £4.1m.

The RSC now has a deficit of £1.6m.

Jennifer Edwards, of the National Campaign for the Arts, commented: "This is the last desperate squeeze from the tube of toothpaste. Some of our most talented people are being driven out of the live arts."

UK NEWS DIGEST

Pension opt-out rebates to rise

The government yesterday signalled its determination that the state earnings related pensions scheme should "withstand the test" by increasing the rebates to those contracting out of the second-tier state pension.

John Denham, the pensions minister, announced that age-related rebates for personal pensions would rise from 3.4 per cent to 3.8 per cent for younger savers and by lesser amounts for older people.

The effect of this is to increase the government's contributions to personal pensions. "This is the most positive gesture yet from the government on personal pensions," said Steven Cameron of Scottish Equitable, the insurer.

Mr Denham was forced to act because of projections that millions of holders of personal pensions would opt back into Serps in April, because private pensions had been made less attractive by the abolition in last July's Budget of the tax credit on dividends.

"The rebate increase is enough to allow personal pension-holders to remain contracted out and indicates the government was nervous that lots of people would rejoin Serps," Mr Cameron added.

Robert Peston

FILMS

Sterling fails to daunt Hollywood

Several Hollywood film studios plan to shoot blockbuster productions in the UK this spring, allaying fears the strong pound would prompt a move to other countries.

A 20th Century Fox crew began filming *Entrapment*, a comedy starring Sean Connery, at Pinewood Studio last week. Next month, a team of Universal executives will prepare for the production of the second of the three *Star Wars* prequels, directed by George Lucas, at Leavesden Studio in Hertfordshire. Universal, Paramount and Miramax have pencilled in slots to shoot at UK studios in early spring. Stanley Kubrick, the US director, is in his 15th month of shooting *Eyes Wide Shut*, a thriller starring Tom Cruise and financed by Warner Bros. at Pinewood.

The increase in US-funded productions - including MGM/UA's *Tomorrow Never Dies* and Warner Bros' forthcoming *The Asengers*, starring Uma Thurman and Ralph Fiennes - has been one of the chief catalysts for the UK film industry's recent revival.

Alice Rawsthorn

BANK OF ENGLAND

MPs want say in appointments

The government is under pressure from respected backbenchers, including Labour MPs, to give the Treasury select committee a formal role in approving the most senior Bank of England appointments.

They have tabled an amendment to the Bank of England bill, debated next week, saying the Treasury committee should have powers to consider the "competence and personal independence" of nominees for the posts of Bank governor and deputy governor.

The MPs, led by Labour MP Giles Radice, who chairs the Treasury committee, want similar parliamentary oversight to be exercised in relation to nominees to the monetary policy committee, which sets interest rates.

Mr Radice said they were attempting to address widespread concern that the UK's central bank would become insufficiently accountable to parliament or the British electorate. MPs sponsoring the amendment include Charles Clarke, the former chief of staff to Neil Kinnock when he was Labour leader, and Tony Colman, the Labour MP and erstwhile director of Burton, the retailer. Other signatories are Malcolm Bruce, the Liberal Democrat Treasury spokesman, and Tory MPs Quentin Davies and Sir Michael Spicer.

Robert Peston

SHIPBUILDING

Yarrow signs \$326m Brunei deal

Yarrow Shipbuilders, the Clyde-side shipyard owned by General Electric Company, this week signed a contract worth more than £200m (£326m) to build three offshore patrol ships for the Brunei navy. Construction of the first vessel will start next year. The order will lead to a small increase in the workforce.

Yarrow is the Royal Navy's principal supplier of Type 23 frigates. In February 1996 it won a contract worth nearly £400m for a further three ships of this type and will launch the first in May.

James Buxton

Racing proves an outsider in revenue stakes

British racing, rich in history, heritage and tradition, is widely recognised as the best in the world. Owners dream of the Derby, having a runner at Royal Ascot, or leading in the Grand National winner to thunderous Aintree applause.

But, although more than 1,000 meetings carrying in excess of £90m (£97.8m) in prize-money are scheduled this year for a horse population of 12,000, the sport maintains it is chronically underfunded, compared with international bloodstock competitors, and in financial crisis.

British-trained horses last year may have achieved success in the US, Europe, Hong Kong and Japan, and boasted racing's unofficial world champion, Singpiel. In the financial return the sport offers owners, however, it languishes as an also-ran in 38th place. Dependent businesses also face a struggle. The British Bloodstock Agency yesterday announced six-month interim results showing a 3.1p loss per share.

Owners in Britain subsidise the sport to a greater degree than in any other major racing nation. The top end of racing has become dependent on a few super-

Financial plan urges greater support from government and bookmakers

rich foreign investors, headed by the Maktoum family of Dubai. Domestic owners competing for the sport's smaller prizes can expect to cover less than 25 per cent of the £13,500 annual cost of having a horse in training. About 23 per cent of owners leave the sport every year.

Blame, according to a financial plan published by the British Horseracing Board this week, lies with the bookmakers and the government. In every major racing country betting underwrites the sport, but Britain's unique system diverts funding into the pockets of private bookmakers' shareholders. Via a statutory levy system, bookmakers provided £56m to the sport from their turnover in 1997, but this ranks as the least generous contribution of the big racing nations.

The government is blamed by racing for its failure to impose greater demands on the bookmakers. The Treasury is criticised for the



Owner Sheikh Maktoum with jockey Walter Swinburn on Lammtarra after their Derby win

extent to which it taxes betting turnover. Betting duty, currently 6.75 per cent, is nearly six times the percentage of turnover returned to racing in Britain, a significantly greater ratio than any of Britain's competitors.

The BHB's financial plan, which has been sent to the Home Office and the Treasury, asks government to invest £50m of its share of betting turnover into the prize money, or to ensure bookmakers contribute the balance of this sum to the sport. Racing itself aims to generate an additional £25m from self help and marketing initiatives. The BHB plan claims the total investment

of £105m would be revenue neutral for the government by creating 9,000 jobs, by stimulating betting by £450m, and by generating £180m in additional income.

Racing's main problem is the widely held perception that any financial concessions would reward petrodollar billionaires, millionaire tax-exiles, and British entrepreneurs lured to the turf by its social kudos.

Lord Wakeham, Westminster's master fixer, was persuaded to take the BHB's post of chairman to argue that racing and betting was an important industry, supporting over 100,000 jobs and earning £90m in export

income. But on Tuesday, 24 hours before the financial plan was unveiled, Lord Wakeham resigned, maintaining the plan was unrealistic in the current political climate. At a crucial time, one of racing's strongest performers declared himself a non-runner.

Usually in January, racing's biggest problem is rain, sleet and snow. The worst frost this month has been around the BHB boardroom table. The sport's long-term difficulties remain the bookmakers and the government's belief that racehorse owners' pockets are deep.

Colin Cameron

Advisers face fines on pension deadlines

By Christopher Brown-Humes

Five of Britain's largest independent financial advisers groups are facing big fines after missing a key deadline for clearing up pensions mis-selling cases.

They are Burns Anderson Independent, Countrywide Independent, DBS Financial, Financial Options and IFA Network.

The Personal Investment Authority, the watchdog for the private investor, said the companies had fallen well short of a target of completing 90 per cent of their most urgent cases by the end of December.

The five are believed to have resolved less than 70 per cent of their caseload. DBS has already been fined £425,000 for offences related to pensions mis-selling and could therefore escape a second fine.

The progress of 41 companies with the most mis-selling cases to resolve is being monitored by the Treasury and the PIA.

Some 29 of those companies had year-end deadlines and collectively they met the 90 per cent target, despite the IFA laggards, the PIA said.

Attention will now switch to the medium priority cases which have to be cleared up by the end of this year. Helen Liddell, economic secretary to the Treasury, yesterday pledged to keep up the pressure on the mis-sellers.

Mis-selling took place in the late 1980s and early 1990s, when hundreds of thousands of people were wrongly advised to take out personal pensions when they would have been better off in occupational schemes.

There is clear evidence that many IFAs are making slower progress than pension providers in dealing with the matter.

Bank donations boost charity

By Samar Iskander

After a year of record profits, jubilant bankers have donated an appropriately large amount to charity in a bidding contest at the Grosvenor House hotel in London.

In less than half an hour, banks pledged £510,695 (£995,432) to the Save the Children fund, almost double last year's figure which itself was a huge leap on 1996.

"It was just fantastic," said Janet Abbott, the charity's fundraiser. "In just 20 minutes, it happened. The world's leading banks pledged nearly £1m."

More than 1,200 guests attended the annual awards dinner on Thursday hosted

by TV personality Clive Anderson and organised by International Financing Review, the specialist financial publication.

This year's donations bring the total raised by IFR for Save the Children close to £1m. The dinner raised £235,000 last year and £20,000 in 1996.

Save the Children said this year's amount was the largest raised in a single event. It hoped this year's donations would reach £1m next month at IFR's Asian Awards dinner in Hong Kong.

The bankers' generosity was fuelled by IFR's bidding system - the "virtual tombstones" - where the amount of the largest donation was

posted on large electronic screens, alongside the names of the organisation. Other donors were listed underneath, in smaller print and in decreasing order of donation size.

"Tombstones" are newspaper advertisements announcing the completion of large financial transactions. They usually contain a list of participating banks in order of their importance in the transaction.

The donors did not seem to be deterred by Clive Anderson's acerbic asides, one of which suggested that the problems being addressed by Save the Children had been caused by the policies of bankers in his audience.

The largest donation (£122,173) came from Merrill Lynch at the end of the bidding, shortly after the US bank was crowned IFR's Bank of the Year. Its president, Herb Allison, was presented with a trophy by Princess Anne, the Princess Royal, patron of Save the Children.

In a surprising decision, the donations from Union Bank of Switzerland and Swiss Bank Corporation were counted as a single bid, which temporarily propelled them to the top slot. The two banks are planning to merge.

"Perhaps this is meant to convey their confidence that the merger is going ahead," said a rival bank.

Outlook for pork futures bright as dynamic duo are captured

By Juliette Jovitt,
Wales and West
Correspondent

Britons heaved a collective sigh of relief yesterday as a week-long hunt for two pigs on the run from an abattoir ended happily with the capture by police of the second escapee.

The two Tamworth Ginger pigs were due to be reunited in a safe haven last night as a frantic media bidding war got under way to save them from the chop.

The bemused owner, road-sweeper Arnoldo Djalilo, was considering five figure offers for the pair - worth only £40-£50 (£65.20 - £81.50) each at the abattoir.

A Sunday tabloid newspaper offered £15,000, but the Daily Mail, which captured the first pig earlier this week, was said to have raised the stakes by topping its offer.

The five-month-old porkers fled on Thursday last week from Newmans abattoir in the village of Malmsbury, in the west of England, making their escape by burrowing under



Happy ending: the second fugitive in the custody of the vet

a fence and swimming across an icy river.

They went to ground for a few days in nearby fields and gardens, while a growing pack of up to 100 journalists, well-wishers, police and RSPCA officers scabbled through bushes and hired helicopters to scour the area.

On Wednesday night one of the duo - nicknamed, among other things, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Pig - surrendered to the charms of Daily Mail

reporter Barbara Davies. But while readers digested her "world exclusive" account of the coup the next morning, his partner was playing harder to get.

The regional Western Daily Press newspaper broke the story earlier this week with the unforgettable headline: Three little piglets went to market but two went on the run/they saved their bacon/with a swim in the Avon/and now the farmer's looking grim.

It now had a second

stroke of inspiration and hired a sow to lure Sundance out of hiding.

Sammy the Tammy, as the lovely lady was called, sashayed around, working her charms on the assembled on-lookers, but failed to trap her intended prey.

Eventually it was Wiltshire police and a specially trained RSPCA officer who captured the second runaway in Harry and Mary Clarke's garden, after putting it to sleep first with a tranquilliser dart.

During their eight days on the run, the two pigs captured hearts around the world, dominating headlines of national newspapers - one of which had six reporters working full time on the story - and beaming out on CNN, Sky TV and News at Ten.

Now they are in the care of Fleet Street minders until they go to live out their promised retirement in luxury at one of several animal sanctuaries which have offered them a home.

First, however, they have granted exclusive rights to their story to the Daily Mail.

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Saturday January 17 1998

The Asian contagion

The possibility of a 1930s style slump has caused jitters on Wall Street and is seriously mooted by some US academics, including the former labour secretary, Robert Reich, now professor of social and economic policy at Brandeis university.

They are probably wrong, but the arguments are instructive. At least, there is a risk that the south-east Asian banking crisis will pull down western economies more than is now expected, particularly if there are further unpleasant surprises.

The doomsday case, briefly, is that price deflation of world commodities had already begun before the Asian crisis. The two in combination could push the US into recession and snuff out the beginnings of recovery in continental Europe. Then, with Japan in the doldrums, global recession would feed upon itself.

Central bankers on both sides of the Atlantic no doubt believe they have gained enough wisdom in the past 70 years to head off such a calamity with a prompt easing of monetary policy. Indeed market interest rates in the industrial countries already imply that short term rates this year will be about 1/2 percentage point lower than was expected before the crisis.

The authorities may point to the fact that the direct effects of the crisis are so far localised. Direct exports to the countries most affected are relatively small both from Europe and the US. And the lending of US banks to Thailand, Malaysia, the Philippines, Indonesia and South Korea represents only about 20 per cent of their international lending - roughly the same as for the UK.

Damping down

Moreover, it is argued, the recent turmoil must be seen in proportion. Debt service payments in Asia last year represented about 16 per cent of the countries' gross domestic product compared with more than 50 per cent for the countries in the Latin American debt crisis in the early 1980s.

The International Monetary Fund estimated in December that the crisis would reduce growth in the developed economies this year by about 0.3 percentage points - a significant but not disastrous amount. In the US and UK, it might be argued that such a damping down was no more than the cen-

tral banks would have sought anyway, to keep inflation under control.

But since the end of last year, analysts have become more pessimistic about the global penalties. The latest consensus of international forecasts puts the growth of world output at 2.5 per cent this year, a full percentage point below the downgraded IMF prediction.

Even this slowing hardly justifies fears of 1930s-style deflation. But it does illustrate the growing uncertainties which now beset policymakers, and so increase the chance that they will make mistakes - in either direction.

Rescue package

In Asia, there are at least four possibilities for things getting worse, and so spreading contagion via other emerging countries to the industrial powers. First (though unlikely) China might be forced into devaluation. Second, the rescue package in any of the countries could prove inadequate. Third, if the Japanese authorities fail to ease fiscal policy, the economy could slide into deep recession. Fourth, there could be a serious default in the region.

Any such development could cause serious upset in the markets, perhaps throttling the flow of funds to emerging countries and further ratcheting down world growth. A further serious worry for the US Federal Reserve would be a collapse of share and property prices. The adverse consequences for growth and employment could be much worse than in 1987, when, unlike now, the US economy was plainly overheating.

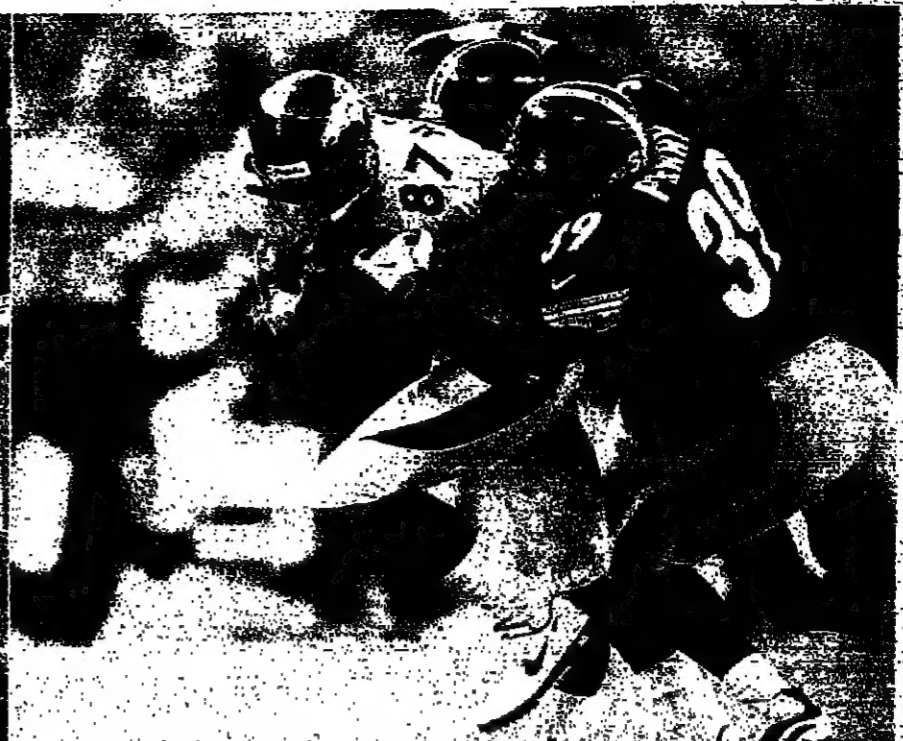
These are no more than spectres. But they will cast shadows over the central banks' discussion of interest rates. The Fed will be more anxious about precipitating a collapse in share prices than it might have been 18 months ago. The Bank of England might soften its rigour in combating inflation.

But there is another side of the story. The risk of being over accommodating may seem slight when the industrial world's inflation is running at an annual average of only about 2 1/2 per cent. But, as happened in Britain after 1987, too much easing to head off recession could have dire inflationary consequences a few years later. It is a very fine balance.

This week, dramatic changes shook up two big consumer businesses: US TV networks and sportswear worldwide. Behind both lie the rising power of popular faces, successful shows and blockbuster brands



Rush of blood: NBC's \$13m offer per episode for ER (left) and the \$18bn paid for rights to show American football are pushing US prime time TV to dizzy heights. (Photo: NBC)



Winner takes all

Within the space of three days this week, the price of hit US television programmes doubled - soaring sixfold in one case. This has started an inflationary chain reaction that will resonate across the world's living rooms.

US consumers and advertisers will be first to pay - through higher prices for TV services and commercials - for the staggering \$18bn broadcasters agreed to pay the National Football League for transmission rights to the next eight years of America's favourite sport.

International viewers may care little for the "pigskin" game, but they will suffer in their turn from the auction's immediate consequences: the bidding frenzy that ended with NBC's offer to pay \$13m an episode for ER, a hospital drama shown round the world, for which the network now pays \$2m an episode.

Gene Jankowski, a managing director at Veronis, Suhler, an investment bank specialising in media, thinks that deal will have even more impact than the football contracts. In a market where most TV series sell for no more than \$2m a show, producers of prime-time series will inevitably turn up on the networks' doorsteps demanding higher prices.

Indeed, the door is already open for some. The eponymous star of America's most popular comedy, *Seinfeld*, another global hit, was reportedly offered and

rejected fees of \$5m an episode to continue the series. More actors will demand higher pay, and the costs will be passed down to the consumer. After all, asks Mr Jankowski: "What would you do if you made a hit show and were getting a 10th of the ER price?"

So why are American broadcasters, which have been losing ground to cable TV for years, spending vast sums on blockbuster shows? What do the record fees say about the world of multi-channel TV? And what might be the effects?

The cable industry makes much of the fact that it has eroded the networks' monopoly of the viewing audience to a share of less than 50 per cent. The networks, however, may be down, they are far from out. The big four - NBC, ABC, CBS and Fox - can still claim more than 60 per cent of the prime-time audience each night and they remain the only TV services to provide national coverage.

Cable services can only reach as far as their copper wire networks extend. Most of the channels on offer target specific groups of viewers, such as children or music and sports fans. Federal rules oblige them to carry all of the broadcast networks, the mass entertainment specialists that have traditionally provided "free" television in a mix of programmes designed to offer something for everyone.

For their part, the networks' blanket coverage, tuned to appeal to 18-to-50-year-old viewers with

high disposable incomes, has enabled them to defend their advertising rates - indeed consistently increase them - despite losing viewers to cable. Between 1992 and 1996, when the broadcasters' share of prime time fell 5 percentage points, their advertising revenues rose at a compound rate of more than 7 per cent a year.

"For mass-market advertisers," says Mr Jankowski, "broadcast is the only show in town."

And football is the only game in town for the networks. More than 130m Americans are expected to watch the approaching Super Bowl, setting yet another audience record. During the winter months, when TV viewing is at its peak, the networks depend on strong weekend and Monday night sports audiences to promote their evening prime-time schedules for the week ahead.

With so many channels competing for attention, whoever gets the message out ahead of the crowd and to the biggest audience is most likely to pull viewers on weekday evenings. That is when hit shows, such as NBC's *Seinfeld*, can command advertising rates of \$500,000 for 30 seconds. Rather as in sportswear (see below), the importance and the price of the most popular consumer attractions is soaring.

"It comes down to this: if you are a TV station without football, you are a second-class citizen," says Mr Jankowski.

CBS learnt that lesson in 1993, when it allowed Fox, which is owned by Rupert Murdoch's

News Corp, to outbid it in the previous auction of broadcast rights for football. With the loss of the sport, the network plunged from first to third in the rankings, where it languishes. The fledgling Fox was promoted overnight, and the Big Three which had hitherto dominated viewing became the Big Four.

CBS this week attempted to restore its fortunes by paying \$4bn (twice the old price) to show some American football games. Fox stumped up \$4.4bn for another package of games, and Walt Disney, which owns ABC and the ESPN cable sports channel, followed with a \$2.5bn deal, a grand total of almost \$11bn. That left NBC, the top-rated network, with no football on its schedule for the first time in decades.

Time Warner's TNT, the most popular cable channel in the US, was also pushed out of the game. The NFL, which started the decade earning \$500m a year from TV rights and last year collected just over \$1bn, will enter the next century with annual small-screen revenues of \$2.2bn.

But the pigskin auction was to be only the prelude. There was more serious business afoot as NBC found itself again on the defensive. Still reeling from the impending loss of *Seinfeld*, its most popular show, it was forced by counter-bids from the likes of Fox to pay more than six times the current price to keep ER. It had to: ER commands pole position in the network's Thursday night schedules - following *Seinfeld* - when promotion for the coming weekend's new film releases becomes frenzied.

Wall Street was left wondering at the sums involved in the week's transactions: the \$18bn for football rights is only slightly less than the \$19bn paid by Disney for the whole of Capital Cities/ABC two years ago. But investors were pleased to notch up CBS shares on the news that it was coming back to football.

Revenues are likely to rise. A former president at CBS - the network which set the week's spiral in motion - said he expects an immediate increase in cable subscription costs and advertising rates when the new football and television seasons start next autumn.

Most analysts reckon that today's asking prices for half-minute football slots, which now range up to \$350,000, are likely to rise more than 12 per cent, compared with "normal" inflation in TV advertising rates of about 6 per cent.

As for the impact on the network rankings, the first indications will appear next November when the TV and football seasons kick off.

But it may take years - as many as four, says Mr Jankowski - for the effects on audience pulling power to become apparent at the networks' bottom line. Advertisers and consumers around the world can expect to feel the pinch long before then.

Christopher Parkes

"We don't want to compete head-on with Nike any more." Showing a clean pair of heels

The message from Paul Fireman, chief executive of the US sportswear group Reebok, could hardly have been clearer. After spending hundreds of millions of dollars slugging it out with its rival to sign sponsorship deals with basketball stars, Reebok is switching to custom-made shoes and older customers, and away from mass-producing \$200 sports shoes for kids.

It looked like the white flag in what for the past decade has been one of the business world's fiercest battles, on a par with Coca-Cola/PepsiCo, or General Motors/Ford.

Only a decade ago Reebok was by some distance the dominant force in the US athletic footwear market, having overtaken Nike in the mid-1980s. With annual sales of \$991m and a 31 per cent share of the US market in 1987, Reebok was much larger than its rival, which then boasted sales of only \$597m and an 18 per cent market share.

By the start of the 1990s, however, the two were level. It was at this point the competition intensified as Nike and Reebok battled to develop what they like

to call "new footwear technologies", create ever more aggressive marketing campaigns and outspend each other in signing up the biggest sports stars to endorse their products. As the sports shoe and clothing market grew ever-faster around the world, the stakes became progressively higher.

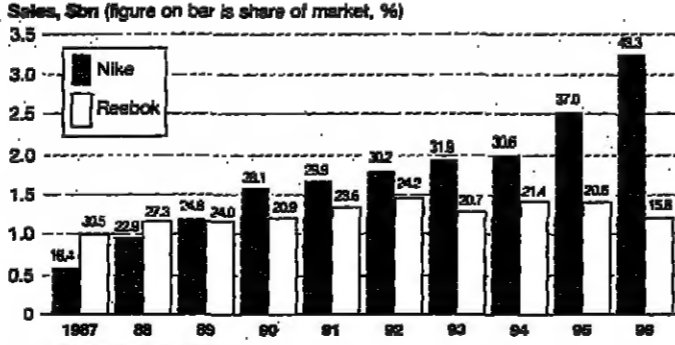
What made Nike v Reebok compelling was that the combatants were led by two charismatic generals willing to put themselves in the line of fire. Phil Knight, Nike's flamboyant founder, and Mr Fireman at Reebok were far from respectful opponents.

Mr Knight spoke of "hating" his counterpart, and once said dismissively of Reebok that "the most innovative piece of R&D equipment they have is the copy machine". In his book *Just Do It*, author Donald Katz wrote: "Paul Fireman was installed as a semi-official devil figure inside Nike, and he remains a dark presence there to this day."

In return, Mr Fireman ridiculed Mr Knight as "just a shoe guy" who fancied himself a "big-

Sports shoes: Nike races ahead

Sales, \$bn (figure on bar is share of market, %)



Source: Sporting Goods Intelligence

time presence in sports". He was also confident that Reebok would win. In 1993 he predicted his company would be back to the number one spot in the market within two years.

Yet Reebok remained rooted in second place. Nike's triumph was founded primarily on the success of its Air range of shoes, which were sold to millions of consumers with the aid of America's, and later the world's, most famous sports star - the basket-

ball player Michael Jordan. Sales of the range were driven by a marketing campaign that established in the minds of consumers a powerful connection between the Air Nike shoe and Jordan's acrobatic feats on the basketball court.

"It was an intuitively simple technology to understand," says John Horan, publisher of *Sporting Goods Intelligence*, a US industry newsletter. "It's obvious to consumers that if you put

an airbag under the foot it will cushion it."

Reebok had its own version of the idea in the Pump shoe, and although that proved popular initially, the range never really captured the imagination of the public. Reebok lacked the sort of superstar endorsement for Pump that Jordan provided for Nike's Air. Reebok tried hard to find one, paying vast sums of money to sign up Shaquille O'Neal, basketball's genial giant and a one-time pretender to Jordan's throne as the sport's pre-eminent figure.

Yet O'Neal's appeal was limited compared with Jordan's and other figures were no more successful. A new line of expensive Reebok shoes promoted by rising basketball star Allen Iverson recently failed to impress the youth market in the US.

"That stuff sells to 14-year-old boys, and there is a limited number of 14-year-old boys who are going to give you one 150 bucks for a shoe," says Mr Horan. With its domestic market stagnant, and Reebok failing to match other brands' successes

with sports clothing, the company finally realised it no longer made sense to try to keep up with Nike.

It was Nike's willingness to pump vast sums of money into promoting its products that, perhaps as much as anything, forced Reebok to concede defeat. As sports shoes and clothing became a fashion phenomenon in the 1990s, the ability to support a brand with big, sophisticated, and hugely costly marketing and sponsorship campaigns was essential to driving sales.

Tom Doyle of the National Sporting Goods Association in the US says: "It has a lot to do with the dollars available for sports marketing," and Reebok simply did not have enough dollars. Last year Nike spent almost \$1bn marketing its brands, and Reebok just \$400m. With that kind of gap it should have been obvious earlier that the fight between the two had become an unequal one.

Yet having seen off its great US rival, Nike would be unwise

to consider its job done. Adidas, the revitalised German sportswear brand, is beginning to steal some of Nike's thunder, particularly at the more fashion-conscious end of the youth market.

Though it is much smaller than Nike (annual worldwide sales of about \$3.7m compared to Nike's \$9bn), Adidas appears willing to match Nike dollar for dollar in what is rapidly becoming sport's new battle of the brands. It recently signed several young US basketball stars to multi-million dollar endorsement deals, and outbid Nike to win the \$45m All Blacks rugby sponsorship contract. John Hartley of the London advertising agency Howell Henry Chaldicott Lavy, who worked on the Adidas account at a previous firm, believes Adidas has replaced Reebok as Nike's real rival.

This particular war, he says, will be fought on a new battlefield. "It will take Nike years to overtake Adidas in Europe, and Adidas years to catch up with Nike in the US, so it's all about new markets in places like Asia," he says. "It's the virgin territory that will decide who ultimately wins."

Patrick Harverson

Openness, not institutions

From Mr Jon Livesey

Sir, I read with interest George Bain's comment (Letters, January 9) that a body such as Mr George Soros envisages ("Avoiding a breakdown", December 31) already exists in the form of the Multilateral Investment Guarantee Agency. According to the latest figures on that body's own web page, the amount it has guaranteed is \$2.9bn. At a guess, that is about one week's worth of South Korea's foreign indebtedness, and perhaps something less than 1 per cent of the debt overhanging the International Monetary Fund is currently trying to deal with.

More to the point, supposing the MIGA actually had guaranteed the roughly \$150bn of Korean debt and perhaps \$150bn of other debt we seem to be con-

fronting. What exactly could it do that the IMF won't do?

Guarantees are fine in times of gradual defaults, or when the risks are limited to specific, non-commercial causes, as they are with the current MIGA. But when huge amounts of debt go bad at once, we don't need guarantees, much less another international bureaucracy. We need a great deal more openness on the part of borrowers than we have had.

We need to have more rigorous and investigative lenders, who demand full disclosure from borrowers. We do not need cries of "stop me before I lend again".

Jon Livesey,
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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We are keen to encourage letters from readers around the world. Letters may be faxed to +44 171-873 5938 (please set fax to "line"), e-mail: letters.editor@ft.com. Published letters are also available on the FT web site, <http://www.ft.com>. Translation may be available for letters written in the main international languages.

A price not worth paying for Emu

From Mr Robert Rainford

Sir, Your leader "How to make Emu work" (January 13) rightly identifies the EU's lack of institutions, labour market inflexibilities and uncoordinated fiscal policies, which will all act against the environment for a successful Emu. Your conclusion that the single currency is worth striving for as the way to get Europe's 12m unemployed back to work is not supported by the results of the ERM experiment. Unemploy-

ment rates in France and Germany are frighteningly high and could result in social unrest. Social and industrial policies proposed by Lionel Jospin, the French prime minister, will result in increased labour costs for industry and reduce France's competitiveness. Both countries have yet to implement many of the reforms that the UK has implemented over the past 17 years, and which will probably result in a continuing rise in

unemployment for both.

Is it not the case that it is the French and German unemployed who continue to pay the price of the Emu experiment in their countries. I, for one, do not believe that increased unemployment in the UK is a price worth paying to join Emu.

Robert Rainford,
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Twickenham,
Middlesex TW1 4SB, UK

A leader above others

From Mr Neil Hayter

Sir, It was at first sad to see no mention of Jo Grimmond in John Ramsden's review of *The Lost Leaders* (Weekend FT: "The three pretenders", January 10-11), for surely he was head and shoulders above mere calculating politicians like Rab Butler and Iain Macleod. But then, rather than

be considered with such people, perhaps he should be regarded as the best president we have never had of the republic the UK has yet to mature into.

Neil Hayter,
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Right in one instance only

From Mr Dave Clayman

Sir, Tony Jackson's article on deflation ("The stuff of nightmares", January 10-11) refers to "conventional LIFO accounting" - true in the US, false in the UK. The conclusion he draws only makes sense if FIFO is substituted, but then this would be

truly conventional in the UK, falsely so in the US. How hard it is to be an international financial newspaper.

Dave Clayman,
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Man in the News • Augusto Pinochet

General in his labyrinth

Chile's former dictator won't retire gracefully, says Imogen Mark

He was never going to go quietly. But at least, the government hoped, General Augusto Pinochet might go decorously when he finally resigned after nearly a quarter of a century as Chile's army commander.

The general had, after all, behaved unexpectedly well when he handed over to a civilian government, in March 1990, after 17 years in power. (Admittedly he had just been soundly beaten in a national referendum to prolong his rule.)

Now, to ease his withdrawal from the military, Eduardo Frei, Chile's president, was prepared to turn a blind eye to the massive, expensive – and entirely irregular – military parade being planned as a final act of homage. In exchange, the general was to pass over the baton to his successor on January 25 before taking up his seat as a senator for life.

Parliamentary immunity would protect him against any attempted prosecution for his responsibility in the murder, torture and disappearance of thousands of political opponents. The police would deal swiftly, and no doubt roughly, with any public demonstrations on the day the general gave up his command. Congress would close immediately for the summer recess.

But plans went badly awry this week. On Tuesday the army announced it was

delaying the handover until March 10, the last possible day. It had been rattled by a threat from junior congressmen to press charges of constitutional misbehaviour on the old general. President Frei, who had told the nation that Gen Pinochet would be abandoning his post in January, was left looking foolish.

The constitutional crisis deepened with the resignation on Thursday of the defence minister, who left warning that relations with the military were "very delicate". The government now appears uncertain what to do in the face of army pressure to get its rebellious congressmen to drop the charges.

At 83, the general is patently no longer the man he was when he came to power in the 1973 coup that overthrew Salvador Allende, the elected president. But this week's events demonstrate that he, and more particularly the army that he has nurtured, still plays a big role in Chilean politics.

In his early years he was the image of a Latin American dictator, right down to the dark glasses, the pugna-

cious jaw and the bulked-out silhouette of the bullet-proof vest. Nowadays, "the old man" – as even his subordinates refer to him affectionately – often looks shaky on his feet. His speech, high-pitched and never very distinct, is sometimes lucid. Though he has taken to computer war games with enthusiasm – on one occasion the computer's magnetic field affected his pacemaker and sent him into hospital with dangerously low blood pressure – the army knows it needs more modern and professional leadership.

But such has been Gen Pinochet's looming presence in Chilean affairs over the past two and a half decades that, in some ways, his constitutional legacy remains as strong as ever. His successor, General Ricardo Izurieta, will have an overtly political role. Along with the other three services, the army has the right to nominate a former commander to sit in the senate. In the new congress, the army will have two senators, including Gen Pinochet; the airforce and the navy will have one each; and the police will have two

– one designated and one elected.

The four serving military commanders also sit on the eight-man national security council, equalling the votes of the president and the other three civilians. The council is there to advise the president, but the military can petition him to call it when they see fit. They are consigned to the history books. His presence in the senate will not be easy for them to handle, particularly as he is talking of playing an active role – promoting social legislation and "being a friend to all Chileans".

Gen Pinochet, far from expressing penitence for his actions during military rule, to this day defends his record as the saviour of the country. If not for him, he says, Chile would have remained a backward country in the hands of communists, instead of Latin America's most consistently successful economy over the past 15 years.

But for his opponents the general's status as a senator is a source of anger for personal and political reasons. "I will have to sit in the chamber every day and look

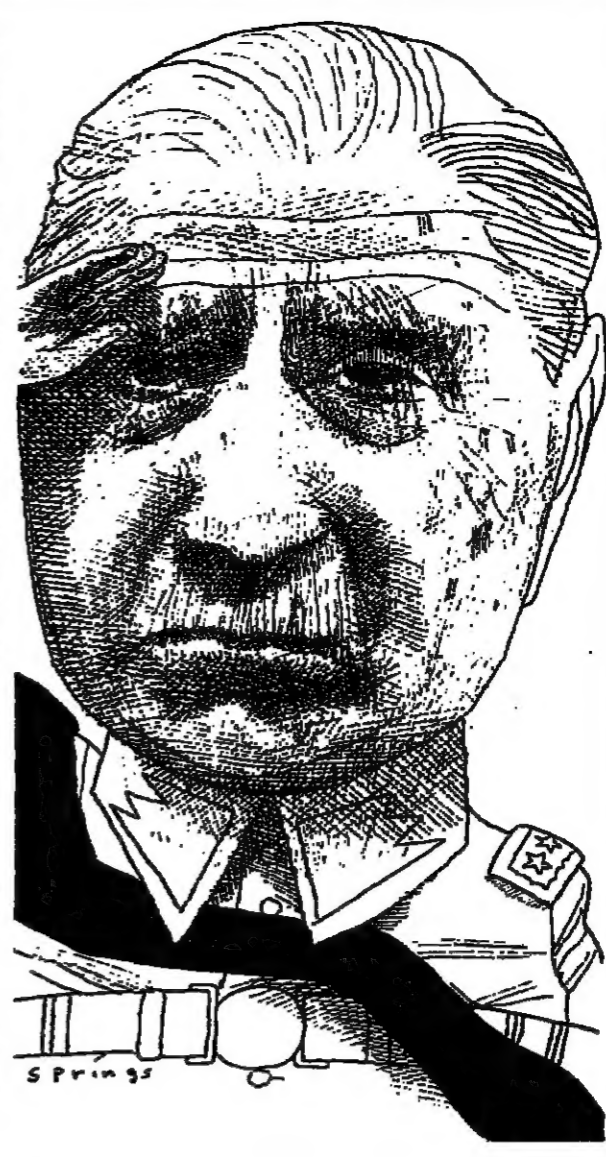
across at the man who killed and tortured my friends, kept me in a concentration camp for a year and banned me from entering my own country for 11 years," says Sergio Bitar, a senator.

Personal issues aside, says Mr Bitar, "Pinochet closed congress, burned the electoral registers, did whatever he could to delegitimise politics. Having him installed in the senate will discredit congress completely".

In the new congress, elected in December and due to take its seats on March 11, the government will be as far as ever from the two-thirds majority it needs for constitutional reform. But the prospect of having to cohabit with the old dictator has sparked a new determination in Mr Bitar and many of his colleagues. They are preparing to organise a national campaign for a referendum to demand constitutional reforms.

The opposition regards such "posturing" as irrelevant and a waste of time. The government should not let itself be distracted from "real" issues, such as the potential threat to Chile's impressive economic growth from the Asian crisis.

Gen Pinochet is a real issue, retort his opponents. Government should be for, with and by the people, not for, with and by the army. In the end, they say, that is the only true guarantee of social and economic stability.



Executives are still being murdered in Russia but crime is down and the state is fighting back, says John Thornhill

Making a killing

A Yevgeny Tsimbalistov, the 49-year-old director of the vast Rossiya hotel on Red Square, left his apartment in south-east Moscow last Friday, he was clinically dispatched with two shots to the head and chest from a Makarov pistol. No one saw the incident. No arrests have been made.

Mr Tsimbalistov became this year's first noted contract killing and the latest grim statistic in Russia's struggle against crime.

Just as many associated the Soviet Union with bleak authoritarianism and the hammer and sickle, so modern Russia conjures up images of lawlessness and the Kalashnikov, with the Russian mafia at the heart of the action.

Boris Yeltsin, Russia's president, once said that the mafia is threatening the very integrity of the state and turning the country into a "superpower of crime". In the past six years, Mr Yeltsin has ordered seven crack-downs on organised crime – to little obvious effect. The interior ministry claims that two-thirds of the Russian economy is under the sway of organised crime, including 40 per cent of the country's private businesses and more than half its 1,740 banks.

Such concerns have been amplified abroad. Last year, the Center for Strategic and International Studies, a Washington-based institute, warned that Russian organised crime represented a grave threat to western security interests. Unless the danger was confronted, it would "become impossible for the United States and other states to have traditional satisfactory dealings with an emergent Russian criminal-syndicalist state," it concluded.

But public discussion about crime is, by its very nature, subject to inflammable passions and lack of ana-

lytical clarity. Decent, law-abiding citizens, who struggle to obtain foreign visas, are gravely offended by the ill thought-out linkages between Russia and crime.

Thousands of domestic and foreign businesses operate in Russia without being harassed by hoodlums, they argue, while the streets of Russian cities feel safer than those of some US, let alone Brazilian or South African, cities. Besides, why does everyone talk about "organised" crime in Russia when every activity is so disorganised?

There is some hope that the authorities may finally be shaking down the criminals. This week, Yuri Skuratov, the prosecutor general, announced that crime had fallen by 8.7 per cent last year. Detection rates improved.

"Thanks to the collective efforts of the law enforcement bodies, of the state machine as a whole, we have succeeded in stopping the growth of crime in the country, in establishing control over the crime situation," Mr Skuratov said.

But, as ever with Russia, the bare statistics – even assuming they are reliable – are open to interpretation. The benign view is that Rus-

Just as many associated the Soviet Union with authoritarianism, so modern Russia conjures up images of lawlessness and the Kalashnikov

sia is following the same pattern as other transition countries, namely that crime rates drop as economic growth resumes.

Moreover, those criminals who stole assets in the turmoil attending the break-up of the Soviet economy now have a strong interest in defending their property rights, preferably by legitimate means, just as the children of America's nineteenth-century "robber barons" turned into the great and the good.

But the more sinister interpretation is that criminal organisations – which recent academic studies suggest are often best analysed as rational businesses – are

cartelising the market and moving further up the "value added chain". As Mr Skuratov also noted, "crime is becoming more armed, more organised, and more ingenious".

Much criminal activity – such as prostitution rings, gambling, smuggling, counterfeiting – is marked by relatively low costs of entry and strong competition. That makes earnings volatile and demands high security costs – both to protect one's own business and eliminate others.

Such considerations provide a strong incentive for criminal organisations to infiltrate established businesses – and to enter into collusive agreements with government officials to defend their "rent seeking" activities. It is that alarming trend which appears to be gathering pace in Russia.

Oleg Babinov, director of the Moscow office of the Risk Advisory Group, a security consultancy, says crime is threatening Russia's prospects of economic recovery, deterring both foreign and domestic investment, and stalling the development of small businesses.

"I think the state is coming under severe pressure

from the financial-industrial groups, from the big banks and oil companies, as well as foreign investors to address this problem," he says.

"The Russian government has a clear and authentic intent to squeeze organised crime from many sectors of the economy and to marginalise and suppress it."

But defining who is and who is not criminal is difficult in Russia's anarchic market economy. The onus is on the government to clarify, strengthen, and enforce the rules of the game to reduce the causes of crime and encourage legitimate business.

The liberalisation of Russia's once-restrictive foreign trade regime has already drained several pools of corruption. The introduction of transparent and competitive auctions for state contracts and privatisations is reducing the opportunities for criminal collusion.

The shredding of much red tape, the promised introduction of a fair tax code, and the development of an effective court system, may also persuade many shadowy companies that it is simply cheaper to act legally than illegally.

But some ministers, such as Anatoly Kulikov, the increasingly-powerful interior minister, are thought to be contemplating far more drastic responses – to the alarm of some observers.

"Kulikov is talking about grossly authoritarian and extra-constitutional measures that will not hit the people who are clever, and powerful, and rich. All it will do is alienate the people whom the state wants to get on its side," says Mark Galeotti, a British crime expert.

"Organised crime has almost never been defeated by police action. It depends on an upsurge of political, and social, and economic pressures to force it to the edge," he says.

When the Republican National Committee meets this weekend they will be haunted as always by the political ghost of the most revered Republican president this century. It is hardly surprising that so many are looking back with nostalgia at the Ronald Reagan era. The challenge is to find an heir to his legacy.

When he galloped into the sunset in 1989, some in the US shed tears, but most felt no great loss. George Bush was securing the Reagan legacy, and many felt it was time for a change – for "a kinder gentler America".

Nearly a decade later, with a Democratic president in his second term in the White House, the Republican party is finding it misses Mr Reagan intensely. Despite electoral success in Congress, the conservatives are deeply divided between libertarians and social conservatives.

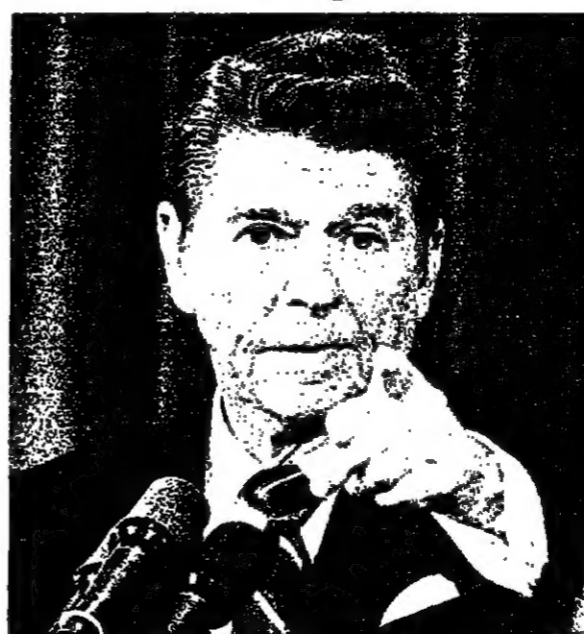
Yearning for a charismatic leader to push for simple policies they could all agree on – cutting taxes, bashing big government, waging an aggressive cold war – today's disparate leaders are outdoing each other in paying tribute to him.

Dinesh D'Souza misses the Gipper more than most. At one time a junior policy adviser in the Reagan White House and now best known as an opponent of affirmative action, Mr D'Souza has taken on a new task: to "solve the mystery" of Ronald Reagan. In doing so, Mr D'Souza is clearly hoping to do more than simply examine Mr Reagan's extraordinary career. He wants to uncover the lessons of his leadership so today's Republicans – who he sees as "utterly bereft of either vision or the resolution to pursue any major new initiatives" – can seize control back from the detested Mr Clinton.

As a result, Mr D'Souza's book is less biography than an intellectual defence of the Reagan years. He makes only a token attempt to discuss Mr Reagan's life outside the presidency. Mr D'Souza opposes the view that Mr

One for the Gipper

Mark Suzman examines the US Republicans' nostalgia for the Reagan years



Ronald Reagan: evokes nostalgia among Republicans

Reagan was an intellectual lightweight whose achievements, such as they were, were due to "pure luck".

While it is true that many assert the Reagan boom purchased prosperity through unsustainable deficits, and the Soviet Union's collapse was primarily due to internal problems, few would deny that Mr Reagan deserves some credit for both events.

That is not enough for Mr D'Souza. Mr Reagan was "the supreme statesman of his era, a leader of the calibre of Charles de Gaulle and Winston Churchill". Mr D'Souza tries too hard to cast Mr Reagan's flaws as virtues and plays down genuine errors of judgment, such as the Iran-Contra affair.

As his supporters willingly acknowledged, while Reagan was intensely ideological, he was certainly no intellectual.

In contrast to other holders of the Oval office like Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter, George Bush and even Mr Clinton, he showed a "blithe indifference" to "the complexity of executive responsibility". Nevertheless, Mr D'Souza argues that that lack was more than compensated for by his "moral imagination" – the unshakable belief that good would triumph over evil and the details would work themselves out.

Mr Reagan had an ability to focus on the big picture, but his tenure included some famous lapses, which are difficult to explain away. He failed to recognise his own housing secretary at a mayors' meeting, and agreed to rearrange the timing of some official meetings at the behest of his wife's astrologer. Undaunted, Mr D'Souza portrays such episodes as endearing rather than fright-

ening. He also argues that the meticulous scripting of the old actor's daily schedule is evidence of focus rather than incompetence.

Mr D'Souza is most interesting when trying to uncover the reasons for Mr Reagan's enduring popularity, in particular with the working and middle classes – the so-called Reagan Democrats – who have now largely given their allegiance to Mr Clinton.

The key, Mr D'Souza argues, was that Mr Reagan was able to give the impression of being less fierce than his rhetoric. He would berate big government or the Soviets with a twinkle in his eye, suggesting he didn't quite mean it. He would make inflexible statements of principle and then prove remarkably pragmatic in cutting compromises.

That is exactly what today's new-right firebrands are unable to do. In Mr D'Souza's useful phrase, they are largely "Old Testament" politicians in the tradition of Barry Goldwater, the hardline Republican candidate who was crushed by Lyndon Johnson in the 1964 presidential race. They are ideologues convinced of their own rectitude and heedless of others' views.

Mr Reagan, by contrast, a former New Deal Democrat himself, was never absolutely hostile to what Franklin Roosevelt wrought. He merely felt it belonged to a different time and place. To end the US malaise at the end of the 1970s, the American people needed to be persuaded that a new approach was needed. No one could do that better than the Great Communicator.

The Republicans have now reverted. While a new generation of leaders may be competing to claim Mr Reagan's mantle ahead of the 2000 presidential race, none has his stature, style or popular touch. To the relief of his opponents and to Mr D'Souza's everlasting regret, the old movie star was very much an American original.

Ronald Reagan: How an Ordinary Man Became an Extraordinary Leader. Dinesh D'Souza. Free Press, \$25

Privatisation comes off the rails

Many of the new UK train companies are failing to do their job, says Charles Batchelor

Rail passengers delayed on a wind-swept station platform or crushed into their neighbour's compartment in an overcrowded carriage have long known that all was not well. But this week's review of train company performance by John O'Brien, an official who oversees the workings of the privatised railways, has provided unequivocal confirmation that services have got worse since privatisation.

The 25 privatised train operating companies had to hand over £2.4m (\$3.9m) in penalties to the state during the last three months of 1997 for running unpunctual trains. In the same period of 1996 the companies received bonuses, payments of £200,000 for good performance from the government.

Rail privatisation was a British invention, and a notable export. In some countries, such as Argentina, it has brought some notable improvements on lines that were pro-

viding a dreadful level of service before. But in its home market, it has so far failed to bring the benefits expected.

True, the worst fears conjured up by opponents of privatisation before the event – visions of crushed trains and bitter legal disputes between the many new rail companies – have not come to pass. What has happened is a more immediate but no less damaging failure of everyday management. This is something that even the traditional excuse of blaming Britain's not particularly severe weather ("trains are delayed because of the wrong kind of snow") can no longer hide.

"The new train companies made a blind rush at cutting costs and took out a whole layer of junior managers and senior supervisors,"

says Bill Bradshaw, a transport academic and former British Rail manager. "They were the people who knew how to make a timetable work. But because they didn't actually drive trains their role was not very clear, so they went."

David Bertram, chairman of the Central Rail Users' Consultative Committee, the main passenger watchdog, says: "Whatever people think about running a railway, the realities are rather different when you lift the corner of the stone. There has not been enough attention to detail."

In addition to sacking the wrong people, some new train operators have failed to instil the corporate ethic that BR, for all its failings, inspired in the past, according to some rail experts. "Running a railway is the

nearest thing to war," said Roger Ford, industry editor of Modern Railways magazine and a former BR manager. "You need enthusiasm and motivation to deal with 30 trains coming into your depot for an overnight wash and change of brake linings." Staff faced with the prospect of redundancy because wage costs are one of the few areas where the train operators can trim expenditure are unlikely to feel that loyalty.

It may be no coincidence that Connex South Eastern, the most heavily penalised rail company in the recent review, faces staff shortages at one of its main repair and maintenance depots and has a high incidence of drivers taking sick leave.

Geoff Harrison-Mee, managing director of Connex South Central, the French-

owned operator of London suburban services, admitted to a gathering of rail managers this week that the company, which has shed more than 300 employees, "has to get back to basics".

Effective management is what distinguishes the sheep from the goats in the railway business, but all train companies face a considerable challenge in meeting the expectations created by the sell-off of BR. The transparency required from private companies means that failures which BR could hide are exposed to public view.

At the same time, operators have to cope with a backlog of underinvestment in both infrastructure and rolling stock that will take years to make up.

With between 60 and 70 per cent of train failures due

to problems with track, power supply or signalling, it is crucial that Railtrack maintains the momentum of its £16bn 10-year refurbishment programme. But while Railtrack is penalised for train delays that are its responsibility, there are fears that the incentives in the system are ineffective. Mr O'Brien, who can intervene most directly to penalise bad performance, has so far proved cautious in applying the range of sanctions at his disposal.

The Association of Train Operating Companies counters that recent performance levels have still been better than in 1993-1995, just before privatisation. But this does not satisfy its critics. "It is all very well for ATOC to say things are better than under BR, but two years after the first

private operator took over, BR is not the comparison," says Mr Ford.

The benchmark for the companies that are failing to deliver is the more successful ones such as ScotRail, LTS Rail and Great North Eastern, which appear to be meeting passenger needs. Critics of privatisation argued that the industry was being unduly fragmented, but this is now starting to provide a lever for higher standards.

But two years into what in many cases are seven year franchises the train companies are running out of time. John Welsby, chairman of British Rail, which advises the government on rail issues, warned this week that "the honeymoon is close to being over".

The train operators must move fast if they are to



avoid renewed government intervention. Freedom from the constraints of direct political interference and public sector spending controls imposes a service obligation many in the industry have yet to deliver.

CURRENCIES AND MONEY

Sterling gains

MARKETS REPORT
By Richard Adams

Sterling finished the week on the international currency markets nesting just below DM3.9913 by the end of trading hours in London, and continued rising to DM3.9960 in later trading.

The rise came after weak German retail sales figures. Klaus-Dieter Kuehbach, a Bundesbank council member, said there was no need for an interest rate rise in Germany, but that a cut was not impossible. Market sentiment expects further UK rate rises next month, after strong employment and wages data.

The Japanese yen continued its good performance, yesterday gaining another ¥1.5 against the dollar to

close at ¥128.98 in Europe. The currency was helped by a 6 per cent rise in the Nikkei, one of its biggest in recent years, on indications Japan's government is considering further economic stimulus measures.

The D-Mark's weakness meant the yen advanced to ¥70.6, from ¥71.26. The Bank of Portugal cut its repurchase rate by 20 basis points to 5.1 per cent and lowered its discount rate to 4.8 per cent from 4.9 per cent.

The rise came after weak German retail sales figures. Klaus-Dieter Kuehbach, a Bundesbank council member, said there was no need for an interest rate rise in Germany, but that a cut was not impossible. Market sentiment expects further UK rate rises next month, after strong employment and wages data.

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UNIT TRUSTS

WINNERS AND LOSERS

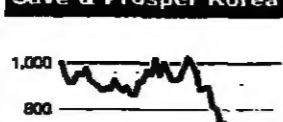
TOP FIVE OVER 1 YEAR

OF Shaw Utilities	1,378
Enter Capital Growth	1,377
Old Mutual Swiss Equities	1,363
Royal London European Growth	1,348
Fleming Select American	1,342

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 1 YEAR

Old Mutual Thailand Acc	295
HSBC Singapore & Malaysian Gth	333
Save & Prosper Gold & Exp	351
Save & Prosper Korea	366
Fidelity ASEAN	371

Save & Prosper Korea



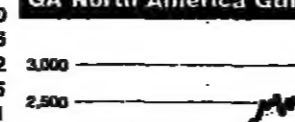
TOP FIVE OVER 3 YEARS

NatWest UK Smaller Cos	2,760
GA North America Growth	2,516
Johnson Fry Slater Growth	2,432
Hill Samuel US Smaller Cos	2,205
Save & Prosper Financial Secs	2,191

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 3 YEARS

Old Mutual Thailand Acc	203
Save & Prosper Korea	224
Schroder Seoul	259
Baring Korea	270
Henderson Japan Smaller Cos	368

GA North America Gth



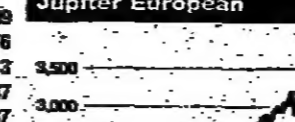
TOP FIVE OVER 5 YEARS

Old Mutual European	3,339
GA North America Growth	3,176
Jupiter European	3,113
Investco European Growth	3,047
Carlson European Sel Opps	3,037

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 5 YEARS

Save & Prosper Korea	195
Old Mutual Thailand Acc	375
Baring Korea	435
Henderson Japan Smaller Cos	554
Baring Japan Sunrise	585

Jupiter European



TOP FIVE OVER 10 YEARS

F&C US Small Companies	10,703
Hill Samuel US Smaller Cos	9,982
Franklin Health	7,334
GA North America Growth	7,071
Carlson American Emer Gth	7,029

BOTTOM FIVE OVER 10 YEARS

Barclays Japan Inc	453
Wentley Australasian Gold	474
Henderson Japan Smaller Cos	511
M&G Japan Acc	514
Baring Japan Sunrise	523

M&G Japan



Tables show the result of investing £1,000 over different time periods. Trusts are ranked on 3-year performance. Warning: past performance is not a guide to future performance.

Source: REUTERS (Tel: 01625 511311)

Indices

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Average Unit Trust	1028	1348	1683	2504	3.5	2.5
Average Investment Trust	1117	1402	2031	3274	4.7	5.1
Bank	1039	1115	1198	1804	0.0	5.7
Building Society	1036	1111	1201	1805	0.0	5.4
Stockmarket: FTSE All-Share	1211	1754	2110	3726	2.6	3.2
Inflation	1040	1101	1149	1549	0.3	-

UK Growth

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Johnson Fry Slater Growth	1158	2432	2608	4742	3.0	0.8
Old Mutual Growth	1195	1972	2359	2623	2.5	0.5
Jupiter UK Growth	1090	1970	2776	-	2.4	2.1
Mercury Recovery	1078	1846	2097	2497	3.0	1.6
Standard Life UK Eq Growth Acc	1079	1893	2094	3912	2.6	1.2
SECTOR AVERAGE	1113	1603	1918	2803	2.7	1.7

UK Growth & Income

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Fleming Select UK Income	1297	1886	2308	3200	2.6	2.8
Britannia UK General Inc	1162	1786	1905	2584	2.8	2.8
Perpetual Income	1157	1763	2294	2582	2.7	2.3
Lazard UK Income & Growth	1163	1741	2069	3144	2.6	3.0
HSBC Footsie Fund	1257	1732	-	-	3.0	2.0
SECTOR AVERAGE	1149	1564	1867	2823	2.7	2.4

UK Smaller Companies

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
NatWest UK Smaller Cos	1117	2760	-	-	3.5	1.0
Gartmore UK Smaller Companies	1103	2128	2751	2868	3.3	0.5
Laurence Keen Smaller Cos	1067	1980	-	-	3.0	1.4
AES Smaller Companies	1041	1938	2258	-	2.9	1.1
Schroder Smaller Companies Inc	1061	1366	2380	2800	2.9	0.6
SECTOR AVERAGE	998	1456	1926	2255	3.0	1.6

UK Equity Income

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Jupiter Income	1166	2004	2668	4730	2.2	3.8
BWD UK Equity Income	1180	1765	2330	3027	2.4	3.3
Lazard UK Income	1143	1757	2188	3705	2.5	4.2
Newton Higher Income	1224	1737	1860	3282	2.7	4.0
Metropolitan UK Income	1192	1734	1995	3690	2.6	3.8
SECTOR AVERAGE	1149	1562	1920	2888	2.6	4.1

UK Equity & Bond Income

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
HSBC High Income	1186	1661	-	-	2.0	5.3
AberdeenProffice Extra Income	1121	1615	1907	2771	2.4	3.6
Edinburgh High Distribution	1166	1598	1932	2239	2.4	3.6
CIS UK Income	1210	1593	1879	-	2.5	3.5
Midland Monthly Income	1210	1579	-	-	2.2	3.9
SECTOR AVERAGE	1122	1439	1782	2431	2.1	5.1

UK Eq & Bd

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
BWD Balanced Portfolio	1123	1785	2389	-	3.1	1.1
Perpetual High Income	1184	1694	2339	-	2.4	2.6
Credit Suisse High Income Port	1149	1837	2001	-	2.5	3.9
Canlife Income Dis	1156	1580	1907	2686	2.2	3.1
NPI UK Extra Income Inc	1072	1559	1983	-	2.2	3.1
SECTOR AVERAGE	1114	1545	1964	2652	2.3	2.7

UK Fixed Interest

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
AberdeenProffice Fix Interest	1120	1488	1948	2688	1.4	7.9
CU PPT Monthly Income Plus	1221	1477	1773	-	1.8	7.3
M&G Corporate Bond	1180	1460	-	-	1.8	6.3
Dresdner RCM Preference Inc	1187	1441	1726	2535	1.4	7.6
CU PPT Preference Inc	1250	1435	1671	2690	2.2	6.5
SECTOR AVERAGE	1111	1348	1509	2125	1.6	6.4

UK Gift

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Baring Exempt Fixed Interest	1227	1466	-	-	2.0	6.5
M&G Gift & Fixed Interest	1187	1405	1582	2149	1.8	5.7
Mercury Long-Dated Bond	1172	1383	-	-	2.2	4.8
Gartmore PS Fixed Interest	1149	1367	1486	-	1.7	6.7
Murray Accrual Reserve	1132	1363	1481	-	1.5	6.1
SECTOR AVERAGE	1103	1274	1365	2061	1.4	5.5

International Equity Income

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
International Income Inc	1245	1659	1980	3584	2.7	2.0
Martin Currie Int'l Income	1125	1523	1903	-	2.7	4.0
M&G International Income	1095	1446	1805	3248	2.8	4.0
Mayfield Global Income	1137	1435	1841	2777	2.3	2.6
Premier Global 100	1045	1370	1516	1874	3.3	0.6
SECTOR AVERAGE	1103	1448	1785	2802	2.8	2.6

International Fixed Interest

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Baring Global Bond	1072	1376	1481	-	1.5	4.8
Newton International Bond	1078	1325	1386	-	2.0	4.5
City Financial Beckman Int'l	1124	1318	1298	2055	2.8	6.0
Banque Paribas Int'l Inc	1031	1280	-	-	1.0	4.9
AES Int'l Bond & Convertible	1085	1282	1366	-	1.3	5.8
SECTOR AVERAGE	1012	1149	1194	1837	1.8	5.0

International Equity & Bond

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Bank of Ireland Ex Mgd Growth	1104	1580	1911	-	2.5	2.3
Fleming Overseas Opportunities	1167	1475	1763	-	2.0	3.2
Capel-Cure Hallmark Growth	1129	1510	1719	2710	2.8	1.6
Newton Interpvt	1169	1489	-	-	3.4	1.4
Baillie Gifford Managed	1109	1484	1733	3110	2.7	2.4
SECTOR AVERAGE	1082	1386	1591	2532	2.4	2.3

International

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Save & Prosper Financial Secs	1208	2191	2927	4758	3.4	1.2
Franklin Health	897	2127	2050	7334	7.1	-
Franklin Financial	1280	2039	2508	6359	3.3	0.9
AberdeenProffice Technology	976	1994	2508	7022	7.1	-
Save & Prosper Growth	1176	1863	2480	4210	3.1	1.4
SECTOR AVERAGE	1043	1331	1677	2922	3.8	1.0

Nth America

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
GA North America Growth	1280	2516	3176	7071	4.6	0.0
Hill Samuel US Smaller Co's	1076	2205	2524	8882	5.3	-
Dresdner RCM America Sm Co	1125	2142	2103	4208	4.7	-
Royal & SunAll Nth America	1272	2141	2736	5916	4.0	0.3
Henderson American Small Cos	1176	2065	2385	6385	5.2	-
SECTOR AVERAGE	1142	1773	1959	4585	4.4	0.5

Europe

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
Jupiter European	1098	2069	3113	5792	3.4	0.5
INVESTCO European Growth	1163	2027	3047	4876	4.2	-
Threadneedle Euro Sel Gt Acc R	1180	2008	2705	4156	4.4	0.1
Baring Europe Select	1102	1992	2676	4028	3.8	0.8
Newton European	1257	1958	2448	4638	4.1	-
SECTOR AVERAGE	1142	1603	2206	4069	3.8	0.6

Japan

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
GT Japan Growth	897	905	1324	1468	3.7	-
Baillie Gifford Japanese	992	817	1112	1312	5.6	-
Martin Currie Japan	872	809	1262	-	5.8	-
Murray Japan Growth	940	797	1135	-	4.8	-
Newton Japan	906	769	1149	1135	5.4	-
SECTOR AVERAGE	783	575	871	907	5.6	0.8

Far East Inc Japan

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
AIS Govett Greater China	683	873	1356	2829	6.8	-
Royal & SunAll Far East	682	825	1128	1208	5.8	-
Schroder Far East Growth Inc	712	810	1294	-	5.8	0.3
Jupiter Far East Inc	776	799	1127	-	6.1	-
Friends Prov Pacific Basin	710	792	1198	1546	5.3	0.2
SECTOR AVERAGE	646	680	1007	1708	5.8	1.1

Far East ex Japan

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
HSBC Hong Kong Growth	715	1603	1976	8201	8.5	0.3
Friends Prov Australian	955	1287	1797	4128	4.8	-
INVESTCO Hong Kong & China	738	1257	1472	4892	8.1	0.6
Old Mutual Hong Kong	638	1127	1263	4616	8.5	1.2
Henry Cooke LG East Enterprise	749	1015	-	-	7.7	0.7
SECTOR AVERAGE	551	684	887	2964	7.1	1.2

Best Peps

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility	Yield (%)
NatWest UK Smaller Cos	1117	2760	-	-	3.5	1.0
Johnson Fry Slater Growth	1158	2432	-	-	3.0	0.8
Save & Prosper Financial Secs	1208	2191	-	-	3.4	1.2
Gartmore UK Smaller Companies	1103	2128	-	-	3.3	0.5
Jupiter European	1098	2069	-	-	3.4	0.5
AVERAGE UT PEP	1105	1530	-	-	2.8	2.7

Property

Index	1 year (%)	3	5	10	Volatility
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Authorised and Insurances

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HOW TO WIN THE LONDON MARATHON.

Run for Team Macmillan and 26.2 miles will seem like a doddle. Free ViewFrom running vest, free pasta party and a free post race massage are just some of the benefits.

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The Financial Times plans to publish a Survey on

Sri Lanka

on Wednesday January 28 1998

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Tel: +94 1 333424 424031

Fax: +94 1 333425

or your usual Financial Times representative

FT Surveys

[illegible][illegible]

Footsie moves to striking distance of all-time high

Equity shares traded

Turnover by volume (million)

Month	Bar 1	Bar 2	Bar 3	Bar 4	Bar 5	Bar 6	Bar 7	Bar 8	Bar 9	Bar 10
Dec 1997	600	700	650	750	600	550	850	900	600	500
Jan 1998	100	800	850	950	800	850	1050	900	950	1000

01234567891011121314151617181920212223242526272829303132333435363738394041424344454647484950515253545556575859606162636465666768697071727374757677787980818283848586878889909192939495969798991001011021031041051061071081091101111121131141151161171181191201211221231241251261271281291301311321331341351361371381391401411421431441451461471481491501511521531541551561571581591601611621631641651661671681691701711721731741751761771781791801811821831841851861871881891901911921931941951961971981992002012022032042052062072082092102112122132142152162172182192202212222232242252262272282292302312322332342352362372382392402412422432442452462472482492502512522532542552562572582592602612622632642652662672682692702712722732742752762772782792802812822832842852862872882892902912922932942952962972982993003013023033043053063073083093103113123133143153163173183193203213223233243253263273283293303313323333343353363373383393403413423433443453463473483493503513523533543553563573583593603613623633643653663673683693703713723733743753763773783793803813823833843853863873883893903913923933943953963973983994004014024034044054064074084094104114124134144154164174184194204214224234244254264274284294304314324334344354364374384394404414424434444454464474484494504514524534544554564574584594604614624634644654664674684694704714724734744754764774784794804814824834844854864874884894904914924934944954964974984995005015025035045055065075085095105115125135145155165175185195205215225235245255265275285295305315325335345355365375385395405415425435445455465475485495505515525535545555565575585595605615625635645655665675685695705715725735745755765775785795805815825835845855865875885895905915925935945955965975985996006016026036046056066076086096106116126136146156166176186196206216226236246256266276286296306316326336346356366376386396406416426436446456466476486496506516526536546556566576586596606616626636646656666676686696706716726736746756766776786796806816826836846856866876886896906916926936946956966976986997007017027037047057067077087097107117127137147157167177187197207217227237247257267277287297307317327337347357367377387397407417427437447457467477487497507517527537547557567577587597607617627637647657667677687697707717727737747757767777787797807817827837847857867877887897907917927937947957967977987998008018028038048058068078088098108118128138148158168178188198208218228238248258268278288298308318328338348358368378388398408418428438448458468478488498508518528538548558568578588598608618628638648658668678688698708718728738748758768778788798808818828838848858868878888898908918928938948958968978988999009019029039049059069079089099109119129139149159169179189199209219229239249259269279289299309319329339349359369379389399409419429439449459469479489499509519529539549559569579589599609619629639649659669679689699709719729739749759769779789799809819829839849859869879889899909919929939949959969979989991000100110021003100410051006100710081009101010111012101310141015101610171018101910201021102210231024102510261027102810291030103110321033103410351036103710381039104010411042104310441045104610471048104910501051105210531054105510561057105810591060106110621063106410651066106710681069107010711072107310741075107610771078107910801081108210831084108510861087108810891090109110921093109410951096109710981099110011011102110311041105110611071108110911101111111211131114111511161117111811191120112111221123112411251126112711281129113011311132113311341135113611371138113911401141114211431144114511461147114811491150115111521153115411551156115711581159116011611162116311641165116611671168116911701171117211731174117511761177117811791180118111821183118411851186118711881189119011911192119311941195119611971198119912001201120212031204120512061207120812091210121112121213121412151216121712181219122012211222122312241225122612271228122912301231123212331234123512361237123812391240124112421243124412451246124712481249125012511252125312541255125612571258125912601261126212631264126512661267126812691270127112721273127412751276127712781279128012811282128312841285128612871288128912901291129212931294129512961297129812991300

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TRADEPOINT INVESTMENT EXCHANGE
Daily turnover for 10/01/1998
Volume: 7,890,400 Value: \$27,362,906

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Please Contact
Michael M. Miller

1st	44	0.171	873	2.00
2nd	44	0.171	873	2.00

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

CONSTRUCTION - Cont.

ENGINEERING - Cont.

EXTRACTIVE INDUSTRIES - Cont.

INSURANCE

INVESTMENT TRUSTS - Contd

BANKS, RETAIL

DISTRIBUTORS

FOOD PRODUCERS

BREWERIES, PUBS & REST

Northern	200	1
Patent	771	1
Patent	771	1

BUILDING MATS. & MERCHANTS

... ..	79	=	
... ..	79	=	
... ..	102	=	

ELECTRICITY

every account you open, 1

ELECTRONIC & ELECTRICAL EQPT

 SHOULD CONSULT AN APPROPRIATE PROFESSIONAL

CHEMICALS

Food & Drug Administration	402	40	9
Interior Department	287	—	2
Smith & Nephew	175	—	197

CONSTRUCTION

& Robinson	大北	100	100	100
Large Bath	大北	200	200	200
Long Post	大北	100	100	100

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ENGINEERING, VEHICLES

HEALTH CARE - Cont.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS & TEXT

[illegible]

EXTRACTIVE INDUSTRIES			
Market	Price	% Chg	1997/98
Aluminum	128.00	+0.5	128.00
Am. Coal	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Gold	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Iron	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Steel	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Zinc	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Copper	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Nickel	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Platinum	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Silver	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Uranium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Lead	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Tin	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Manganese	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Vanadium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Selenium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Tellurium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Bismuth	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Cadmium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Antimony	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Arsenic	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Molybdenum	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Cobalt	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Niobium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Zirconium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Hafnium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Tantalum	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Rhenium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Ruthenium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Rhodium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Palladium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Iridium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Osmium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Platinum	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Gold	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Silver	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Copper	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Nickel	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Zinc	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Lead	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Tin	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Manganese	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Vanadium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Selenium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Tellurium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Bismuth	12.00	+0.5	12.00
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Am. Antimony	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Arsenic	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Molybdenum	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Cobalt	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Niobium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Zirconium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Hafnium	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Tantalum	12.00	+0.5	12.00
Am. Rhen	12.00	+0.5	12.00

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58	57.9	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
59	58.0	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
60	58.1	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
61	58.2	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
62	58.3	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
63	58.4	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
64	58.5	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
65	58.6	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
66	58.7	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
67	58.8	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
68	58.9	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
69	59.0	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
70	59.1	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
71	59.2	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
72	59.3	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
73	59.4	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
74	59.5	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
75	59.6	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
76	59.7	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
77	59.8	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
78	59.9	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
79	60.0	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
80	60.1	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
81	60.2	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
82	60.3	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
83	60.4	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
84	60.5	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
85	60.6	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
86	60.7	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
87	60.8	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
88	60.9	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
89	61.0	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
90	61.1	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
91	61.2	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
92	61.3	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
93	61.4	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
94	61.5	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
95	61.6	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
96	61.7	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
97	61.8	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
98	61.9	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
99	62.0	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100
100	62.1	Rocky M. Coleman	2:20	200	100

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AIM - Cont.

[illegible]

Weekend Group	5.1	7	5	2.5	9.1
West 175 Ends	70	115	70	-	-
West Research Station	74.5	120	73.5	-	-

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data is not available for those particular securities. Volumes shown for foreign securities are based on London trading.

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Abstract

SUPPORT SERVICES - Cont

[illegible]

Forecast, or estimated
unaudited dividend

1996
I. Estimated unaudited
yield, rate based on

to or extra issue;
to or rights;
to or all.

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Highs & Lows shown on a 52 week basis

WORLD STOCK MARKETS

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES (JAN 16 / 1992)
(4 page close)

[illegible]

NAME	AGE	SEX	REL	DATE	TIME	PLACE	REMARKS
1. J. A. Smith	45	M	H	1945	10:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Chicago
2. M. B. Jones	32	F	W	1945	11:15	St. Paul	Arrived from New York
3. R. C. Brown	28	M	H	1945	12:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Los Angeles
4. S. D. White	55	M	H	1945	12:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Boston
5. T. E. Black	40	M	H	1945	13:30	St. Paul	Arrived from San Francisco
6. L. F. Green	38	F	W	1945	14:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Philadelphia
7. K. G. Gray	25	M	H	1945	15:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Washington
8. H. I. Blue	60	M	H	1945	15:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Detroit
9. J. L. Red	42	F	W	1945	16:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Portland
10. M. N. Yellow	35	M	H	1945	17:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Seattle
11. P. O. Purple	22	F	W	1945	18:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Denver
12. Q. P. Pink	50	M	H	1945	18:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Minneapolis
13. R. Q. Brown	48	F	W	1945	19:30	St. Paul	Arrived from St. Louis
14. S. R. Green	30	M	H	1945	20:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Kansas City
15. T. S. White	20	F	W	1945	21:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Omaha
16. U. T. Black	58	M	H	1945	21:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Lincoln
17. V. U. Gray	45	F	W	1945	22:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Salt Lake City
18. W. V. Blue	33	M	H	1945	23:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Albuquerque
19. X. W. Red	27	F	W	1945	24:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Santa Fe
20. Y. X. Yellow	18	M	H	1945	24:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Las Vegas
21. Z. Y. Purple	65	F	W	1945	25:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Phoenix
22. AA. Z. Pink	52	M	H	1945	26:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Tucson
23. AB. AA. Brown	40	F	W	1945	27:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Flagstaff
24. AC. AB. Green	30	M	H	1945	27:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Prescott
25. AD. AC. White	20	F	W	1945	28:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Sedona
26. AE. AD. Black	60	M	H	1945	29:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Scottsdale
27. AF. AE. Gray	48	F	W	1945	30:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Tempe
28. AG. AF. Blue	35	M	H	1945	30:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Chandler
29. AH. AG. Red	25	F	W	1945	31:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Gilbert
30. AI. AH. Yellow	15	M	H	1945	32:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Mesa
31. AJ. AI. Purple	68	F	W	1945	33:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Avondale
32. AK. AJ. Pink	55	M	H	1945	33:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Glendale
33. AL. AK. Brown	42	F	W	1945	34:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Peoria
34. AM. AL. Green	32	M	H	1945	35:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Yuma
35. AN. AM. White	22	F	W	1945	36:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Pinal
36. AO. AN. Black	70	M	H	1945	36:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Maricopa
37. AP. AO. Gray	58	F	W	1945	37:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Pima
38. AQ. AP. Blue	45	M	H	1945	38:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Santa Cruz
39. AR. AQ. Red	35	F	W	1945	39:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Napa
40. AS. AR. Yellow	25	M	H	1945	39:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Sonoma
41. AT. AS. Purple	15	F	W	1945	40:30	St. Paul	Arrived from Contra Costa
42. AU. AT. Pink	65	M	H	1945	41:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Alameda
43. AV. AU. Brown	52	F	W	1945	42:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Berkeley
44. AW. AV. Green	40	M	H	1945	42:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Oakland
45. AX. AW. White	30	F	W	1945	43:30	St. Paul	Arrived from San Jose
46. AY. AX. Black	20	M	H	1945	44:15	St. Paul	Arrived from Fremont
47. AZ. AY. Gray	75	F	W	1945	45:00	St. Paul	Arrived from Hayward
48. BA. AZ. Blue	62	M	H	1945	45:45	St. Paul	Arrived from Union City
49. BB. BA. Red	50	F	W	1945	46:30	St. Paul	Arrived from San Bruno

	2415	2425	2435	2445	2455	2505	2515	2525	2535	2545	2555	2605	2615	2625	2635	2645	2655	2705	2715	2725	2735	2745	2755	2805	2815	2825	2835	2845	2855	2905	2915	2925	2935	2945	2955	3005	3015	3025	3035	3045	3055	3105	3115	3125	3135	3145	3155	3205	3215	3225	3235	3245	3255	3305	3315	3325	3335	3345	3355	3405	3415	3425	3435	3445	3455	3505	3515	3525	3535	3545	3555	3605	3615	3625	3635	3645	3655	3705	3715	3725	3735	3745	3755	3805	3815	3825	3835	3845	3855	3905	3915	3925	3935	3945	3955	4005	4015	4025	4035	4045	4055	4105	4115	4125	4135	4145	4155	4205	4215	4225	4235	4245	4255	4305	4315	4325	4335	4345	4355	4405	4415	4425	4435	4445	4455	4505	4515	4525	4535	4545	4555	4605	4615	4625	4635	4645	4655	4705	4715	4725	4735	4745	4755	4805	4815	4825	4835	4845	4855	4905	4915	4925	4935	4945	4955	5005	5015	5025	5035	5045	5055	5105	5115	5125	5135	5145	5155	5205	5215	5225	5235	5245	5255	5305	5315	5325	5335	5345	5355	5405	5415	5425	5435	5445	5455	5505	5515	5525	5535	5545	5555	5605	5615	5625	5635	5645	5655	5705	5715	5725	5735	5745	5755	5805	5815	5825	5835	5845	5855	5905	5915	5925	5935	5945	5955	6005	6015	6025	6035	6045	6055	6105	6115	6125	6135	6145	6155	6205	6215	6225	6235	6245	6255	6305	6315	6325	6335	6345	6355	6405	6415	6425	6435	6445	6455	6505	6515	6525	6535	6545	6555	6605	6615	6625	6635	6645	6655	6705	6715	6725	6735	6745	6755	6805	6815	6825	6835	6845	6855	6905	6915	6925	6935	6945	6955	7005	7015	7025	7035	7045	7055	7105	7115	7125	7135	7145	7155	7205	7215	7225	7235	7245	7255	7305	7315	7325	7335	7345	7355	7405	7415	7425	7435	7445	7455	7505	7515	7525	7535	7545	7555	7605	7615	7625	7635	7645	7655	7705	7715	7725	7735	7745	7755	7805	7815	7825	7835	7845	7855	7905	7915	7925	7935	7945	7955	8005	8015	8025	8035	8045	8055	8105	8115	8125	8135	8145	8155	8205	8215	8225	8235	8245	8255	8305	8315	8325	8335	8345	8355	8405	8415	8425	8435	8445	8455	8505	8515	8525	8535	8545	8555	8605	8615	8625	8635	8645	8655	8705	8715	8725	8735	8745	8755	8805	8815	8825	8835	8845	8855	8905	8915	8925	8935	8945	8955	9005	9015	9025	9035	9045	9055	9105	9115	9125	9135	9145	9155	9205	9215	9225	9235	9245	9255	9305	9315	9325	9335	9345	9355	9405	9415	9425	9435	9445	9455	9505	9515	9525	9535	9545	9555	9605	9615	9625	9635	9645	9655	9705	9715	9725	9735	9745	9755	9805	9815	9825	9835	9845	9855	9905	9915	9925	9935	9
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for two-way phone calls
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INDICES

	Jan	Jan	Jan	Jan	1997/98	1997/98
	1996/97	1996/97	1996/97	1996/97	1997/98	1997/98
Argentina						
Genstat (20/1/97)						
Australia						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/00)	2994.0	2994.5	2995.5	2978.0	2649.9	2883.0
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/00)	571.2	595.0	570.0	597.0	2429.9	841.0
Austria						
AI (Ordinate) (20/1/94)	81	441.2	439.2	474.2	210.9	274.0
Belgium (12/1/91)	1284.2	1286.6	1253.8	1480.8	3179.7	1130.2
Denmark						
Tripoli (2/1/91)	24613.0	24440.0	2425.4	2441.0	387.7	1671.8
Brazil						
Genstat (31/3/93)		914.0	914.0	1381.0	201.9	203.0
Canada						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/96)	41	3209.2	61.1	5289.5	1503.7	3442.5
Cambridge-1 (975)	1049.0	1031.2	633.1	720.8	177.9	1070.0
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/96)	41	3258.2	3276.7	3679.7	710.9	2940.2
China						
Genstat (20/1/93)		437.7	437.7	1068.1	47.9	4365.7
Denmark						
Dynapoint (Genstat) (5/1/93)	987.1	682.6	692.4	708.8	261.9	475.4
France						
AI (Ordinate) (20/1/93)	214.68	241.7	377.3	380.0	2210.7	3483.8
Germany						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/93)	1465.94	1591.9	191.8	2004.3	3147.7	1913.9
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/93)	2276.0	2522.5	2919.0	3304.0	3147.7	2238.7
Germany						
FAZ (AI) (20/1/98)	1385.0	1430.0	1393.7	1488.1	3179.7	886.2
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	403.0	384.0	402.0	403.0	3179.7	201.9
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	4164.6	4146.3	341.0	441.0	3179.7	2647.7
Greece						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	1411.29	1393.99	1426.6	1784.1	819.9	954.4
Genstat (20/1/98)	7762.7	7627.7	7578.0	7808.0	1012.7	767.0
Hong Kong						
Hong Kong (Genstat) (1/94)	6900.04	6578.98	6236.55	6657.38	789.7	821.6
Indonesia						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	3382.32	2866.75	340.9	740.02	519.7	3228.34
Indonesia						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	4113.2	392.7	410.9	461.02	519.7	3393.5
Ireland						
Genstat (20/1/98)	4304.26	4312.01	4275.6	4314.07	1519.6	2255.7
Italy						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	1147.8	1126.38	1132.78	1140.18	1619.6	680.2
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	1093.0	1065.0	1075.0	1080.0	1619.6	1000.0
Japan						
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	18046.45	18121.98	18021.98	18166.92	18188.0	18166.92
AI (Ordinate) (1/1/98)	242.51	241.51	241.51	242.51	242.51	242.51

	Jan 15	Jan 16	Jan 14	Jan 13	1997/98	1998/99	Dow Jones	Jan 15
Japan								
3501 71	1201 71	1140 11	1593 28	2565 97	1733 01	1735 58	Industrials	7681 77
2nd Select/4/1/98	1187 17	1173 76	1173 76	1088 25	3005 97	4118 98	Auto Autos	105 48
Malaysia								
338 07	338 47	338 08	1271 87	2525 97		47 87	Transport	3331 86
POPOB 15/1/98								
Netherlands								
40 4308 03	4850 14	4388 48	210 09		3385 48	21 09	Utilities	294 47
CSA International 83	1082 4	1071 33	1063 2	1084 57	738 03	21 97	Oil Int. Day's High	750 47
CSA Int'l 83	1082 4	1071 33	1063 2	1084 57	738 03	21 97	Day's High 7792 94 1788	
CSA Int'l 7/98	1082 4	1071 33	1063 2	1084 57	738 03	21 97	Standard and Poors	1153 33
CSA Int'l 7/98	1082 4	1071 33	1063 2	1084 57	738 03	21 97	Compustat	
Philippines								
1094 28	1903 34	1903 30	2387 98	2210 97	1830 03	21 97	Industrials	610 33
Philippines								
1074 03	1903 34	1903 30	2387 98	2210 97	1830 03	21 97	Auto Autos	113 28
Spain								
4031 87	3892 88	3892 82	4047 89	19 08	2165 97	21 97	Others	487 95
Spain								
370 87	365 98	365 98	57 03	177 97	32 62	12 08	NYSE Comp	655 94
787 04	784 77	784 77	1188 10	27 07	67 10	57 07	ASAC Comp	1547 08
787 04	784 77	784 77	1188 10	27 07	67 10	57 07	NASDAQ Comp	421 73
787 04	784 77	784 77	1188 10	27 07	67 10	57 07	Russell 2000	11 8470
787 04	784 77	784 77	1188 10	27 07	67 10	57 07	NYSE Comp	655 94
787 04	784 77	784 77	1188 10	27 07	67 10	57 07	NASDAQ Comp	421 73
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INDEX SUBJECTS

	Open	Set Price	Change	High	Low	Est. vol.	Open Int.
■ CAC-40	31847.10	31847.10	200 x Index				
Jan	2963.0	2985.0	+51.0	2986.0	2957.0	13,048	41,518
Feb	2970.0	2993.0	+51.0	2998.0	2968.0	1,207	3,652
■ DAX							
Mar	4199.0	4248.0	+80.0	4250.0	4196.5	20,005	67,798
Julien	4228.0	4275.5	+67.5	4282.5	4228.0	865	10,710

OpenSettPriceChangeHighLowEst.volOpen int.									S&P 500	
SOX									Mar	965.00 98
Jan	2280.00	2291.00	+35.0	2384.00	2362.00	6,190	21,804	Mar	974.50 97	
Feb	2399.50	2402.00	+37.0	2404.75	2373.25	1,504	8,130	OpenSett		
SOFFEX									Nikkei 225	
Jan	8190.0	8183.9	+62.0	8192.4	8177.3	2,448	7,362	Mar	15,400.0 180	
Mar	8247.0	8293.0	+126.3	8292.8	8147.0	15	50	Mar	15,500.0 189	
									Dow Jones	

²² See Jan 10, *Tobacco Marketing B.*

ing to: Kress Corp. Ex. 149.78. Base salary of all salaried employees

101 *Journal of American Studies*, 41 (2007), 1. *Continuum*, 1.

Calculated on 15.00 GWT. © Emballion brand. 1 Indurivisi

the Utilitarian, Romantic, and Transcendental

Grain	3,160ml	+120	3,180	1,980	0.4	38.1	Soyab
Broiler	318	+38	528	268	1.8	...	Soyab
Cow	3,330	+130	4,880	2,530	0.1	...	Soyab

490	+18	980	490	2.7	16.1	Join over, or let your agent
365	+15	1,200	365	4.4		or order online at http://www.
894	+34	1,333	894	1.8	12.3	For commentary from all 1-

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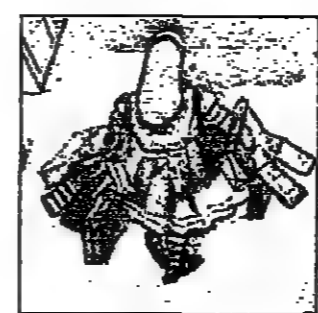
WEEKEND

JANUARY 17 / JANUARY 18 1998



Party spirits

'However long your boia, it was almost inescapable that your host would make you feel slightly shabby'



Take Manhattan

'We're doing antidepressant aromatherapy lipstick. Soon after, we're going to launch an out-of-body machine'



Courting surprises

'Hewitt was inspired. Like his hero Agassi, he takes the ball early, single-handed on the forehand'

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Page XVIII

Man's quest for genetic perfection, for ever more intelligent and capable children, has a fatal flaw. Lee Silver contemplates an imperfect future.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.
— Revelation 22:13

WASHINGTON DC
MAY 16 2350

The members of the Commission on Ultimate Ethics, established under Dr Albert Finlay six months earlier, had come to Washington, in secrecy and in individual transport pods, to present a final report that had slowly taken shape in Simlisa: discussion sessions.

One representative from each of the relevant fields – reproductive, evolutionary biologist, demographer, sociologist, psychologist and universal theologian – sat around the table in the conference room at the Department of Health and Human Services. One by one, they took turns presenting a portion of the report, to the secretary, who was due to meet President Jordan the next day.

The findings were grim for a man whose own research had been inspired by the neo-enlightenment ideal of society evolving into an ever more sophisticated order; the predictions were surreal. Yet Finlay could find no flaw in their logic, no reason to challenge the central conclusion in the final summary:

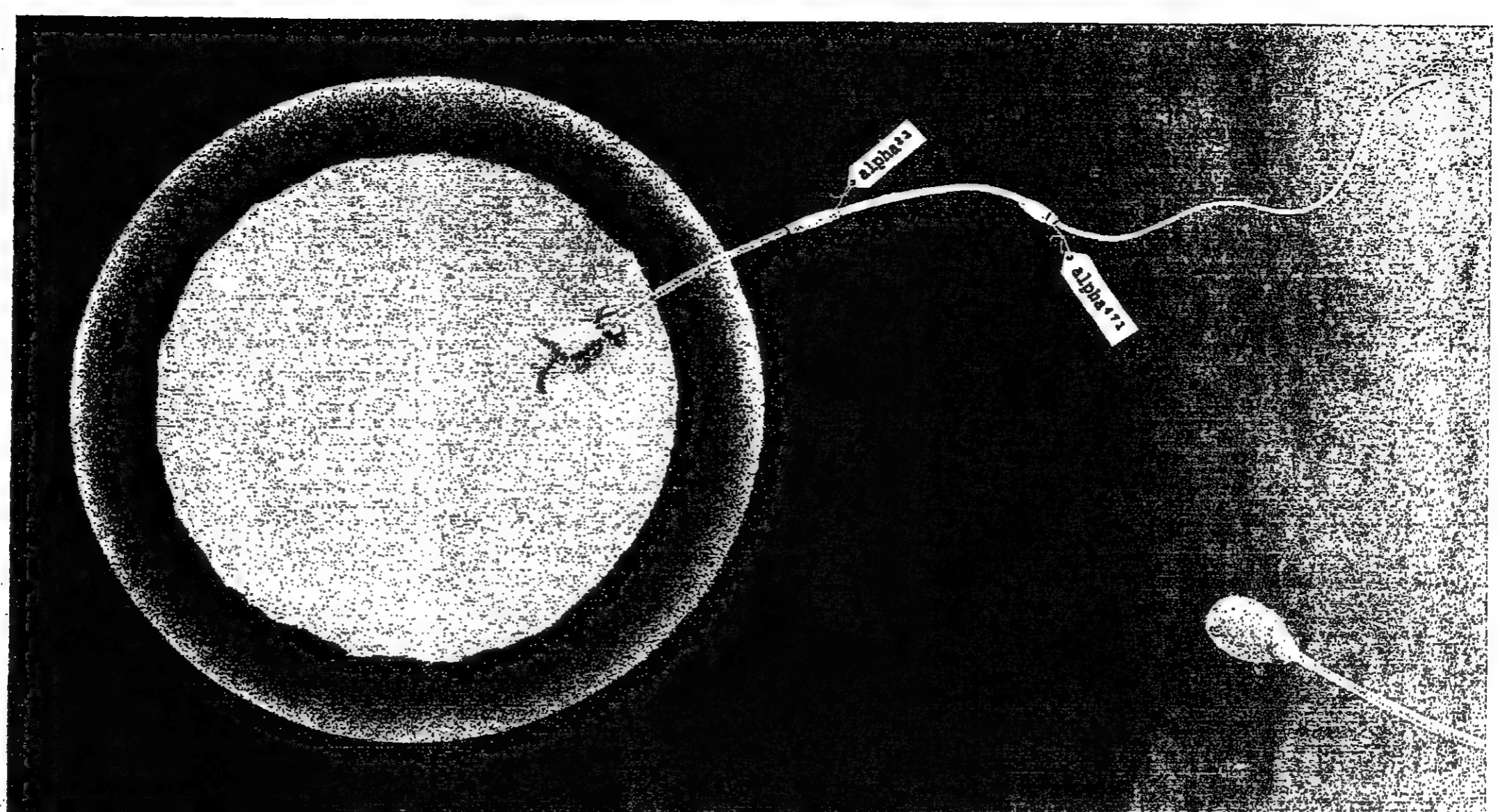
"If the accumulation of genetic knowledge and advances in genetic enhancement technology continue at the present rate, by the end of the third millennium, the GenRich-humans and the Natural-humans will become entirely separate species. They will have no ability to cross-breed, and will have as much romantic interest in each other as a current human would have for a synthetic chimpanzee."

The presentation took just over two hours. Throughout, Finlay sat in silence. It was too disturbing to comprehend. Unbelievable, and yet, entirely predictable. Indeed, predicted long ago. His mind wandered back to his teenage years, when he had been an avid reader of early science fiction, including the quaint stories written by one of the fathers of the field, H.G. Wells, at the end of the 19th century.

So much of what Wells had prophesied – television, intercontinental air travel, space stations, motion pictures, air-conditioned cities, and much more – had become reality within a century.

And now this as well – "the splitting of the human species," Wells had written, "the gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference between the Capitalist and the Labourer was the key to the whole position," in the antiquated, political language of the era. Now it was all coming true.

The only thing that Wells got wrong was how long it would take. Space travel to other worlds was easy



The gene genie

enough, but the notion that humans might someday be able to manipulate their own genes was, clearly, too ludicrous to consider during the latter decades of the second millennium, even by visionaries such as Wells, Verne, Huxley, and Asimov.

And yet here we are on the cusp of an incredible evolutionary event. Not in the way Wells had imagined, as the result of natural, economic evolution, 800,000 years hence, but in less than 500 years as a result of evolving and developing ourselves with layer upon layer of high quality genes.

It had been 300 years since genetic enhancement began in earnest. During that time, 12 generations of GenRich individuals had lived and reproduced. And with each generation, it became possible to start with an already-enhanced genome that could be enhanced even further.

And with each generation, an increase in biomedical understanding and genetic technology allowed reproductive scientists to make ever more complex enhancements, with hundreds, sometimes thousands, of added genes.

Although the initial focus was on genetic refinement for the sake of physical and mental health, it shifted quickly to personality traits and talents in the cognitive, athletic, and artistic realms. In these areas, different enhancements were chosen for different GenRich children. But these differences sat on top of an ever-expanding framework that was shared by all members of the GenRich class.

The conclusions were obvious to Finlay but he was frightened by what he heard, and searched for the appropriate response. Genetic enhancement clinics – GE

centers, as they were popularly known – were spread across north America, and networks stretched to Europe and most parts of the world. They were run as private businesses, without any government assistance and with limited monitoring.

Indeed, long-existing laws prohibited the use of federal funds for what was euphemistically called "research" on human embryos. Both elected officials and GE executives found this prohibition convenient for political cover, and it provided the basis for the "hands-off" approach that the government had consistently taken toward GE.

It was for this reason that Finlay had been asked to form his commission in secrecy. But now that the final report was about to be delivered to the president's hands, what could he do with it? How could he stimulate a sensible debate, given that it would inevitably be dominated by GenRich individuals?

The problem was that GE represented a multi-billion dollar industry that served not only American citizens, but was a big export earner. Indeed, the American GE industry benefited enormously from restrictive laws that limited the use of its latest developments in many other countries. As a consequence, genetic enhancement was a trade issue, much as cars, and semiconductors and aircraft had been in the early days of capitalism.

Not surprisingly, politicians and their supporters from the business community were loath to go anywhere near it. Of course, through the years, citizens had occasionally expressed concern about the long-term impact of GE. Rights to privacy, individual liberties;

the folly of governmental intrusion into the free market – these were the issues that politicians had focused on in response to lobbying.

Finlay and all of the presenters in the room with him that morning were themselves GenRich. If they had been born otherwise, they would never have attained the positions they held. All members of Congress, all entrepreneurs, all athletes, all artists and entertainers were members of the GenRich class. There was no longer any way that even the most talented and gifted Natural could advance into any of these realms.

The notion that someday humans might be able to manipulate their own genes was too ludicrous

What could be done? What was possible? Put a stop to the whole thing, there and then? Outlaw the practice of Genetic Enhancement? There would be an outcry from all the GenRich. A Congress filled with GenRich legislators would never agree to a ban or even a temporary suspension.

And even if it did come to pass, in the end, it would make no difference. Sure, it might slow things down in the short term – perhaps a few months, but GE centres would move to off-shore islands, and to Fifth World countries eager for extra tax revenue and a state-of-the-art industry. The prospective GenRich parents would fol-

low them abroad.

If legal restrictions erected in one country or another were useless, was there another way to stop the practice of GE? Finlay considered the moral argument. Perhaps he could convince President Jordan who, underneath his tough political GenRich skin, showed twinges of humanity, to bring his influence to bear on the problem and make clear the moral wrongs of GE.

Perhaps a campaign could be undertaken to explain to all GenRich people the frightening consequences of GE for humanity as a whole. Perhaps it could be a compulsory part of the curriculum at GenRich schools.

Unconsciously, Finlay shook his head as he realised the elimination of GE was hopeless. Prospective parents wanted to provide their children with the greatest possible advantages in life. It had been that way for hundreds of thousands of years. How could you convince parents to forsake this instinctive desire for the good of society? Each individual parent would inevitably argue: "The genetic enhancement of just my child has no impact on society at all. Why is it immoral for me to want the best for my children? I'm not harming anyone else by my actions."

So much had changed, and so much would have to change to make society more equal, more human again. The gap between the GenRich and Naturals lay not just in genes, but in every other aspect of their nurturing. Their earning power was different, their life chances far apart, their communities so dramatically different in quality of life. Stopping the practice of GE cold, at this point in history,

would not bring the classes back together again.

If there was no way that GE could be halted, was there a way to stop it from breaking humankind into two? Finlay imagined a Utopian society in which GE was freely available to all, and where all Naturals were raised to the level of the GenRich. It brought a smile to his face for a moment, but for just a moment.

There was no way society could afford to provide this expensive service to all of its citizens, even if it wanted to. The creeping apartheid could only continue to expand. Finlay thought for a moment of another of Wells's Time Machine visions, the Eloi and the Morlocks, the charmed and the damned.

Where had we gone wrong? Was there any time in the past when humankind could have taken a different course? Where was the intersection, once crossed, that had taken society to this inevitable conclusion? Finlay was well-versed in the early history of GE. The original practitioners drew a moral line between preventing disease and enhancing characteristics. How could anyone argue against preventing childhood disease?

But it soon became clear that the moral line was an imaginary one. It was all genetic enhancement. It was all done to provide a child with an advantage of one kind or another that she/he would not have had otherwise. And what was wrong with that? What was wrong with helping children to live better lives?

The history books made it clear that early 21st century scientists had failed to see the cumulative impact of GE. Even as scientific understanding and technology continued to explode expo-

nentially around them, they continued to assume that the future would be the same as the present, and that complex physical and cognitive traits would always be beyond reach.

With a shock that opened his eyes wide, Finlay realised that most present-day scientists had the same mental block as their predecessors. It was late, too late to do anything at all, he con-

cluded helplessly. We were on a journey into a rapidly evolving future that no man, no woman, could stop, a future far from Eden.

□ Adapted from 'Remaking Eden', Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £30.
□ FT readers are offered 'Remaking Eden' at £16 (including post and packaging in the UK) from the FT Bookshop on 0181-324 5511.

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Joe Rogaly
Saying sorry
'It is either free or cheap. It probably does no harm and may in some instances be beneficial'
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NEXT WEEK
Travel supplement
Cruising, wild life and wild water, the Caribbean, City breaks ... inspiration on where to go
With Weekend FT

PERSPECTIVES

Minding Your Own Business

Weaving expertise with tradition in Laos

Faded skills had to be revived in the development of an untapped market, says Sarah Tilton

When the United Nations offered Carol Cassidy a job in Laos nine years ago, she barely knew where the tiny country was. Today, Cassidy is credited with almost single-handedly reviving its weaving tradition. Her business, Lao Textiles, is making the Land of a Million Elephants (sandwiched between Thailand and Vietnam) a favourite destination for New York designers and London art collectors.

Cassidy, now 41, took up the offer and moved to Laos in 1989 for a year as a consultant to a textiles development programme. Laoitians had been weaving for centuries, though their skills had faded after 100 years of French colonisation, Japanese occupation and American bombing.

Farmers had switched from producing silk to growing opium poppies. Women had all but given up the unique, intricate designs and were using simpler patterns. Looking at the elaborate heirloom pieces people kept hidden in stoneware jars, Cassidy saw a chance to save a disappearing art form and develop an untapped market.

When Cassidy's UN contract expired, she decided to start her own business in Laos. "The challenge was to bring Lao textiles into the future. I wanted to combine my 20 years of experience with Laoitians' heritage," says Cassidy, who started weaving as a teenager in Woodbury, Connecticut, and later studied it at the University of Michigan and in Finland and Norway.

Cassidy commissioned market research in Paris and New York; these confirmed there was a strong interest in museum-quality textiles and hand-woven art. With their life savings of \$200,000, Cassidy and her husband, a former UN development specialist whom she met when they were working in Africa, formed Lao Textiles, the first company owned by Americans and incorporated in Laos since the country was opened to foreign investment in 1986.

It was a slow start. Cassidy played many roles: artist, designer, entrepreneur. Her first and largest expenditure was restoring the

dilapidated house which became her studio, showroom and home. The spectacular scarves and wall hangings are draped from rosewood racks, making the space a mosaic of rich, subtle colours and textures.

Cassidy's next step was to train the weavers. Training lasted for 18 months; she finally had something to sell in January 1992. The weavers and looms - all hand-operated - are situated behind the house in an open-air workshop with a bamboo roof and ceiling fans.

Her former gardener colours the silk using chemical

Workers get three months' maternity leave and earn several times the average local salary

dyes imported from Germany and computer-matched to traditional dyes made from indigo and saffron.

The pay and conditions at Lao Textiles are enviable for Laos. Workers are paid \$50 a month while being trained, get an unheard-of three months' maternity leave, pension and health benefits, and, once trained, earn between \$80 and \$200 a month, several times the average local salary. There is almost no staff turnover, which is important considering the cost of training.

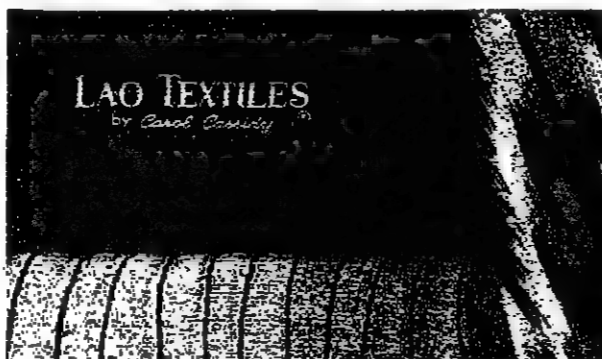
In between renovating the house and training the weavers she fine-tuned the product line: silk upholstery fabrics, wall hangings and accessories. The techniques highlighted Laoitian weaving: tapestry, brocade and ikat, a complicated process that uses selective dyeing before the pattern is woven.

Cassidy designed and built five looms (a carpenter built the next 17) using traditional Lao weaving mechanisms and modified them to make longer, wider pieces.

She researched designs, sourced the raw materials and for the first three years dyed all the silk herself. She still supervises every aspect of the business, including contracts with local sup-



Carol Cassidy: 'The challenge was to bring Lao textiles into the future. I wanted to combine my 20 years of experience with ... Laoitians' heritage.' Below: the label is popular with designers



pliers from, for example, silkworms' diet to the production of acid-free wrapping paper and shopping bags made from mulberry bark.

Meanwhile, her husband handles the finances and administration and has taken on a considerable share of the child-rearing responsibilities (they have a nine-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter).

Cassidy has never done any marketing or advertising, relying exclusively on word-of-mouth. She was convinced that textile collectors would find her and she was right: "There is always a market for quality."

The turning point came in 1995 when Cassidy held a one-woman show at the Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York. The timing was right: eco-fashion and Indochic were becoming popular.

Cassidy says Lao Textiles made its first reasonable profit in 1995. Since then, she has recouped her initial investment, and turnover has increased five-fold since the start. The number of employees has grown from five to 40 and the company has taken over the entire house. Cassidy and her family moved out a few years ago.

Cassidy is now at a crossroads; it would be logical to expand but she is anxious to maintain quality and integrity. Increasing output would mean stepping up every phase of the process. For instance, she has had to turn down an order from New York designer Donna Karan because her weavers can only complete a few centimetres a day. An order for curtains in a London apartment will take up two looms for nine months.

It is a challenge running a business in a country which is making the transition to a market economy. Cassidy went to Laos before it had a constitution, foreign investment regulation, tourists or even international telephone lines. In the early days, making an overseas call involved taking a wooden boat across the Mekong River to a village in Thailand.

Lao Textiles, Ban Mizai, PO Box 5088, Vientiane, Laos. Tel: (856) 2121212; fax: (856) 2121625.

The Nature of Things

That old black, spooky magic

From 'Star Trek' to reality, particles can now be teleported from A to B, finds Clive Cookson

Objects cannot travel faster than light, as scientists frequently remind enthusiastic fantasists about long-distance space travel. Amazingly, however, information can move at infinite speed - at least in the weird world of quantum mechanics.

Physicists at the University of Innsbruck in Austria have just carried out for the first time "quantum teleportation", in which the physical state of one particle is transferred instantly to a second, distant particle.

Teleportation is a concept dear to the hearts of science fiction fans and above all to followers of *Star Trek*, whose characters are regularly beamed up to their spacecraft or down to a planet. They re-materialise instantly at their destination.

Quantum teleportation is not quite the same. The process does not transport the physical matter itself but its "quantum state" - information about its energy or the way it is spinning. And teleportation cannot be used for large objects, only for sub-atomic particles whose behaviour follows the (often unexpected) rules of quantum theory rather than classical physics.

Even so, the Innsbruck experiment is a striking demonstration that the weird predictions of quantum mechanics, which so disconcerted Albert Einstein during the 1920s and 1930s, hold true in real life. Einstein's most celebrated observation - "God does not play dice" - was aimed at the important roles played by chance and uncertainty in quantum theory.

But Einstein also found it hard to believe in what he called "spooky action at a distance" - the mysterious ability of quantum particles to become "entangled" so that any interference with one particle has an immediate effect on the other, however far away it is.

A series of experiments over the past few years has proved this principle of entanglement, which is an essential requirement for teleportation.

Last summer a Swiss group at the University of Geneva sent pairs of entangled photons - light particles - through optical fibres to detectors in nearby villages. They found that measuring the energy state of one photon instantly determined the state of its partner 10km away.

There is no sign that this effect falls off with distance, as some physicists had expected. Indeed, it may work right across the universe, though no one has the faintest idea how.

The Innsbruck scientists chose to teleport a photon's state of polarisation: the way the particle is spinning. They set up a bewildering array of experimental apparatus - lasers, mirrors and assorted optical instruments - for the purpose.

Unfortunately their experiment is impossible to describe without using more technical language than is usual in this column. I hope non-scientific readers will bear with me.

A conventional particle must be polarised either vertically or horizontally, but a quantum particle can be in an intermediate state described by complex mathematical equations. However, as soon as you observe or measure it, the bizarre rules of quantum physics require the particle to fall into a definite state of horizontal or vertical polarisation - and at the same instant, its entangled twin falls into the opposite state.

The Austrian scientists fired a laser into a special crystal to create an entangled pair of photons, S (sender) and R (receiver), which would act as a communication channel for teleportation. Their aim was to transfer the state of

an independent photon M (message) instantly to R. To do so, they entangled S with M and measured their polarisation. The act of measurement destroyed the quantum information in S and M but, because of the original entanglement, R instantly adopted the state of M.

The results, reported in the journal *Nature* last month, are convincing. Time after time, M is teleported across the Innsbruck laboratory to R, although the two particles are never in direct contact.

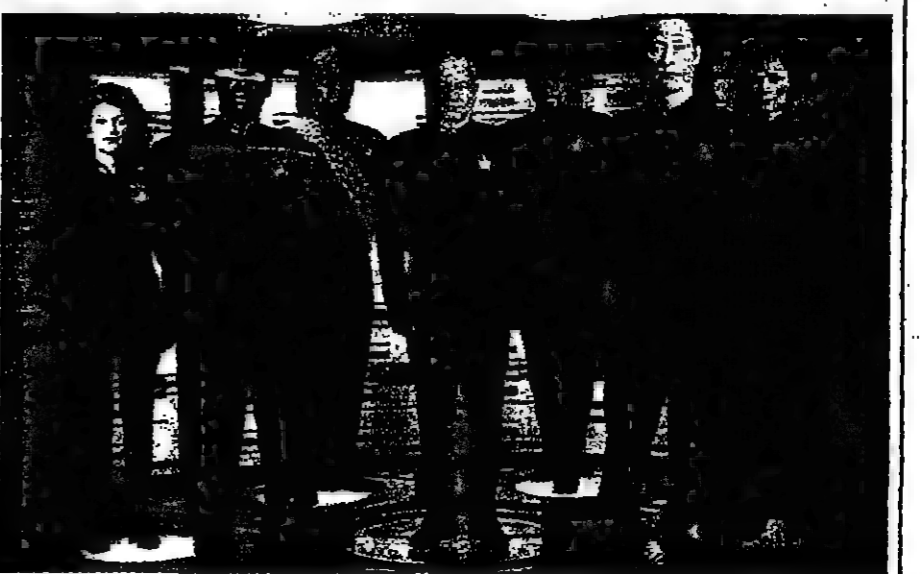
Now that the principle has been proved, scientists will be able to improve the efficiency and reliability of quantum teleportation. They should be able to extend it from photons to more complex particles such as atoms and molecules.

However, it cannot be scaled up to transfer macroscopic objects like people. That would only work, even in theory, if our entire state of being, physical and mental, could be described through a set of quantum equations - which it cannot.

No, the main practical applications foreseen are in quantum communication and computing. It might be possible, some time in the next century, to process immense amounts of data in entangled quantum systems and to transmit the results instantly over vast distances without having to worry about noisy communication channels.

A far more speculative possibility for the distant future is teleporting states of mind. Some people believe it will be possible to describe the brain's activity, at least partially, in terms of quantum mechanics.

If so, thoughts might be candidates for teleportation. Indeed this sort of assisted telepathy - rather than anything as crude and slow as radio waves - might be the preferred communications mode for really advanced extraterrestrial civilisations.



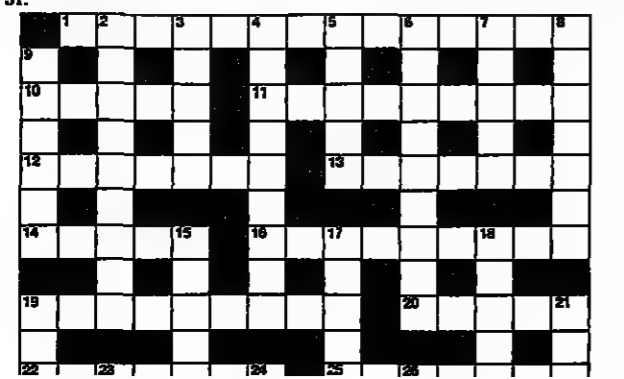
Beam me up, but not yet: 'Star Trek - Next Generation'

Kobal Collection

CROSSWORD

No. 9,583 Set by CINEPHILE

A prize of a classic Pelikan Souverän 800 fountain pen for the first correct solution opened and four runner-up prizes of Pelikan M300 fountain pens. Solutions by Wednesday January 28, marked Crossword 9,583 on the envelope, to the Financial Times, Number One Southwark Bridge, London SE1 9HL. Solution on Saturday January 31.



- ACROSS**
- 1 Flogger and photographer, the little bird (14)
 - 10 Agreement about public relations for battle ground (6)
 - 11 Left-wingers with misplaced pride are a pest (3,6)
 - 12 Greed from the pen? (7)
 - 13 NB award for silver (4,3)
 - 14 Winner to eat like a horse (5)
 - 16 Left soldier in pub, contrary to reason (9)
 - 19 Fighting pets in singular downpour (3,3,3)
 - 20 The great man's diminished in over 2000 years (5)
 - 22 At home, gambles with mathematical powers (7)
 - 25 Lawrence and leaving artist's place in old military formation (7)
 - 27 Post 8, cooked the pasta (9)
 - 28 On strike about deviating from what's proper (5)
 - 29 Access prohibited to revolutionary hot on coarse food (12,13)
- DOWN**
- 2 It's no easy task with roses etc (4,5)
 - 3 Chance for the sheriff's men to own some (5)
 - 4 Vermicidal satellite (5,4)
 - 5 Piece of hybridised umbrella plant (5)
 - 6 Snake and watchdog eating first tasty shoots (8)
 - 7 Pet Irish cereal? (5)
 - 8 Whale causing some fear, or qualms at least (7)
 - 9 Seeing shortly setter's film on love? (6)
 - 15 Disney's film company turns up in emergency at No. 10 (9)
 - 17, 18 One swift with the baton to avert strikes? (9,9)
 - 19 Opposed to keeping borders in the shade (7)
 - 21 Solvers get warning sign from bodyguards (6)
 - 23 Plan for conscription? (5)
 - 24 Battle between words and music (3-2)

BRIDGE

The Lederer Memorial Trophy, held at the end of last year, features some of the best players in Britain, together with a smattering of foreign talent. The Best Played Hand award was given to David Burn - long-time British International and expert analyst.

N

♠ -

♥ K 8 4

♦ A Q 10 8 6

♣ 8 7 3 2

W

♠ J 8 2

♥ J 3

♦ J 5 3 2

♣ K J 9 6

E

♠ K 9 7 6 4 3

♥ Q 7 5 2

♦ 4

♣ A 10

S

♠ A Q 10 5

split. However, Burn cashed ♠AK and his A♠ - a modest little discovery play most people would be wary of making. But, as the diamond position is the only important matter here, every morsel of information is vital.

As it was, West played ♠J on the second round of the suit. Declarer now reasoned that West's jacks suggested short holdings in the major suits - especially as, had West held a four card major, he might well have led it. Placing West with a 3-2-4-4 hand pattern, Burn cashed his K♠ and then led his 7♠, playing 10♠ from dummy when West played small. This held the trick, and his

Anatoly Karpov has retained the Fide world title by beating Visly Anand 5-3 in a strange match at the Olympic Museum in Lausanne. Whether Fide's Russian president Ilyumzhinov can continue to finance a 95-player knock-out at Groningen, beating Michael Adams in the final, then he had to meet Karpov in a different country just two days later.

When Karpov won the first of a six-game match with a smart novelty, then created a winning attack in the second, it seemed all over. At age 35, however, the Russian is liable to blunders; he lost that game and later

World no 2 Kramnik is waiting in the wings, so the less than thrilling prospect opens up of yet another series of all-Russian K v K matches. Whether Fide's Russian president Ilyumzhinov can continue to finance a 95-player knock-out at Groningen, beating Michael Adams in the final, then he had to meet Karpov in a different country just two days later.

So chess needs a new western challenger. If Britain's Adams, who went so close at Groningen, could find the right form, it might yet happen.

No 1214

Nigel Short v Michael Adams, 3rd game 1997. White

PERSPECTIVES



Joe Rogaly

'I'm sorry' (There, that didn't hurt, did it?)

An apology is cheap and fashionable – and something governments can do without raising taxes

It is the season for apologies – attempts to erase memories of the horrors of the past with as few words and as little compensation as possible. This week Ryutaro Hashimoto bowed.

The Japanese prime minister said that his government was unanimous in its "expression of deep remorse and heartfelt apology to the people who suffered in the second world war". A few more yen were thrown into the survivors' rattling mugs.

At about the same time, Jacques Chirac wrote to the families of Alfred Dreyfus, the Jewish army captain falsely accused of spying for the Germans, and Emile Zola, who defended him. The French president called the affair a "dark spot" in the history of his country. It was 100 years to the day since Zola's death.

astating indictment, under the celebrated headline "J'Accuse", was published.

In London, the British government has been making up its mind about whether to apologise for the shooting dead of 14 civilians in Northern Ireland on "Bloody Sunday", January 30 1972. It has already apologised for the Irish potato famine.

What these incidents have in common are our old friends race and ethnicity. British prisoners of war were maltreated by Japanese guards. There will always be anti-Semites in France, although today their venom is commonly aimed at Arabs rather than Jews. The English and the Irish tribes will never wholly understand one another.

So we can easily guess why saying sorry is becoming fashionable. Handled with care, it is

either free or cheap. It probably does no harm and may in some instances be beneficial. Best of all, it is something governments can do without raising taxes. The attention of the media is more or less guaranteed.

In spite of these manifest advantages, some proposed confessions of past wrongdoing stick in the official throat. On her recent visit to India, the Queen was ill-advised to utter a half-hearted expression of distress at the massacre of unarmed Indian civilians in Amritsar in 1919.

Bill Clinton has been pressed to atone for the transportation of African slaves across the Atlantic, and for the segregation laws that evolved after emancipation. Being president means having to say you're sorry. The White House fears a demand for compensation. The Canadian govern-

ment has expressed "profound regret" for the destruction of its native cultures. Admittedly, Australia has hardly offered as much as a teaspoonful of genuine balm to the Aborigines.

Meanwhile, the record of inter-tribal atrocities grows. The seeds of 21st century expressions of remorse have already been planted in Bosnia, Rwanda, Palestine and Israel, to take just the three most obvious examples. Perhaps someone, some day, will be called to account for the slaughter of the innocents now taking place in Algeria.

The wait may be long. Tribal antipathies are slow to erode. As we have seen, half a century of apparent peace is not enough, nor is a full 100 years. Old wounds carry themselves from generation to generation. We must look to the rational,

orderly, self-controlled super-beings soon to be created by genetic selection. Perhaps they will know how not to make permanent enemies.

Alternatively, migration plus biotechnology might melt down humanity into a single ethnic group. Such a flash-forward might seem fanciful, but you cannot deny the logic of it. Every day we read new evidence of how the planet's economies are being coalesced. Everything, from farm management to financial services, is global.

We are dismantling national barriers to the flow of capital, freeing all trade, becoming aware of the likely emergence of a universal electronic currency. Why not unrestricted movement of labour?

We know the answer. Immigrants usually enhance the econ-

omy of the host country. They enrich its culture. But tribal suspicions persist. This tension is evident everywhere. Over the past few weeks the European Union has once again discussed how to resist inward migration, while dissolving the union's internal borders.

The disturbance of financial markets in east Asia has been given as a reason – excuse? – for plans to deport foreign workers illegally employed in Korea, Thailand and Malaysia. China is hospitable to immigrants it regards as useful to its economic development. So, in theory, is the US, but American economists and politicians are debating the precise added value of new arrivals, particularly the unskilled.

If mankind is to be recreated as an amalgam of its constituent

tribes, the US will lead the way. It is gradually becoming less white, more Hispanic and east Asian. The black share of America's population is expected to edge up from 12 to 13 per cent over the next three decades. During the same period, the Hispanic and Asian proportion will probably double, rising from 13 to 27 per cent. It is also a fair bet that when human cloning becomes a large-scale business it will happen in America first.

The withering-away of racial differences, or at least the evolution of nation-states that encompass many tribes within them, will not mean that our species becomes less murderous. There will, however, be fewer ethnic causes of strife. Heads of state will have to find something else to apologise for.

Joe Rogaly is a freelance writer.

Lunch with the FT

When a man's home is Her castle

Windsor Castle is finished. Giles Downes, the Queen's architect, talks to Samer Iskandar

A man who had been working for the Queen for the best part of the past five years should surely, I thought, be stiff and old-fashioned. Fresh from rebuilding the fire-ravaged Windsor Castle, Giles Downes had sounded suspicious of the very concept of an interview over lunch.

My fears seemed to be confirmed when, at the former garage which houses the offices of Sidell Gibson, the architectural firm in which he is a partner, Downes told me sternly: "Let's be clear about this from the start: I will not talk about our clients, including the royal household."

"This is not at all what I am interested in," I fibbed. It seemed to work. He relaxed, and we shared a short walk to the restaurant. The rows of pastel-coloured houses around Primrose Hill, in north London, manifestly had a beneficial effect on Downes's mood. By the time we were seated in Odette's restaurant, my companion was a changed man.

Odette's is a pleasantly old-fashioned restaurant not much bigger than a domestic dining room. Its dark walls almost entirely covered with mirrors in heavy gilded frames. I made a mental note to remember it for romantic dinners.

"This place is really for business lunches," Downes interrupted my thoughts. "I wouldn't come here in the evening. I'd feel I had to put on my best behaviour. And I can't afford to go to places like this; also, I have a small daughter and I have to pay for her education."

I wondered if he was joking but did not ask. Downes, I soon realised, had a passion for food. He was passionate about almost everything we discussed, including architecture, sculpture and his five-year-old daughter, Elizabeth. He spoke softly and smiled a lot. I had misjudged him.

Downes seemed to know about wine and chose a 1994 red from Bergerac, in the Dordogne. He said he would be satisfied with a cheaper Bordeaux, but preferred the 230 Bergerac if I had the budget for it. He asked the waiter for a side-order of spinach to go with his chicken and mushrooms, then suggested: "If you like spinach, order some, otherwise you won't get any."

Earlier this year, he celebrated his 50th birthday in the Dordogne. "I have friends who run a restaurant there. I worked out that I had more close friends in that region of France than I have in London. So I decided to have the party there."

Downes described himself as "the black sheep of the family. I was the one who didn't go to university but went to art school." His sis-

ter is a professor of biochemistry at Imperial College. I wondered if London was really as "cool" for an art student in the late 1960s as we were always being told it was. "I can't remember. I was working with [Sir Norman] Foster every moment I wasn't in college. And when I was out and about in London, I didn't have any money. I lived in a flat on Charlotte Street in the West End. It was an extraordinary place; the front door was

'When you are working on an existing monument, it is difficult to find ideas which are clearly novel'

never shut and never locked. In those days I had to live where there were no trees, no birds..."

So where does he live now?

"Up the hill," he turned in his chair and pointed towards the park. "In these big Victorian houses, built in the 1860s. I'm on the lowest level, with the garden beyond, which is great. When I bought it, my flat was just a shell, no doors, no woodwork at all, no walls."

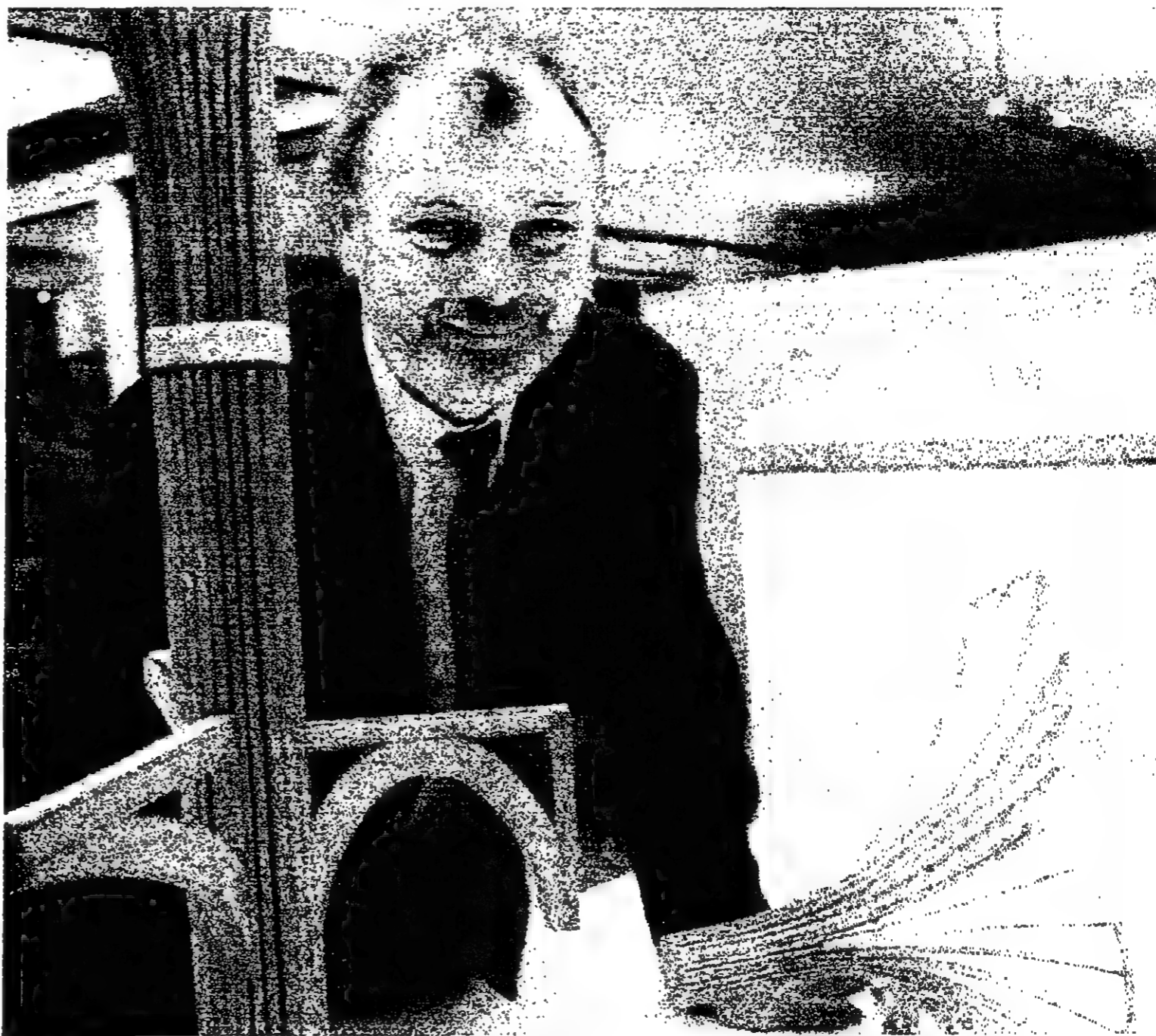
Ideal for an architect?

"Well... yes, except it has taken me 15 years and I still haven't finished it. My wife occasionally says: 'All right now, we are going to do the next room, aren't we?'"

And this from the man who has just finished rebuilding Windsor Castle six months ahead of schedule? "But that's different. When architects work for themselves, they generally take a very long time. It is very uncomfortable to be judged on your own home. You just don't finish it – then nobody can judge you."

I asked why his style had changed since his days as a modernist with Sir Norman Foster – his recent projects include the classical display of the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. He said it had not; he was probably what one would call "eclectic", although he disliked that word.

"I have always been interested in organic forms. Bones, plants and human figures; those are all natural forms," he said, picking up the chicken from his plate to show me the bone from different angles. The octagonal vestibule in Windsor Castle was his first opportunity to experiment with organic forms. "I had only done that with sculpture. So the opportunity to do that was great."



Giles Downes: the octagonal vestibule 'would remind you of a vase; the danger was that you could slide away from Gothic into Art Nouveau'

Lydia van der Meer

patience again and asked about another project completed by Sidell Gibson before Downes had joined – the controversial, if ornate, headquarters of the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development. The bank was established to help smooth the transition of east European countries, but became as well known for the more than 500m spent on fitting out its headquarters – marble clad and with an interesting high-tech sus-

pended ceiling (£5.7m). He laughed loudly. "I think I'm probably not going to comment on that."

We were both silent for a few moments as I punched a hole in the cabbage accompanying my duck breast. It turned out to contain lentils.

He broke the silence: "It was a shame that the whole furore about that overshadowed what was an efficient piece of work, on time, on budget – and the budget was

comparatively low. The fact that the designers who were working with us on the project managed to get so much dramatic effect is all to their credit."

Downes almost certainly did not mean to shift the blame to the French interior design firm, but it nonetheless sounded like it. By the time we got our desserts – chocolate tart – and the wine bottle was almost empty, our conversation had shifted to lighter subjects.

Sculpting is one of his hobbies; after college he had considered it as a possible career.

"It was a toss-up. But then, architecture keeps you involved and ambitious much longer than sculpture. You can make a name as a sculptor at 30; you are very unlikely to do so as an architect until you are in your 40s. Architecture is much more demanding. But I would like to mix the two."

Perhaps he already has. I thought, as he went on: "The best way to build a stone wall is at dusk and when you are slightly drunk. It really flows. Then you look at it and say: wow, how did I do that?"

"With uneven stones that don't lock perfectly on to each other, it's all about putting them the right way round. Somehow, when you're drunk and can't see very well, you do it better."

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BOOKS

Testament to abuse and incest

Women occupy a highly ambiguous place in the Bible, writes A.C. Grayling

How edifying is the following tale? A man and his wife, arriving late in a strange town, are offered hospitality by a citizen. A gang of local men assemble at the front door, calling for the stranger to be handed to them for their sexual pleasure. The host begs them to go away; when they refuse he says (and I quote), "I have a virgin daughter here, and the stranger has a woman companion; take them instead, and do whatever you want to them but leave the stranger alone." The gang accept the offer of the stranger's wife, and the text then reports that they "abused her all night, until the morning," and that she crawled back to the door of the host's house, and there died.

This is a bible story, found in Judges 19. It is merely the horrible beginning of a dreadful tale, in which the woman's husband saws her corpse into 12 pieces

and sends one to each of Israel's tribes, thereby precipitating a war in which scores of thousands of men die and hundreds more women are raped and murdered. You are a fine capitalist if you find spiritual enlightenment here; a Hollywood version would not pass the censors.

Jonathan Kirsch retells this and a number of other bible stories to draw attention to the Old Testament's rich panorama of rape, incest, seduction, fornication and adultery. We are familiar with the tale of Lot impregnating his daughters, Tamar seducing Judah by pretending harlotry, and David sending Bathsheba's husband to die in battle so that they can enjoy their adultery; but did we know

that the bible's coy translators use "feet" as a euphemism for "genitals"? Naomi tells Ruth to go to Boaz as he sleeps, lie next to him, and "uncover his feet; and he shall tell thee what to do." When Boaz is thus woken Ruth tells him, "spread thy skirt over thy handmaid," another euphemism. As one reads the Old Testament with Kirsch, uncovered feet and spread skirts abound.

If there is one thing these sexy – and occasionally horrific – tales tell us, it is that women occupy a highly ambiguous place in the Old Testament. If Ruth had not seduced Boaz – ancestor of David of Jesus – there would be little Old and no New Testament. If, when God came to mur-

der Moses in his sleep, Zipporah had not stopped him by cutting off her baby's foreskin and throwing it at God's feet, there would not be much Old Testament either. Nor would there be

THE HARLOT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD
by Jonathan Kirsch
Rider £17.99, 378 pages

if Tamar, as she was about to be executed, had not proved Judah's paternity of the twins in her belly – one of them, again, David's ancestor.

Women are often thus the crucial link in sacred history; and often, too, by sexual trickery and the breaking of taboos. Consider

Lot's daughters: lacking other men, they seduce their father to get pregnant. Their offspring are the founders of the nations of Boaz and Ammon, Israel's enemies but – through the Moabite Ruth, ancestress of David, and the Ammonite Naamah, mother of Solomon's heir – they are crucial to the history of three religions.

Yet the Old Testament's women are typically treated as the merest expendables. When the angels arrive at Lot's house, and the Sodomites clamour at the door to have them, Lot does as the host in the tale above; he says, "I pray you, my brethren, do not so wickedly. Behold now, I have two daughters that have not known man; let me, I pray

you, bring them out unto you, and do ye to them as is good in your eyes; only unto these men do nothing." (Genesis 19). In this case the girls escape; the angels' smite the Sodomites blind.

However scandalous and occasionally horrific these tales might be, they are par for the human course, and therefore do not leave as bad a taste as those about the behaviour of the Old Testament's deity, in whose honour all this happens. That temperate, savage, jealous, unreasonable, violent and blood-thirsty tribal demon is a murderer and tyrant on the largest imaginable scale, and it is amazing that the religions stemming from these tales about him

have survived the infancy of civilisation.

Oddly, this is not the moral drawn by Kirsch. One of his professed reasons for retelling the tales, is a worthy one: to undermine the various kinds of censorship which have hidden or at least obscured the stories from us. But he also, in a froth of rhetoric, claims that these stories show that "the bible affirms the essential qualities that make us human in the first place."

Affirms a propensity to savage rape and the like? If so, the bible makes one deplore both its God and humanity together. There are interesting tidbits in Kirsch's book, but it is written as if by and for teenagers, and is full of exceedingly half-baked theology (and feminist theology, at that: which does feminism no credit whatever). Read the bible itself instead: Genesis chapters 19, 34, 35, 38, Judges 19, Ruth, and 2 Samuel 11-13 are the choicest texts.

A tale of greed, servitude and silence

In the introduction to his excellently researched new book, Hugh Thomas is both clear and candid about the origins of his interest in the slave trade. "I remember it as if it were yesterday the day when I began to be interested in the slave trade: it was 30 years ago. I was dining in London. At the table, among others, there was the Prime Minister of Trinidad, the historian Dr Eric Williams."

Hugh Thomas fell into conversation with Eric Williams, who in turn sent him a copy of his ground-breaking *Capitalism and Slavery* (1949). Hugh Thomas conducted "a swift perusal" of the book which introduced him to "the fascination of the 18th-century Caribbean", a subject to which he subsequently devoted "much attention".

Eric Williams's *Capitalism and Slavery* is probably the most influential book written about the slave trade in a century in which there has been much scholarly and literary production on this subject. The central thesis of the book is that the slave trade did not collapse because of the moral indignation of the European nations, but rather because the trade was no longer profitable. In other words, the humanitarian zeal which had hitherto been ascribed as the *raison d'être* for the cessation of trading in human cargo was little more than an afterthought.

Thomas disagrees. Of the abolition he states: "Moral conviction was the determining element". His volume is divided into six "books". It begins with an investigation into the early history of slavery in Roman and Greco-Roman times, and concludes with an overlong account of how Cuba maintained slavery almost into the 20th century. Thomas's examination of the modern slave trade addresses first the Iberian peninsula, as he looks at how this Portuguese and Spanish empire established trading posts in 15th-century West Africa, and then developed the trans-Atlantic slave trade in the early 16th century.

The effect on the domestic life of Spain and Portugal was profound: by 1550 Lis-

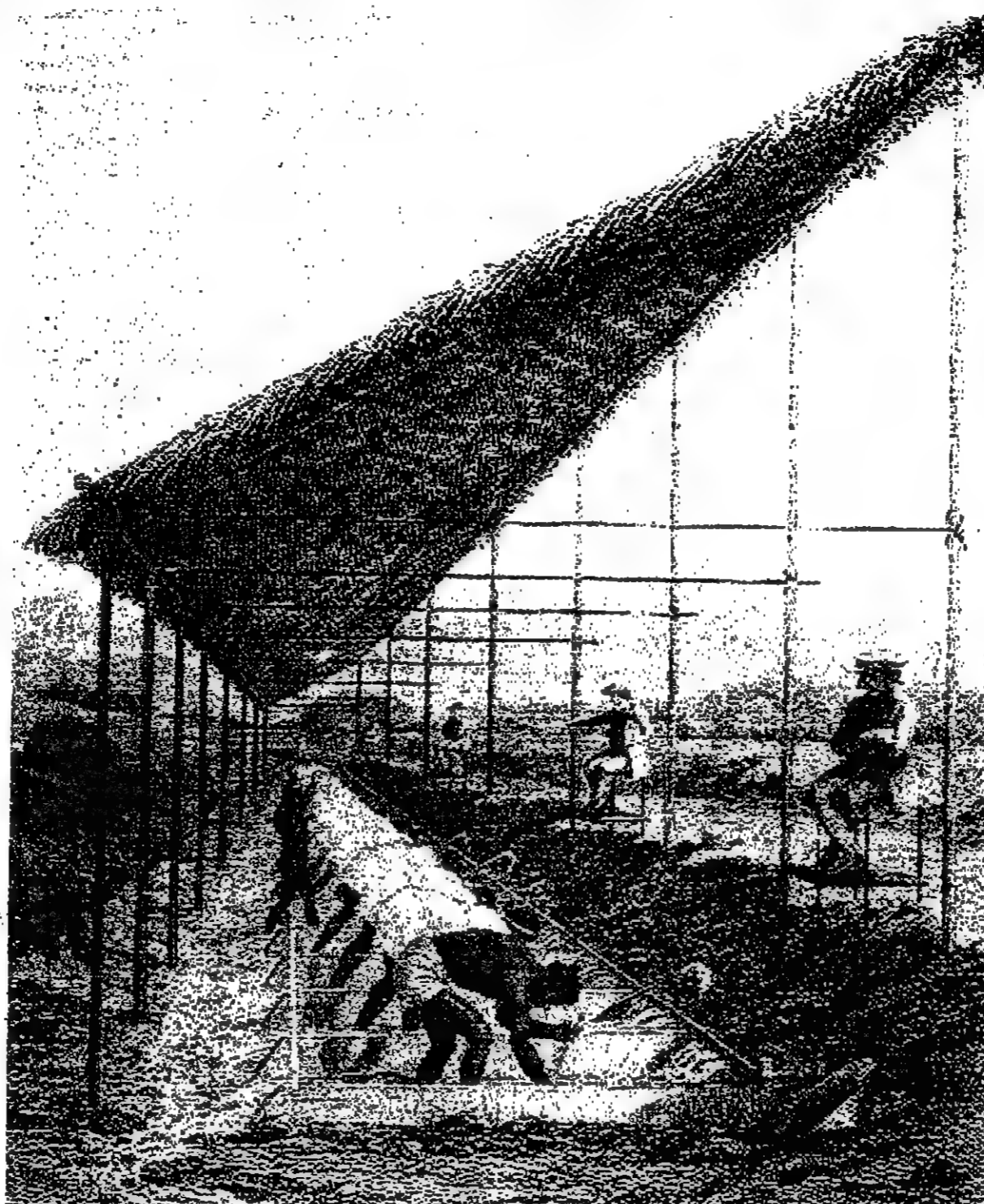
bon had a population of 100,000 of whom 10,000 were slaves; similarly by the year 1565 Seville had a population of 85,000 of whom 6,000 were slaves. But this was slavery, not segregation: "Blacks might often be mocked in the street, but they mixed easily, marriage between black and white was not forbidden, sexual relations were frequent, and slaves in Seville were received as full members of the Church".

THE SLAVE TRADE: THE HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC SLAVE TRADE 1440-1870
by Hugh Thomas
Penguin £25, 863 pages

role that slavery played in the expansion of the Spanish and Portuguese maritime empires, and the anxieties that this occasioned in the Catholic Church, is by far the richest and most detailed examination of this aspect of the slave trade that is available to us in English.

His second "book", "The Internationalisation of the Trade" examines how the northern European Protestant countries rapidly became drawn into the business of slavery. The English and Dutch, in particular, were quick off the mark, but Thomas quite rightly details the complexity of the so-called "liberal" Scandinavians in the trade. Swedish ships were often "fronted" by Dutch captains and Dutch companies, but the Danes were less squeamish about their involvement, and they profited from slavery for over 200 years.

However, it was the English who, with the founding of the Royal African Company in 1672, soon began to reap the greatest profits from trading in human beings. Sugar, tobacco, coffee and other tropical products, which were the natural by-products of the trade, soon became central features of English social life, and uncomfortable questions as to their origins were seldom posed. Enormous profits were being made, and the slave ports of



A print of 1812 showing slaves washing diamonds in Brazil, watched by their white masters

Liverpool, Bristol and London grew at a startling rate.

The granting of the *asiento* in 1713 meant that England now had an exclusive 30-year contract with the Spanish to supply slaves to their vast "new world" empire. A new English company was formed, the South Sea Company, and English complicity with the slave trade was an easily-digested "official" fact of life. As Thomas points out, the list of shareholders of the South Sea Company reads like a directory of contemporary Britain.

"Most of the House of Commons (462 members) and 100 members of the House of Lords (out of a total of 300) were included. So were Alexander Pope, Sir John Vanbrugh, John Gay, and all the royal family, including the bastards. The speaker of the House of Commons, Black Rod in the House of Lords, and the Lord Chancellor were all on the list."

Towards the end of the century, voices began to be raised against the slave trade. In 1779 Thomas claims that the last public sale of a

"black boy" in England occurred in Liverpool, although he frustratingly provides no textual evidence. Considerable ambiguity surrounded the status of black people in England. Were they to be regarded as slaves or free blacks? Thomas chronicles the various court cases which wrestled with the problem and, as the clamour for the abolition of the slave trade grew in volume, so the voices of black people became increasingly important.

In his examination of the push towards the abolition, however, Thomas makes no reference whatsoever to the extant narratives by black people such as Ignatius Sancho, Ottobah Cugoana, or Ottobah Cugoana, men who were former slaves and who not only resided in England but took the trouble to write down their stories and played an active and vital role in helping to create the climate which led to the abolition.

The omission of these black voices from Thomas's

history of the abolition is disturbing. What, however, is unforgivable is the omission of the voice of Olaudah Equiano. Thomas makes a single passing reference to the former slave, whose autobiography was published in 1789 and whose name was quoted on almost every occasion the abolition was debated in the House. Within five years of its publication Equiano's *Autobiography* ran into eight editions, and from the time of its publication to his premature death in 1801, Equiano was himself out travelling throughout England and Ireland making hundreds of speeches against the slave trade.

That Thomas would attempt to dismiss Eric Williams's economic argument is not surprising. Others have gone before him, although few have been so bold as to attempt to dismiss the redoubtable Williams in the space of a single paragraph. But to claim "moral conviction" (presumably on the part of white Englishmen) to be the determining factor in the abolition, and

to do so without making any reference whatsoever to the considerable efforts of former slaves living in England, is inexcusable. And to appropriate Thomas Clarkson as "the heart and soul of the campaign for the abolition" to the exclusion of other white Englishmen, such as the remarkable Granville Sharpe, is at best exasperating, at worst nonsensical.

Hugh Thomas's *The Slave Trade* is an epic piece of historical research which both expands and reduces our understanding of the slave trade. He expands it by his faultless research, particularly into the Spanish and Portuguese origins of the modern trade, and in his chronicling of the leathery details of the actual crossings. But it is presented to us as though the people of Africa and the African diaspora were mute victims who neither had opinions about, commented on, or were in any way masters of their own destiny. This is patently not the case.

Caryl Phillips

The sins of the past

The great 18th- and 19th-century historians revealed the past as a lesson for the present. History's highest calling was to help modern states avoid the mistakes of previous civilisations, and Rome's fall especially was seen as bristling with warnings for the British Empire.

In contrast, modern historians seek to divest themselves of all modern preoccupations at the archive door. They attempt to recapture mentalities of past cultures without intruding current values or the advantage of hindsight into their studies.

Now an emeritus professor of criminology and a local history buff have joined forces to put didacticism back into historical investigation, aligning themselves with the 18th-century historian Lord Acton who believed "historians should be judges, exercising their right to condemn the sins of the past."

They have chosen as their subject one of the most contentious historical cottage industries, witchcraft, focusing on a trial held at Bury St. Edmunds in 1662. The authors champion its relevance by wondering aloud whether the position of defendants, such as the two accused women, has been strengthened enough during the past three centuries that "such a miscarriage of justice is now unlikely".

Two widows, Amy Denny and Rose Cullender, were accused of bewitching children from the small East Anglian fishing town of Lowestoft and, crucially, of causing the death of an infant. After much harrowing testimony from the victims and their relatives, the women were convicted of witchcraft and hanged a few days later. Similarly, Browne provided a rational diagnosis for the bizarre symptoms, within the framework of contemporary beliefs. The children's swooning fits he pronounced natural, "but only heightened to a great excess by the subtlety of the Devil, co-operating with the malice of these which we term Witches." He even cited a similar case in Denmark as a precedent. In his final direction to the jury, Hale discussed the authority supporting the belief in witches, concluding he had no doubt such creatures existed because, not only did Scripture affirm as much, but all nations have provided laws against such persons.

Rather than viewing the trial as a combination of great intelligence applied to a spurious paradigm, the authors see it as an example of "the extraordinary ability of people to rely uncritically on tainted information to do awful things." The people involved were neither uncritical nor was their information tainted. Victims and witnesses reported their experiences faithfully, and no explanation can be provided to this day as to why children were seen to vomit pins or why one of the witches became covered with burns when a toad was thrown into the fireplace.

Confronted with the same evidence at the time, any judicious person might have reached the same conclusions as Hale and Browne. Far from being convinced of their culpability, it seems that posterity's enormous condescension for the past, warned of by E.P. Thompson, is still very much with us.

During the 18th and 17th centuries the idea of occult sympathies inherent in a

A TRIAL OF WITCHES
by Gilbert Geis and Ivan Bunn
Routledge £45, 304 pages

testimony to rigorous proof. Similarly, Browne provided a rational diagnosis for the bizarre symptoms, within the framework of contemporary beliefs. The children's swooning fits he pronounced natural, "but only heightened to a great excess by the subtlety of the Devil, co-operating with the malice of these which we term Witches." He even cited a similar case in Denmark as a precedent. In his final direction to the jury, Hale discussed the authority supporting the belief in witches, concluding he had no doubt such creatures existed because, not only did Scripture affirm as much, but all nations have provided laws against such persons.

Ann Geneva

I came in handy to have seen the V&A exhibition about Larsson and Swedish style immediately before reading *Tales of the Night*. Not that the Larsson's world – a stranger to dust – and Hoeg's smoky potent sequences of stories have much in common. The link, perhaps, is a well-proportioned mind.

There are eight stories. They are all concerned with love. Love, and its conditions on the night of 19 March 1929. They are also concerned with masks, and what lies behind masks, and how the truth about masks is that there is often nothing behind them.

"Journey into a Dark Heart" sets the tone. Three travellers, thrown into uneasy intimacy, are forced

to confront some pretty unnerving truths about themselves and each other and the masks they have been wearing. The message is that masks have to go. Finally, we must acknowledge what we are. Some can manage it – though not the old Prussian general, who can only snort and stomp off in the direction of his old life. The young mathematician, too, "for whom absolute truth had always taken the form of numbers," sits down and puts his head in his hands.

Each story is linked – like

a muse – to a different discipline. The cleverness is in the blending in distilling the moment when the edges blur and opposites bleed into one another. "The Verdict on Horatio Landstad Rasker" has a wonderfully funny and unexpected ending. And "An Experiment on the Constancy of Love" shows what happens when the last defence is down. Love can galvanise, sear and – occasionally – redeem. And where some do not love enough, others – most dangerously of all – love too much.

Hoeg's imagination is dazzling: he scoops up ideas, and just keeps running. He is clever without being self-conscious. He administers tiny pristine shocks. He pinpoints the divide

Fiction/Michael Pollard

Love – when the last defences are down

TALES OF THE NIGHT
by Peter Hoeg
Harvill £14.99, 308 pages

BLINDNESS
by José Saramago
Harvill £13.99, 309 pages

between the intellect and the senses without ever being pious or recondite. And he conjures pictures to fix things in the reader's mind for ever.

José Saramago's novel is dark, baroque, and powerfully affecting. It develops organically, rather than diagrammatically. Tenses are liquid, shifting. Nothing is set in concrete, and the effect is eerie though – oddly – not at all alienating. This may be because of the ore of absurdity that gleams beneath the gloom. Where a chilling acronym

or grim pharmaceutical compound-word might seem more apt, the blindness is christened – somewhat lyrically – "the white evil," because instead of plunging its victims into eternal dark it leaves them in a limbo of endless, unseeing light. It is horribly infectious, and as a result they are interned in what was formerly an asylum for the mad. They are given food, they are given – as they might be by madmen – cleaning equipment, and they are left to get on with it.

The white evil spreads.

Society still refuses to integrate. Even when struck blind, it goes on not-seeing. Finally, one sighted woman is left – one woman, two eyes. They are the last two eyes in the world, and they are rarer than radium.

At no time is there an explanation of how the white evil began. This is deliberate. It is also (deliberately) maddening: the first of many games of omniscience Saramago plays (none of the characters have names. The blind do not ask each others' names. They do not seem to have much in the way of

memory of their former lives).

There are Absurdist echoes, deft ironies, and occasional passages of great lyrical beauty. There is – dare one say? – something millennial about *Blindness*. It is swept by a gust of the *Zeitgeist*. Beneath the savagery, the desperate emotions and ineffable cruelties, this dystopian satire has just enough black humour to make it bearable.

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BOOKS

The man behind the urinal

Brian Sewell on the career of the father of conceptualism, Marcel Duchamp

Marcel Duchamp is notorious for turning a small white porcelain urinal bowl on its back and dubbing it a fountain. From this fountain fame flowed as readily as water for the sorcerer's apprentice, a ready-made icon of such influence that it has been more intellectually powerful and more stylistically dominant than any

work by Picasso, Matisse or Braque. First shown in New York in 1917, it is, "sixty years on, of undiminished influence in the art schools of the western world" and bids as long far to prevail as a presiding force even in the Royal Academy as did the nudes of Michelangelo.

In 1916 Duchamp, his reputation based entirely on his work as a painter, was one of the founders of the Society of Independent Artists in New York, but to its first salon the following year he sent no paintings, for he had begun to challenge the supremacy of oil on canvas and to question the nature of a work of art: instead, with the urinal he asked if it is possible to create a work of art from an object that is not only not art, but is wholly associated with other purposes, and if it is possible to be a creative artist without creating a work of art - the answers to be provided by the reactions of spectators (Picasso later answered the first question, and Charles Saatchi the second). The society's committee was, by its own rules, unable to reject the urinal, but they hid it from view: Duchamp then resigned, and in a disingenuous apology argued that they were entitled to conceal his fountain only on the grounds of immorality or

plagiarism - but a urinal is no more immoral than a bathtub, and one cannot plagiarise a plumbing accessory. In selecting the urinal he had taken a commonplace object and treated it in such a way that its function had been replaced by an exclusively intellectual conceit, and in this he was supported by an American critic who argued that the fountain could not have been achieved by a plumber, but only through the force of an artist's imagination. To those who enquired whether Duchamp was serious or joking the critic replied that he was both at once.

There can be little doubt that this was so with the urinal, for it cannot have escaped Duchamp that an object designed to accommodate the drainage from men's bladders must, transmuted, excite infinitely more interest than a washbasin, which would have served as a fountain just as well, but without the challenging subtext of its conventional purpose. He had already employed as works of art a bicycle wheel (1913), a bottle rack (1914), and a snow shovel (1915) - this last with the title "In advance of the broken Arm", and thus clear evidence of wry humour - none of which had stirred the public to outrage; outrage, however, was now his prime objective, to be achieved through the free expression of ideas and concept even if this meant the deliberate breakdown of traditional art forms and techniques, and the abandonment of painting.

The fountain is to Duchamp what the Mona Lisa is to Leonardo - the image that obliterates from the popular mind all other works - but one could argue that "The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even" (alternatively known as "The Large Glass") is his equivalent of "The Last Supper". The desultory and spiritual work on this conception of plate glass began in 1915, and was declared definitively unfinished in 1923. It was shattered in 1926, restored in 1936 (with

grotesque alterations), and so immaculately copied by Richard Hamilton in 1965 that Duchamp was happy to sign the replica. It is the largest, most enigmatic and most unsatisfactory of his works, addressed to no particular audience, and is so unresolved that no one can guess as to its intended finished state. It is the one work that those seeking to understand Duchamp should ignore, for he himself said of it, "I have offered no explanation... What is intended is of no interest, what is interesting is the effect the work has on the spectator... It is nothing to do with me... I have nothing to say... It's up to the public..." This could easily be

the apologia of every artist collected by Charles Saatchi. Is it possible to understand Duchamp? Born in 1897, the precursor of Dada and Surrealism, inventor of the ready-made, of the assemblage, of mechanical contraptions and optical confusions, exploiter of the long and punning title, and to all intents and purposes the inventor of Pop Art, his inspiration ran all but dry after the failure of "The Large Glass", and he turned his attention to roulette mostly and chess, though there were later works, minor and mischievous. Not until 1963 was he given a retrospective exhibition (in Pasadena, of all places), but since then there has been something of cru-

sade to make him a totem, and his apostles number Warhol, Johns, Naumann, and Wesselmann, Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, Cornell, Koons, Hamilton, and a host of lesser artists; the Duchampian Renaissance now mushrooms in every art school and gallery, this *radix malorum* of contemporary art nurtured by complacent critics and curators. No revolutionary artist, not even Duchamp, should be held responsible for the idiosyncrasy of "I threw the bottle rack and the urinal in their faces, and now they admire them for their aesthetic beauty" - and Arturo Schwarz must be forgiven for being more poet than art historian. The bare

bones of his catalogue raisonné are adequate; he has been scrupulous in finding and recording the merest scrap, but his entries on the major works, though useful, are not encyclopaedic. The first, smaller, volume is devoted to self-indulgent and discursive essays, from the poetry of which the reader must excavate the facts - a Duchampian experience. One chapter is marvellously brief: headed "There is no solution because there is no problem" the text consists of one word - "indeed." Adequately illustrated, though more for identification than to thrill the reader, this is a book for auctioneers and tradesmen, and of no interest to the general public.

Country on the road to hell

Question of the week: why has the world reacted so slowly to the obscenity in Algeria? Vested interests - the oil must keep flowing - are only part of the explanation. Official discouragement of foreign camera crews has certainly played its part. Protests by human rights groups have gone unheeded; journalists granted access to scenes of atrocities have fled. And what little we do know is decades old.

Camus told us about the life of the *peut-être* poor, Frantz Fanon described the lot of their black counterparts. In his film, *The Battle of Algiers*, Gillo Pontecorvo showed the heroism from which the present state sprang, Algeria, a land of cruel deeds under a cruel sun, has remained a comfortably distant myth.

No book ever came more perfectly on cue than Martin Stone's *The Agony of Algeria*, with its mission to explain. Its thesis is that the issues left unresolved after Algeria won independence in 1962 are at the root of its current predicament. By grounding his argument in a *tour d'horizon* of two millennia, Stone shows how complex those issues are.

Since its arrival in the seventh century, Islam bound together a delicate mix of indigenous Berbers and the Arabised population (which included many ethnic groups). The Berbers were, and still are, a proudly separate minority with their own language and their own sophisticated culture: many converted to Christianity during the French occupation. Algerian Islam traditionally focused on the *marabout*, the village holy man: it was essentially apolitical, and had nothing in common with today's radical Islam, which is a graft from Khomenei's Iran.

Stone shows how disgraceful the French occupation was from start to finish, systematically oppressing the indigenous population, turning their mosques into churches, taking their best land, and leaving them impoverished. But since that impoverishment was universal - the old Algerian elite fled to France with the *pieds noirs* - it did at least mean that the new state was launched without the impediment of a class system.

A class system, however, quickly emerged: the FLN - the liberation army - became a political old-boy's

club which doled out all the jobs and contracts. President Ben Bella and his successors ruled by permission from the army, whose upper echelons became rich and corrupt.

The riots which erupted in the slums in 1988 were the inevitable conclusion. Indeed, this whole book reads like a sequence of grim inevitabilities: of well-meaning attempts to clean up towns halted by vested interests; of a steady spiral in oppression and revolutionary violence. Stone shows how everything that happened, had to happen.

But he does not excuse the army's fateful intervention in 1992, at the point when the Front Islamique du Salut was poised to win a

THE AGONY OF ALGERIA

by Martin Stone

Hurst £14.95, 274 pages

democratic election. From that moment on - despite President Zeroual's initially admirable attempts to bring the FIS back into politics - the road to hell has been broad and straight. With the FIS marginalised, the hard-line Groups Islamiques Armées - Afghan-trained and well-used to the taste of blood - were just one more inevitability.

Stone's somewhat repetitious book will be essential reading for politicians seeking to grapple with Algeria, but it does not begin to confront the questions now being starkly posed. Why do so many of the massacres take place so close to military bases? Why are the perpetrators neither caught, nor even sought? Is the Algerian government engaged in a massive cover-up? Or is that government now a mere vacuum?

This deficiency may be excusable in that the book went to press six months ago, but its other limitations are more serious. One has no feeling that Stone spent much time talking to the people on the streets, or in their homes: one gets no whiff of the quality of life. The academics, journalists, psychiatrists, actors and singers who have been murdered over the past four years merit only a passing mention: who will speak for their beleaguered colleagues? That is a job which will require more empathy, and a lot more courage.

Michael Church

Comic genius torn 'twixt pen and stage

In the first half of this century, Robert Benchley was America's best-loved humourist, the quintessential New Yorker writer, a film writer and actor, and a radio star. He was John Cleese, Miles Kingston, Frank Muir, and Arthur Marshall all rolled into one. Stephen Leacock thought him "Shakespeare's equal", yet today none of his books is in print in Britain. Even in America he is remembered more as a part of the Algonquin Round Table than for his own work. His gentler, empathic humour seems less quotable than the barbed wit of some of the Algonquin's "vicious circle", and the short films, which established his Joe Doakes as America's Everyman and inspired James Thurber's Walter Mitty, are no longer part of the cultural currency. A major biography has been long overdue.

Yet if Benchley were reviewing this workmanlike effort, he'd probably shudder and say "it's so worthy you would think I was dead." He would, however, appreciate the generous excerpts

from his writing, which have lost none of their perceptive wit and comic brilliance. Benchley's life balances on the fulcrum of his first drink, in 1920, aged 31. Formerly teetotal and an enthusiastic supporter of prohibition,

LAUGHTER'S GENTLE SOUL: THE LIFE OF ROBERT BENCHLEY
by Billy Altman
Norton £22.50, 382 pages

tion, the vibrancy of speak-easies seduced him. He soon made up for lost time. "Don't you know drinking is a slow death?" asked Scott Fitzgerald. "Who's in a hurry?" replied Benchley. He died of cirrhosis in 1945.

Drink is just one of the many Benchley contradictions which Altman details for us. He never tries to conjure a picture of Benchley's New York world, nor of Hollywood in the 1930s and '40s. Rather, Altman traces Benchley's constantly diverging paths, torn between the high life of the city and his family in the suburbs, torn between

the literary world of New York and the fantasy world of Hollywood. The chasm widened as he spent more time in California while his family stayed in Scarsdale. But we never really learn what anyone actually felt. Did his family resent his absence? We can guess that Benchley may have tried to avoid emulating his dependable and henpecked father, but we never know.

Benchley actually made his earliest reputation as a public speaker. Despite the success of his theatre reviews and his essays on everyday city life which set the tone for *The New Yorker*, it was his stage performance of a bumbling treasurer which set him on the road to Hollywood.

The Treasurer's Report (1928) was the first continuous sound picture made by any studio. Benchley followed it with *The Sex Life of the Polyp*, and spent the rest of his life torn. "I am not a writer, and not an actor," he complained.

Benchley's best-remembered line, "get out of that wet suit and into a dry martini", comes from a movie, and was actually borrowed from his drinking buddy, actor Charles Butterworth. His own original follow-up, "I'd offer you a whiskey sour, but that would mean thinking up a new joke," is a metaphor for the downhill side of his writing career. Today writers like Bill Bryson make a living insisting Americans have no sense of irony. Robert Benchley might argue that one.

Michael Carlson

The idea that children can be psychotic is an uncomfortable one. We like to see childhood as a place of innocence, and to regard all infant fantasy as harmless play. But a significant minority of children do exhibit symptoms of psychosis: immersed in bizarre delusory worlds, or besieged by terror and confusion, they fail to respond intelligibly to ordinary signals and demands and, intentionally or otherwise, wreak havoc on those who care for them. One such child christened them the "collapsists"; another explained that for her to stay sane was as difficult as winning an Olympic gold medal. This book of essays and case studies from the Tavistock Clinic is a courageous attempt to throw light on their shadowy inner worlds.

Take Samuel, for example, the product of an unwanted pregnancy, whose mother was convinced she would have a brain-damaged child and returned to work one week after his birth. Samuel didn't talk till three or walk till four. His great fear was ghosts, who (he felt) wanted to eat him, and he developed a special "bump voice" to repel them. Dead babies obsessed him, too: he felt responsible for killing them. Often he would camp under furniture and blankets in order to feel safe.

Or there is Holly, whose mother had wanted her very much but, after a disastrous delivery and post-natal depression, came to hate her. Holly talked in a flood of words, many of them inventions of her own. She always carried small objects with her, calling them her protectors: without them she was afraid she would melt. She liked to imagine taking her therapist's eyes from their sockets so that all the thera-

Why children wreak havoc

Blake Morrison on a brave attempt to shed light on the bizarre, illusory worlds of young psychotics

list would see was an empty darkness like her own. Her words, too, were meant to batter any listener into the madness she experienced herself.

Many other disturbed children haunt these pages: Jonathan, who tries to get into the television to cut off the head of the other boy there; Jeremy, who speaks in the voice of a little professor and who thinks it rains inside the house as well as outside; Mary, who is black, and used to wash herself for hours in the bath to make her skin white; Jennifer, who won't do poos, for fear of the consequences ("My insides will fall out, my heart and bones, I might die"). At times they sound like a race of exotics, and a couple of Oliver Sacks-like essay titles have little to do with the book: "A Little Boy Who Did Not Want to Learn Anything", "Jeremy and the Bitten Roof".

But the reasons they behave as they do are invariably comprehensible. By "splitting" into separate selves, or asserting omnipotence, or narcissistically withdrawing, they protect themselves from the pain and trauma that threaten to overwhelm them. As the blinded Gloucester puts it in *King Lear*:

"So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs! And woe by wrong imaginations lose | The knowledge of themselves."

The deeper roots of these psychoses are also sadly commonplace. Maternal neglect is one recurrent theme, sexual abuse another. The most severe cases are not the hyperactive ones but those of shell-like autism, where the children seem to possess only the dimmest sense of being a person at all, let alone a sense of time

or place or gender. They are form waiting for content, disparate bits of matter needing to assemble themselves into a whole. Often, they're acutely sensitive, finding all light too bright, all sound too noisy, all memory oppressive. Many, when they do begin to respond to therapy, articulate anxieties about falling, liquefying, exploding or disappearing by diving into someone else's eyes. Crucial to their recovery is a sense of "becoming veritable", a phrase used by Anne Alvarez in her excellent book about autism, *Like Company*.

Many of us have little notion of how therapists work with children, and this makes the detailed accounts of therapy sessions here especially fascinating. I suppose I vaguely knew that, whereas adults on a couch are encouraged to explore their feelings and memories, children in therapy are invited to play - with toys, Plasticine, crayons, water or whatever the therapist has to hand.

But I had certainly never realised the extent to which therapists interpret children's actions out loud to them, even as they are being performed. The discourse that ensues can sound deeply weird. For example, Lynda Miller recalls a conversation with a sexually abused seven-year-old expelled from primary school for uncontrollable sexualised behaviour:

"She came close to me for a few seconds and showed me her stomach, saying she had a 'rash'. I said that this sexy stuff isn't good for children, but she feels that it goes on and on inside her and comes out on her skin - it fills the room, spills out in floods - all over me (she was splashing me)... She 'sucked' the water from the tap and spat it out repeatedly, laughing. I said that there is a little Yvonne who wants to have milk from a therapy-mummy Mrs Miller, but she shows me that it changes into wee in her mouth, and I become the sexy lady who tricks her, and she is the little tricky Yvonne who tells me she

wants a drink but wants to make more and more weewee everywhere. She isn't going to let me be a therapy-mummy who can feed the baby Yvonne."

This may be brilliantly insightful, or it may be an already abused child, be a form of mental battering. It's no surprise to read that Yvonne often screamed to shut out her therapist's voice. Reading the book, you can't help wondering whether kindness, attentiveness and silent approbation (which are here too) aren't worth more than noisy interpretation. But most of the children do come out of their shells. Even when the therapy doesn't deserve to work (as with the crasser Freudians and Kleinians here, who interpret every stick shape as a penis and every circle as a breast), it seems to.

The child's feelings about the therapist - "transference" as it's called - is an essential part of the healing process. Sometimes therapists are identified with a hated adult of the past, and subjected to vengeful attacks; sometimes they are clung to as impossibly idealised love objects; almost always, a holiday or break in routine, or the child's fear that therapy may end, will cause panic and distress.

For therapists, it is a huge burden of responsibility. A few of them tell the last by approaching their cases not as living flesh, but as difficult texts ripe for literary-critical elucidation. But most here are both sensitive and deeply knowledgeable, not least Margaret Rustin, who ends the book on a cautionary but optimistic note. It is natural, she says, for parents to hope that psychotic and autistic children can be left to "grow out of it". But all the evidence suggests that, on the contrary, it is early intervention that will help.

Michael Church

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ARTS

Iconic stares and ironical blankness

William Packer reviews the work of Alex Katz

Alex Katz is now 70. Born in Brooklyn, he studied in New York in the late 1940s and, as a young artist in the 1950s, moved in the orbit of the Abstract Expressionists, who then had the art world at their feet - Pollock, Rothko, de Kooning, Kline, Guston and the rest. He was no Abstract painter himself, let alone an Expressionist, but the influence and debate were of fundamental importance to him in confirming his own contrary position.

If there is an affinity, it would be to the Pop Art that emerged in America as counter to Abstraction, and to such artists as Warhol, Rosenquist and Wesselman in particular. From Warhol, one might think, comes the blank, ambiguous presence of face or figure, and Katz's ironical emotional detachment. From Rosenquist comes, perhaps, the loose, free-wheeling quality of paint and surface, that one finds in the work of billboard artist or scenery painter, a flatness not as flat as it looks. And from Wesselman would have come both that open sensuality of colour and a more ambiguous, self-possessed sexiness in the imagery. And in his turn Katz may have influenced younger painters, such as David Salle or Eric Fischl.

But the truth is that he has always been his own man. By the end of the 1960s he was already fixed in the personal, mannered quality of his painting, with its flat, open surfaces, clear, unmodulated colour and simple, allusive, stylised drawing that he has stuck to ever since. Yet of all the established artists of his generation, with an enormous number of exhibitions in the US to his credit, Katz has remained oddly parochial, at least in reputation. This show at the Saatchi Gallery is his first major outing in London in eight years, and only his third in the 25 years it covers. It is an intriguing mixture, and surprising in the variety of its subject-matter, since we have seen so little of it here - and yet it is quite as consistent as expected in approach, technique and general feel.

The canvases are for the most part huge, taking wonderful advantage of the vast spaces of the gallery. It has always been Katz's habit to

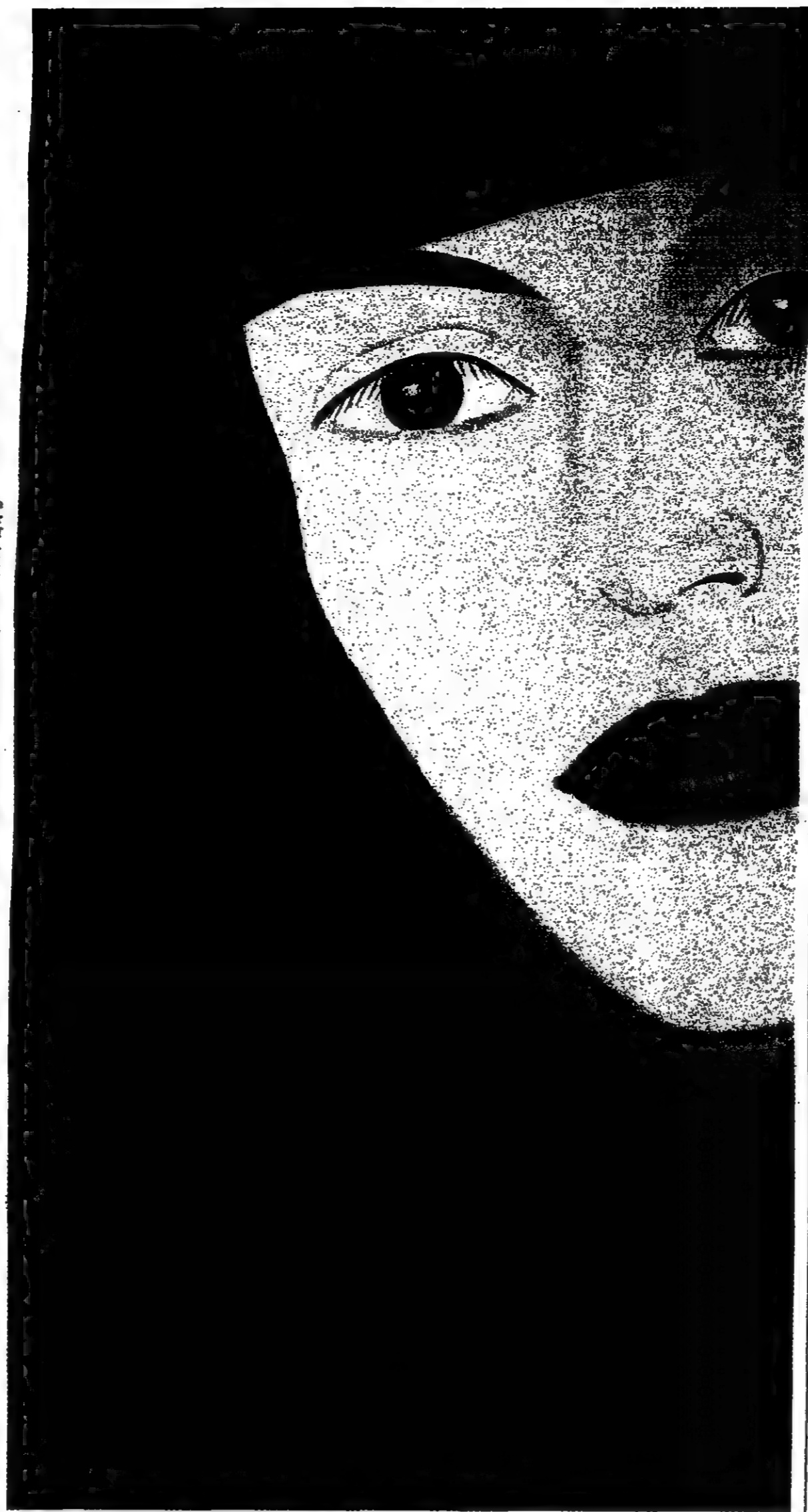
amplify the image from the first tiny, rapid sketch or study to the largest scale, of which process the characteristic blankness is a natural function. But this very amplification, especially with the recent, impressive tree-scapes, also re-emphasises its peculiar quality of painted scenery - painting, that is to say, worked from the shoulder with the full sweep of the arm, laid direct on the surface with one confident gesture.

"The colours are pre-mixed," he tells us, and "I have to get specific brushes for specific strokes. And the brushes are laid out. When I have to do a branch I have a specific brush that will do that branch. And the strokes, it's a wet-in-wet procedure... And you have to have a brush with the right amount of paint on it. And that's an eight-foot line you're making, so you have to have a lot of control." Indeed.

The figure compositions tend to be more contained, more passive and considered, with the artist keeping his distance, uninvolved in the narrative he proposes. Earnest, extravagantly coiffed executives confer; friends sit silent together on the beach; young men and women, immaculate in their summer clothes, wait quietly for a game to start; "under her umbrella and headscarf, a woman walks, impassive, through the rain. And in all of them the drawing remains disarmingly off-hand and light in its reductive simplicity.

Katz speaks of the importance to him of the gestures he visits upon his figures, though they be little more than a meaningful glance, a half-smile, a turn of the head. "I am very conscious of trying to make gestures very clear... When I saw the David with the three swords ('The Oath of the Horatii') I thought of three guys with cigarette lighters and a woman with a cigarette... And I think Piero is like David, making clear gestures that communicate." He speaks, too, of Rubens, Veronese, and the Baroque in general. He also brings in Watteau, and Rembrandt, Manet, Monet. We begin to be confused.

The truth is simpler, his art-history something of a



Painter of cool, quizzical modern conversation pieces: 'Red Dress' by Alex Katz

smoke-screen. Rather there is to his work an obvious and inescapable quality of comic illustration, though of a straight-forward and unaffected kind. But below there he other, more complex references, intuitively felt or perhaps only half-acknowledged, hints of the narrative cycles of Giotto, for example, or of Egyptian tomb-painting. It is in the character of what he calls "the static quality in a gesture" - which brings us back to that iconic stare and ironical blankness. Katz is no realist.

no pop-artist, no commentator on any art but his own, which is his sole reference. He is simply the painter of the modern conversation piece, cool, quizzical, and sophisticated for all his talk. There is no-one quite like him.

Alex Katz - 25 years of painting: The Saatchi Gallery, 98a Boundary Road, London NW8 until April 12; open Thursdays to Sundays 12-6pm, or by appointment (0171 224 5359).

Sponsored by Taltinger Champagne.

Television/Christopher Dunkley

Comic tastes stay constant

When you consider the content of the latest series of *Heroes Of Comedy* on Channel 4 (Benny Hill last Monday, Peter Cook next week, then Arthur Askey and Tony Hancock), there seems to be something a bit odd about David Liddiment's pronouncements at the beginning of this week on television comedy. As director of programmes for ITV he was announcing, with chief executive Richard Kyre, the scheme which they hope will stop the steady fall in ITV's audience share.

This fall might seem unremarkable, given the continual opening of new channels, but for the fact that the BBC has withstood the new competition better. Liddiment noted that sitcoms which can be watched by the whole family and command respect are almost extinct. Three of last year's ITV comedies - *Fish In The Future*, *Blind Men* and *Holding The Baby* - attracted, on average, only 6.9m viewers per episode, some of the smallest audiences on record for peaktime comedies. Yet the repeats of old BBC hits (the most notable was probably *Are You Being Served?*) managed 9m or more.

According to Liddiment, all channels have struggled to create new comedies for screening before the 9.00pm watershed which were as funny as *Dad's Army*, *Are You Being Served*, *Sooty*, *And Son* and so on, but unsuccessfully. Did he then go on to say, "So we have decided to drop political correctness, feminism, laddishness and four-letter words and get back to the sort of comedy that most British viewers have always liked and obviously still like?" He did not. Instead he promised to foster the talents of people such as Frank Skinner and David Baddiel, notable for laddishness and, always in their live acts and sometimes on television, four-letter words.

How can people such as Liddiment be in any doubt about what most British viewers like in the way of comedy? Britain's most successful comedian from the television age has been Benny Hill. In this week's *Heroes Of Comedy*, producer John Fisher showed that Hill had some brilliant visual concepts, such as the stripping skeleton, which combined the attractions of Gypsy Rose Lee with the Black Theatre of Prague. But the programmes left no doubt that Hill's chief asset was his schoolboyishness, a quality which, for some of us, meant the snigger rather than the belly laugh, the sly insinuation rather than the bold statement.

Yet vast numbers of people clearly adored his programmes. They were hugely successful, not only

in the UK but around the world, and were suddenly dropped by Thames TV in 1988 when they were still getting audiences of 9m and more. The wives of certain top Thames executives were told to consider Hill (and the screening of the *Miss World* contest, which was also scrapped) "sexist".

Television might find its way back to winning big comedy audiences if, instead of contracting to make yet more series about man-hating flat sharers, the commissioning editors were to sit down and watch the next three *Heroes Of Comedy*. They would discover that even Peter Cook - of *Private Eye*, *Beyond The Fringe* and the Establishment Club - created material for television which was bang in the middle of the mainstream of the British comedy tradition. Tony Hancock's material was often far more weird than Cook's, though the attitudes underlying it were deeply conventional. As for Askey, he was the epitome of British tastes in humour. He was at his best in pantomime, the only form of live drama which pulls large numbers of Britons into the theatres once a year.

These excellent one-hour programmes do not pretend to be anything but tributes. Cook's drinking and excrement are acknowledged, as were Hill's peculiar character traits concerning money and (in no great detail, admittedly) women. But the strength of the series lies in the fact that it pulls together such rich mixtures of the best examples of the work of these comedians. From Cook you get the wickedly funny sketch from *Beyond The Fringe* in which the RAF requires Perkins to make a useless gesture, the "uniderster" audition for Tarzan, a bloody Greta Garbo stark naked hanging from the window-sill, the bottoms following you round the art gallery, and much more. With Askey not only are there excerpts from his cinema films but, surprisingly, filmed skits from his radio series, *Band Wagon*.

Anyone who has followed *Heroes Of Comedy* from the beginning, watching the programmes on Max Miller, Joyce Grenfell, Tommy Cooper and others, and who has noticed the continued success of *Dad's Army* and *Are You Being Served?* with new generations, must surely realise by now that British tastes in comedy do not change very much or very quickly. Of course you can get an audience of sorts by making series which smear at men or ape American political correctness. But you will get a much bigger one if you stick to comedy as it was known to Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Eric Morecambe.

Radio/Martin Hoyle

Style rather than content

Stories behind 1,000 years of great music? To quote the *Reader's Digest*-like blurb, but also by a new Radio 4 series. In the first of *The Musical Directors* Baker rattled through perfunctory conversation with Sir Peter Hall as if the producer had told him to get it over as fast as possible. Baker's uninterested grunts constantly interrupted the most interesting man in British culture, even counting Chris Smith, before mechanically delivering the next prepared lacklustre question. Hall's range of reference and refusal to patronise still made this a product superior to much of what Radio 3 now puts out.

Still, Radio 3's controversial *Centurions* is promising. The opening programme on Kafka's *Metamorphosis* reassuringly gave us transatlantic academic tones in case it was all too European for the BBC. The second programme, on the photographer André Kertész, was more interesting for dealing with a less hackneyed subject. This augurs well, but then it is not a music programme.

Radio 3 was quick off the mark with Lewis Carroll's centenary. Last Sunday's feature on *Sylvia and Bruno* revealed an extraordinarily modern work, stories in three simultaneous worlds. The fantasy sounded better than Carroll's conventional material. His idea of flirtatious conversation between witty young things - on the nature of the sabbath - confirmed theories about some emotional block in his own life.

Radio 4's dumber-down is sometimes a matter of style rather than substance. *God on the Couch* is meant to be about religion but emerges as psycho-babble presented with an accent that at first seemed less mid-Atlantic than bi-littoral, owing as much to estuary English as to another eastern seaboard. By the second instalment Aric Sigman (for it is he, and yes, you may well ask) had plumped for American and was aided in his clarification of our psychological need for religion (lots of it to do with sex) by such luminaries as an ear-

nest American lady professor apparently called Beverly Wipple, or possibly Nipple, and the Bishop of Maidstone. I await the latest imported craze: WWJD lockets and insignia, standing for "what would Jesus do?"

Another American academic was enlightening and provocative in the first of *Beyond The Millennium*; in this case a military expert assessing the possibilities of war in the next century. Not only was he fascinating in the suggested scope, of motive and method (smart weapons could be genetically targeted against certain skin or hair colouring; a mind-injection could be a salubrious inoculation against the full-sized thing) but he was actually cautiously optimistic. The item held your attention because it was free of funny sound-effects, blasts of music and zoned-out presenters. It was that old-fashioned thing, an excellent interview, here with the excellent Shereza McDonald.

The Americans were over here in force this week with *Kennedy's Secret Tapes*. Britain has countered with *Empire*. The former concludes next week, the latter has three programmes to go. Both are triumphs, of which more next week. If Radio 2 is now background for hoovering, Radio 4, for all the shadows on the horizon, reminds us of old BBC standards.

has, more or less, at the Wigmore Hall this week. Two Mozart concerts by the superlative London Winds, with the Vogler String Quartet and the pianist Stephen Kovacevich, and two more - of Schubert and Mahler - by distinguished but quite different solo voices.

The only one that wasn't sold out was by the German Canadian tenor Michael Schade (accompanied by Graham Johnson, which is already a significant accolade). He is a relative newcomer, known here chiefly through his recent recordings with John Eliot Gardiner at St. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, even Wagner and Verdi. Here, though, he sang only Schubert, in beautifully etched style.

The Schade voice is a true high tenor; white-ish and sweetish, often with the ring of an innocent treble, but capable of surprising masculine force. As his Wednesday recital went on - 17 songs, mostly early, with no interval - we discovered a sunny, even chirpy personality behind his immaculate diction, projection and musicianship. That came into play whenever a song needed it; elsewhere it receded in favour of a shapely, ultra-pleasant line.

Early Schubert - spring, maidens, raptures and griefs - was perfect for him, and he did it graceful but sharp-edged justice (with Johnson's sensitive partnering).

Music in London/David Murray

Songs, strings and wind

The few later songs exposed the real metal in his voice, which surfaced only at the right places, but to formidable effect. His combination of easy, lucid German with an exact sense of period-musical constraints, and yet a friendly North American openness too, amounts to a great and very welcome virtue in this cut-glass repertoire.

Michael Collins, a great clarinetist, organised the London Winds concerts which presented all of Mozart's best music for small ensembles with winds. Since the London Winds soloists are all from the Nash Ensemble and/or the London Sinfonietta, not much needs to be said.

Philippa Davies' liquid, gurgling tone made the first flute quartet sexy. Gareth Hulse was pawky and witty in the oboe quartet, Richard Watkins brightly virtuosic in the horn quintet and also in the great piano-and-wind quintet, K462. Collins himself lent a beautiful serenity to the "Kegelstatt" Trio, no less than to the immortal clarinet.

net Quintet. The Vogler Quartet were always creative partners; and at the piano, which usually sounds flat and disappointing in Mozart's late pieces for glass harmonica, Kovacevich drew magically blurred, evocative sounds from his instrument.

On Monday the American baritone Thomas Hampson sang most of Mahler's *Wunderhorn* songs, urgently partnered by Wolfram Rieger at the piano. It was a memorable occasion: the clarion Hampson voice sensational and grandly dominating, Rieger competing hard with

his agonised piano-parts. It was certainly an experience.

Not so much an experience of Mahler, however, as of Hampson's near-Expressionist responses to these mostly early, folksy-but-subtle songs. By his second half, which crammed most of the death-haunted songs together, Expressionism had quite taken over. The songs grew ever slower, their lilt and their rhythm often lost, while Hampson howled like the Kraken - to tremendous dramatic effect, but wrecking Mahler's delicate balance between temperate popular forms and blacker, more desperate feeling.

It wasn't Mahler, but a violent "interpretation" of him that created its own special effects. One of these days, Hampson will make a magnificent, heart-tearing Wozzeck - but Mahler's *Wunderhorn* songs are not the right stuff to try it out on.

ARTS

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ARTS

Inspired by the sound of Bach

Michael Church talks to cellist Yo-Yo Ma about his latest venture - into film

While pumping out CDs and giving concerts around the globe, Yo-Yo Ma has also recorded the soundtracks for the films *The Tango Lesson* and *Seven Years in Tibet*. If that sounds promiscuous, consider the stunt he is about to unveil: six films by six different directors, where he will form the link. What has a modern medical thriller got to do with kabuki, or 18th-century prisons with contemporary pleasure-parks? Nothing - until they are linked by the thread of Bach's cello suites.

Where did Ma get this idea? He blinks, then launches into hectic free-association. He was asked to play at a symposium for doctors and social workers, which led him to reread the writings of Albert Schweitzer, "who was the first man to fuse musical and social action". He had been grappling with the problem of defining what music is: "Is it a matter of shapes, images, ideas, or memories?" and of how we perceive it: "Through the neuro-muscular system, or through the emotions? Each is a way of getting into it, and each is valuable. But what is the total value?"

Meanwhile, he had been mulling over the possibility of collaborating with the choreographer Mark Morris, with the skaters Torvill and Dean, and with the kabuki actor Tamasaburo Bando.

One thing led to another and, two years later, the six films - collectively called *Yo-Yo Ma: Inspired by Bach* - are about to be screened. And what a heterogeneous bunch they are. His first thought for a connecting link was Shostakovich. "But Bach is universal. His universe is so wide and his empathy tremendous - sacred and secular - I've played the same suite at friends' weddings and friends' funerals. It had to be him." Ergo, one film each for the unaccompanied suites.

The least successful films are those in which he has had least to do, beyond sitting down and simply playing. The Canadian-Armenian director Atom Egoyan has wrapped him up in a convoluted but unconvincing mystery. "Not my idea," says the cellist disarmingly. Nor did Ma have anything to do with the script of the final film, in which Bach (played by a brash American actor) is made the sub-

ject of a singularly inept biography. "I wouldn't have done it that way, but the essence of collaboration is that no one person has control."

On the other hand, Ma's collaboration with director François Girard (the maker of *22 Short Films About Glenn Gould*) is a stunning piece of work. Entitled *The Sound of the Cello*, this places the cellist in a virtual landscape created by computer from Piranesi's prison drawings. Amid the looming vastness of the dungeons, Ma cuts an anti-like figure, but his music soars majestically. This film is an essay on music and architecture, an exploration, "in a venue which does not exist", of acoustics, Ma explains. "I spend the day before a concert walking round the hall, and adjusting the furniture. Moving a chair or piano a few inches can make or break a performance."

Devotees of Mark Morris will love the film in which his company translate the tumbling opening of Bach's third suite into a communal lemming-rush. Those who can't take Morris's landmark narcissism will find it irritating. But Ma's collaboration with Tamasaburo Bando

for the fifth suite is something else. "This is work," says Ma, "which emerges from the depths of despair, and involves layers of loss, mourning, and reconciliation." The resulting film - about fathers and sons, and sexual ambiguity - is a perfect amalgam of music and gesture. Watching it, you would never guess that polio left Bando with one leg shorter than the other, so gracefully flowing is his movement. But you do sense that this is the work into which Ma most fully puts his own story - a fact he readily corroborates.

"This music was a work my father loved, which I played to him as he lay dying in hospital. He had been a violinist, he was a musicologist, and an amazing scholar. I don't have his intellect, but I do have some of his idealism." But emulating his father was not initially on Ma's agenda. "I practised my cello efficiently, but I didn't love it: it was only after working in the Kalahari, and studying the world from an anthropological point of view, that I could finally put it all together and say, 'Now I understand'. I saw that performing is not a matter of proving but shar-

ing, and of allowing people to make connections." And the connections made in the opening film of the series, *The Music Garden*, are of a directly practical nature, as residents of Toronto are discovering. A precinct is emerging on land by the river where music and dance will be the order of the day. This utopian dream was originally planned for Boston, but founded there for lack of funds, so Toronto picked up the pieces. This film is by turns naive, pretentious, and endearing. Ma's designer-collaborator, Julie Moir Messervy, seems to think the world duty-bound to indulge her pastoral whims.

But the cellist himself is realistic. "Okay, I'll play there every so often, but the community's got to make it work. There's a school nearby, and a ballet company, and a conservatory. If those people take it on, it will live." It opens in September.

The films are to be screened at the National Film Theatre in London on January 27 and 31; they will be broadcast on BBC2 from February 7. Yo-Yo Ma plays at the Wigmore Hall on January 30.



Yo-Yo Ma: 'Bach is universal... I've played the same suite at friends' weddings and friends' funerals... It had to be him'

Exhibitions in 1998/Susan Moore

Treasure troves and artefacts

After the phenomenal success of the New York Met's Byzantium show and the treasures from Mount Athos at Thessaloniki, museums and galleries intend to wow the public with more extravaganzas of early Christian works of art during 1998.

The Grand Palais in Paris promises the most dazzling offering: *Art at the Time of the Accursed Kings: Philip the Fair and his Sons 1285-1298* (March 21-June 30). The period between the end of the reigns of St Louis and Philip IV was one of the most brilliant of French Gothic art. Under the patronage and control of Philip the Fair, Paris became the centre of the goldsmiths' jewellery and enamel trade in early-14th century Europe, and the art of ivory carving flourished. On view are sculpture, stained glass, manuscripts, seals, coins, textiles and all manner of *objets d'art*.

Vatican Treasures at the Cleveland Museum of Art offers just 38 outstanding objects, ranging from the gem-encrusted silver-gilt cross of Justin II, a gift of the Byzantine Emperor to the Pope in the 6th century and the sumptuously illuminated Christmas Missal of Alexander VI, to the finest surviving suite of Renaissance liturgical garments and altar cloths, intricately woven in gold, silver and coloured silk threads with scenes of Christ's Ministry and Passion. Last but by no means least comes Caravaggio's nearly 10ft high "Entombment of Christ" (February 8-April 12).

More contentious treasure-trove is to be found at the Hermitage in May. The museum stages an exhibition devoted to the German merchant and amateur archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann, who made a fortune in St Petersburg and spent it excavating the site of the ancient city of Troy. In 1873 he made what he described as "the greatest discovery of our age", what he believed to be King Priam's treasure. His collection was presented to the German nation, but was appropriated in 1945 by the Russian Army's Trophy Brigade, and its fate remained unknown until recently. The gold - though some believe it all fakes - is in the Pushkin; the ceramics and bronzes are in the Hermitage, and the latter go on show for the first time since 1945.

In Moscow, meanwhile, at the Kremlin State Armoury, there is *Treasures from the Tower*, highlights from the collection of the Royal Armouries in London (until mid May). In June, the Kremlin reciprocates with over 100 of its finest objects, destined for the

Tower of London. Later in the year, the Metropolitan Museum in New York presents *Heroic Armour of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and his Contemporaries*. In the hands of Negroli and his Milanese workshop from 1530 to '50, parade armour was transformed into spectacular relief sculpture inspired by the deeds of the classical heroes. Paintings, drawings and prints complement the show (October 6-January 31, 1998).

China: 5,000 Years must be the most ambitious show of the year, at New York's Guggenheim Museum (February 6-June 3) and Guggenheim SoHo (January 29-May 25). A reflection of America's current passion for Chinese antiquities and interest in its contemporary art, the show brings us everything from Neolithic jades and archaic ritual bronzes to Han and Tang pottery tomb figures and Buddhist sculpture to Song, Ming and Qing porcelains, scroll painting and calligraphy.

For those who missed the blockbuster *Chinese Imperial Treasures from the National Palace Museum in Taipei*, the show now comes to the Grand Palais (October 6-January 11, 1998). When in New York, it drew an average 8,000 visitors a day. On a more modest scale, the Percival David Foundation in London offers *Rare Marks on Chinese Ceramics* (October 1-March 31, 1998); the Fitzwilliam in Cambridge, *The Lost Century: Japanese Arita Porcelain 1720-1820*, a show of some 350 pieces from western collections presented in the light of new research in Japan (January 20-April 5, Royal Museum of Scotland, April-July).

In terms of western ceramics, London's Royal Academy offers us *Picasso: Sculptor and Painter in Clay*, September 17-January 1, 1999. This will be the first exhibition devoted to this near-neglected aspect of the artist's work, presented with paintings, sculpture and prints to demonstrate the cross-fertilisation of ideas between different media.

British Delft from Colonial Williamsburg, the world's second largest holding of these highly decorative earthenwares, charts their manufacture, purchase and use in England and colonial America. Wadsworth Athenium (February 8-April 5, 3,000 years - everything from models of gods and hippos to cosmetic boxes - are promised in *Ancient Egyptian Faience*. This international loan show opens at the Cleveland Museum (May 10-July 5) and travels to the Rhode



A sumptuously illuminated page from Pope Alexander VI's Christmas Massal, which is one of the 38 outstanding objects from the 'Vatican Treasures' exhibition arriving at the Cleveland Museum in February

Island School of Design (August 24-January 23, 1999) and to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth later next year. Those reluctant to visit modern-day Egypt might like *From Tombs, Temples and Palaces: Treasures from the Egyptian National Museum in Cairo*, at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, August-October.

Last year was the year of Carriér. In 1998 the spotlight falls on Chaudet. *Chaudet Paris: Two Centuries of Creativity* charts the jewellery, *objets d'art* and silver made by the firm from the age of Napoleon to the present (Musée Carnavalet, Paris, March 25-June 28). At the Cooper-Hewitt in New York (February 3-April 12) and the Smithsonian in Washington (May 15-August 15) is *The Jewels of Lalique* with jewellery, glass and design drawings from the Art Nouveau master-

craftsman. The Metropolitan Museum, meanwhile, celebrates the 150th anniversary of the birth of Louis Comfort Tiffany with examples of leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels and jewellery drawn from his own collection.

Charles-Honoré Lannuier was responsible for introducing *le style antique* to America after his arrival in New York in 1803. The first comprehensive survey of his Gracioso-Roman revival furniture is staged at the Metropolitan Museum, New York March 17-June 14. It is the beautifully crafted utilitarian furniture created by the Shaker communities in America, however, that comes to Britain this year. *Shaker: The Art of Craftsmanship*, presenting some 100 objects drawn from the Mount Lebanon Shaker Collec-

tion in New York, shows at the Barbican Art Gallery, London, (January 22-April 26) and the American Museum, Bath (May 18-October 18).

Finally, the major show at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London is devoted to the greatest of all decorative woodcarvers, *Grinling Gibbons and the Art of Carving* offers an insight into how these extraordinary limewood swags of fruits and flowers and leaves were actually made, thanks to the recent restoration of his work at Hampton Court Palace. His masterpiece, the Cosimo Panel, commissioned by Charles II as a gift to the Duke of Tuscany in 1682, is a highlight of the show, which also includes church altarpieces, canopies, overmantels and a selection of his limpidly beautiful drawings (October 22-January 31, 1999).

Opera/Pierre Ruhe

Gergiev's Boris

The Metropolitan Opera has once again taken on the issue of Musorgsky's stark, unorthodox orchestration of his great Russian epic, *Boris Godunov*. This season's *Boris*, revived in the solid production by August Everding and Ming Cho Lee, premiered a new orchestration of the score by the American musicologist Igor Buketoff.

The opera's fame spread through Rimsky-Korsakov's romanticised and conventionalised orchestration. Since the 1970s, the Met has sworn by a (mostly) original version of the score, although in performance hundreds of minor "touch-ups" were deemed necessary by sundry conductors. Despite claims of restoring the composer's unique voice, what the Met played blunted the score's roughest edges and smoothed its lumbering crudities.

So although expectations were frankly mixed for this new edition's quality, in the pit was Valery Gergiev, the most convincing interpreter of Russian operas today. If any conductor could extract seemingly pure Musorgsky from Buketoff's revision, it would be Gergiev.

Yet what we heard sounded far removed from Musorgsky's defiantly original, almost cubistic style. At times Buketoff's orchestration is heavier even than Rimsky's: much of the Polish scenes of Act 3 was as lush and seamless as a Tchaikovsky ballet. As Musorgsky scholar Richard Taruskin wrote, previewing this version, that Buketoff's orchestration seeks "beauty, not truth". We are impressed with the polished grandeur without coming any closer to Musorgsky's intentions.

As the title character, Samuel Ramey conveyed the authority and weight of the self-tortured czar, yet his cold delivery left a fully developed psychological portrait unfinished. His Boris remained remote because we never felt his torment. In contrast, Olga Borodina sang

as if she were born to the part of the Polish princess Marina. Her dark, full mezzo enriched a characterisation that was queenly, regal, ambitious and petty.

There remained the problems inherent with an international cast: although Ramey's diction and pronunciation were excellent, he couldn't compare with the idiomatic singing of Sergei Larin as the pretender Dmitri or Constantin Plachikov, who sang a whiney, well-realised Shmish.

Throughout the evening it was Gergiev and the responsive orchestra who drew the listener's ear. They shaped supple, long lines and imbued details with colour as few other partnerships could. Now that Gergiev (who remains director of St Petersburg's Kirov Opera) has been appointed the Met's principal guest conductor - he will lead eight productions over five years - it appears a pipeline between the two companies has been constructed. More Russians will sing in New York; the wealthy Met can help the financially struggling Kirov with co-productions and a hospitable venue for its annual tours. This high-level collaboration appears doomed for artistic success.

Following Gergiev around can be an exhausting experience: after the Saturday matinee performance of *Boris*, he conducted the New York Philharmonic in Mahler's Sixth Symphony. Through his Mahler contained fresh passion and lucid excitement, it was rarely moving. Gergiev interpreted like an Italian, put flowing melody clearly ahead of harmonic backbone. A sense of journey (spiritual, philosophical) was missing. He fired the second movement with martial chords and brutal percussion, as if Mahler pre-figured Shostakovich. And the tranquillity of the Andante Moderato was charged with a nervous energy - a characteristic result from Gergiev.

Theatre/Alastair Macaulay

One man's psyche

Although *Martin and John* belongs to at least three genres that I have come to regard with alarm - the one-man show, the Aids play, the memory play - it confounds my doubts. A stage adaptation of Dale Peck's 1993 novel *Fucking Martin*, its memories are fragmented.

It is John who addresses us. His victimised mother, his punitive and alcoholic father, the parade of his bygone male homosexual lovers, his eyewitness account of the Aids-related symptoms of dying lovers, his life-changing relationship with one truly loving lover: he delivers these to us in non-chronological sequence, and only gradually do they add up into a portrait of a life and a psyche.

John is played by Sean O'Neill, who is also responsible for this dramatic adaptation. At first, *Martin and John* seems to be largely a display of actorly virtuosity; as the play (directed by Eileen Vorchach) proceeds, however, you see how John

drops that facade, and why. Although his performance goes on qualifying as *à la force*, it increasingly immerses itself in the experience he is describing, as we react less and less to him, more and more to it.

Martin and John contains one of the most shocking accounts of what I would term as sexual perversion that I have heard, and certainly the most explicit account of Aids-related symptoms. By the time you reach these points, however, what hits you hardest is what they reveal about the psyche that is being so painfully, yet coolly, revealed.

John writes/speaks his recollections with a certain distance that is part of the drama. In trying to recount the facts of his past, in trying to analyse his own feelings and/or lack of feelings, he is bit by bit, coming to terms with himself. You are plainly aware that you are witnessing a *Lebensroman* of sorts, and are compelled by its seriousness.

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FOOD AND DRINK

Yippee – round-up time for cowboy cuisine

John Fitzgerald finds new interest in chuckwagon cooking

Pity you missed our "Testicle Festival," said Stuart Allen at a corner booth in his Calgary restaurant, as he lifted a bottle of chardonnay cooling in the bowl of an upturned Stetson, and paused before pouncing with the puns: "People went nuts, I tell you! We really had ourselves a ball."

It was a Saturday night at Buzzards, an establishment Allen grandly calls "the cutting edge of the renaissance for cowboy cuisine". A group of German men who had become fast friends with the puns: "People went nuts, I tell you! We really had ourselves a ball."

Allen's British accent cut distinctly through the beer chatter. "I admit I don't exactly fit the mould to be doing this kind of thing," he smiled, his fingers toying with a rope bit lassoed

round a folded napkin. "I come from Sussex, was trained as a geologist and I hate riding horses."

Indeed, without any of the usual accoutrements, the neckerchief, denim jacket, or even the pointed boots, Allen's appearance is about as far off from cowpoke as it is possible to be. And his soft-spoken manner – lame puns aside – hardly fits the image of a man running a venue dedicated to the joys of chuckwagon chow, albeit with a 1990s zip.

But that is exactly what Allen has become since he remodelled his wine bar in the downtown section of Canada's bustling oil and beef capital, and turned the place into something of an oasis for greenhorns, many of them tourists from Europe and Asia hankering for a taste of the Old West.

Collaborating with Wade Patterson, Buzzards' youthful and talented executive chef, Allen has come up with a menu that adds sex appeal to traditional cowboy and native Indian concoctions.

From the son-of-a-bitch stew (rabbit, wild boar and pheasant), buckaroo beans, and buffalo steak, to prairie oysters (skinned testicles of castrated bull calves that were once served hungry cowboys at branding time, and are here grilled in a beer and herb sauce and served with Canadian back



bacon) grub, at Buzzards' at least, is getting its taste of glory.

"What we're trying to do is rekindle the great mythic images of North America through our food, service, music and atmosphere," explained Allen, whose enthusiasm for the western theme includes having the words "Trail boss" and (a bit of Britishness here) "publi-can" printed on his business card.

Looking to expand the scope of his long established wine bar, and tired of experimenting with changeable food trends, he came up with the idea of creating a cowboy restaurant that went beyond the usual ribs, steak and potatoes fare available elsewhere in town.

Here in what's supposed

to be Cow Town, home of the Calgary Stampede, there was no "cowboy" restaurant that was doing it right," he recalled. "Two of the strongest themes in cooking today are the use of local ingredients and the adaptation of traditional recipes, and that's what we've done. Traditional recipes, local ingredients, modern techniques and tastes."

Whether his restaurant concept is the result of a marketing strategy or because Allen was truly intrigued by Alberta heritage, he doesn't say. But he did do his homework, spending weeks in Calgary's Glenbow Museum, home to a large collection of cowboy archives and memorabilia, where he researched the foods that were served in

cattle country of a century ago. The initial finds didn't seem all that appetizing, at least to modern palates, as this excerpt from *The Cowboy As He Is*, published in 1895, makes clear:

"The table was bare, the plates and cups were of tin, and the coffee was in a pot so black that night seemed day beside it."

Allen persevered, and was soon knee-deep in recipes, some of them laid down by the chuckwagon cooks who worked on the Alberta ranches in the 1890s and 1890s. Names varied, but whether they were referred to as "beanmasters", "dough-belly", "potraffler", or just "cookie", these men were responsible for keeping bel-

lies full with limited resources.

One local restaurant critic called Buzzards' food "hearty, heritage chow that tastes good, fills you up, and gets your fingers messy", and although the Caesar salad and café latte give one pause with regard to authenticity, the rest of it is a big hit with the folks who travel in air-conditioned tour buses on their way to the majestic Rockies.

Even the finicky hometown crowd is starting to come round as well, although with some reluctance. Blame it on the forward-looking attitude of a city where anything older than 30-year-old structures is seen as heritage. In fact, Calgary's Palliser hotel, built in 1914, and one of the grand

railway inns stretching across the country that recall the era of nation-building, looks positively out of place surrounded by towers of glass and steel.

"That name! Buzzards," exclaimed a Calgary native, proud to be part of the entrepreneurial culture which floats about the city's being one of the new economic engines of the country. "I wouldn't be caught dead associated with these carcass-picking beasts." And her loss it is.

The evening we dined there, prairie butter was to be had as a starter, consisting of grilled beef bones cut in half and oozing with melting marrow. Buffalo tongue came air-dried in a log-cabin-like construction served with wild rice par-

cakes and cranberry ketchup, and the Indian Candy featured brown sugar-cured smoked salmon that was sitting on spinach leaves, with nuts, raisins and dried fruit in a light vinaigrette. Buffalo steak, considered much leaner than beef, was prepared in a sauce of molasses and peppercorns.

Thirst-quenchers go native as well. The wine list showcases many of the products of the Okanagan vineyards in neighbouring British Columbia, and non-alcoholic beverages include sarsaparilla, a drink combining lime juice and root beer, and so-called Bug Juice, once a popular libation on the trail that resulted when juices from the roots of a climbing shrub were extracted.

"There's a lot of Hollywood kitsch and myth in the whole cowboy culture," says Allen. "There were never more than perhaps 20,000 real cowboys, and the much-touted Pony Express lasted for a grand total of 11 months."

"The great cattle drives from the Texas ranches to the northern railheads were almost over when ranching began in Canada in the 1880s. That said, it was a fascinating period nonetheless, full of hardships and possibilities."

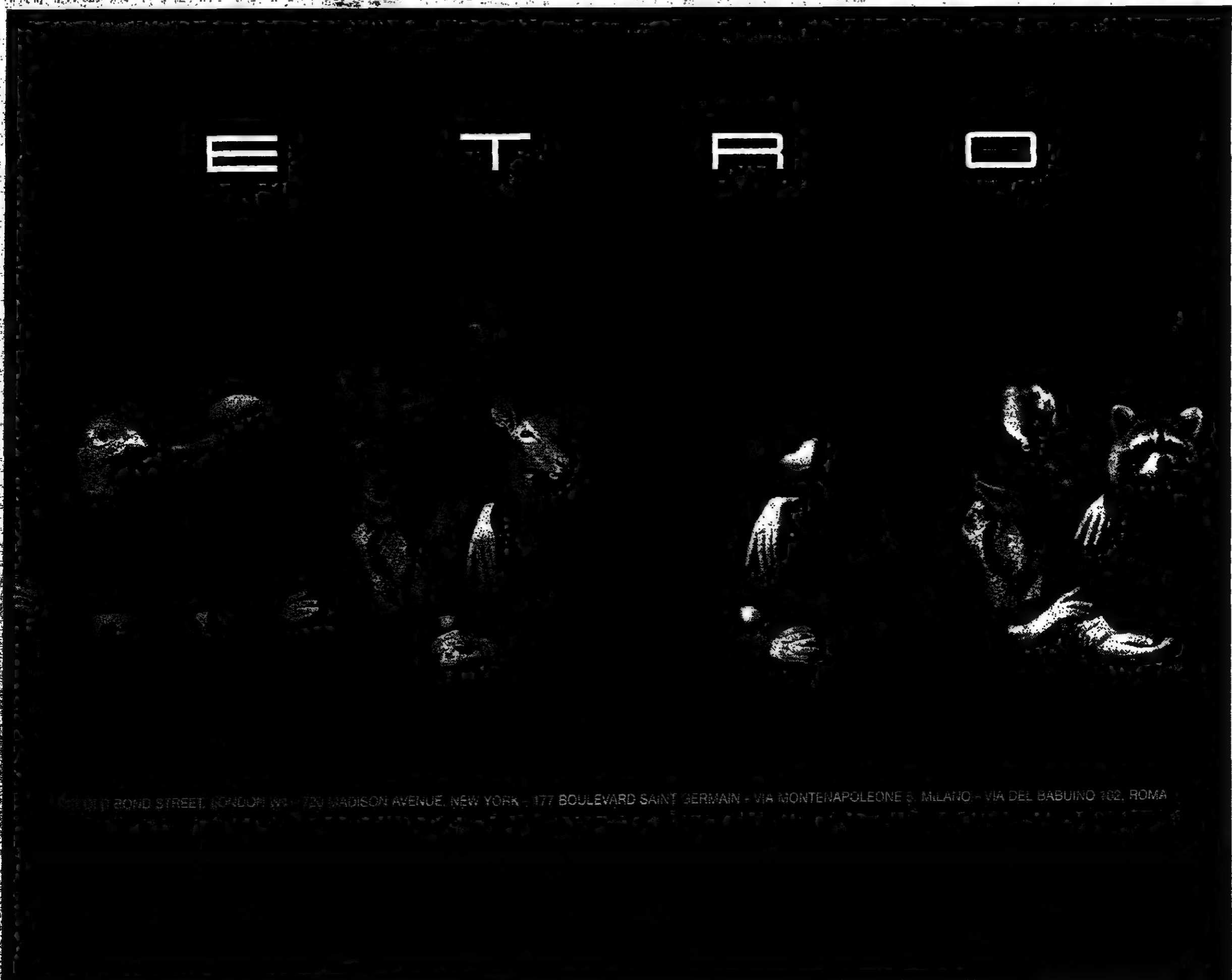
Allen, 42, emigrated to Canada almost 20 years ago, after studying geology in London. "There was the IRA bombings going on," he remembers, "and a lot of labour unrest, and it looked like England was going down the tubes. Maggie Thatcher hadn't come to power yet, and I basically wanted out. I'd met some Canadians and really liked them."

He married a local, and settled down to the rhythm of the range. Or at least that part of it that takes in rip-roaring Calgary, a city that in recent years has been broadening its culinary horizons, including, Allen claims, the embrace of heritage foods.

"People here have done the trendy thing," he said, before moving off to another table. "They've gone to New York for the food weekends, and done the Napa Valley thing. Now, finally, they're coming back to their own."

■ Buzzards Cowboy Cuisine, 140 10th Avenue, S.W. Calgary (403-264-6352).

E T R O



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A driver's notebook

Take it slower – and live longer

Some motorists simply refuse to make proper allowance for bad weather, says Stuart Marshall

Every year, I am irritated to be told by headline or newscaster that fog has caused hundreds of accidents on motorways across the UK. It has done no such thing.

Fog cannot cause a single accident. What does cause them is the failure by countless drivers to allow for reduced visibility; to slow down and leave extra space between their car and the vehicle in front.

I saw a lot of similar stupidity last week when much of England was swept by howling winds and torrential rain. Luckily, I had no need to use any motorways but, at the height of the storms, I had to make a 50-mile trip on minor roads across Kent. Flood-water or a fallen tree could have been round any bend; in fact, I came upon both.

In conditions like this, it is not even more important than usual to drive at a sensible speed and strictly within your range of vision. I would have thought so; a disturbing minority of my fellow travellers that night did not.

There is not much one can do to avoid being crushed by a falling tree, although keep-

ing clear of roads running through woodland improves the odds.

But hitting a fallen tree, or drowning your engine in deep water because you are going too fast to stop in time, are self-inflicted wounds.

Why do some motorists behave like lemmings or the Gadarene swine? Take my experience.

I was driving on a short but straight stretch of road well within range of my Citroën Xantia estate's headlights, when an elderly Saab overtook at 65 to 70mph (105-112kph) and disappeared round a bend.

Had there been a fallen tree or a flood 50 yards ahead, he could not possibly have avoided it. He and his passengers would have become more "victims of the storm".

What business of his could possibly have been so important late on a Sunday night

that it justified putting himself, his passengers and other road users at risk? On that, I pass.

Last winter brought a lot of snow and ice. This one – so far, at any rate – has not been Arctic, just exceptionally wet. Shots of cars rushing through floods in clouds of spray make good television news pictures but such driving is a recipe for disaster.

Older cars with carburettor air intakes close to the bonnet top can ford water halfway up their doors. Most new ones cannot. Their intakes are so much lower that driving carelessly into a flood can force enough water up into an engine to wreck it.

Having to be rescued is embarrassing. Learning that your insurer is refusing to pay up because it reckons the damage was due to your own negligence is much worse.



The old and the new... a wartime Blenheim bomber with Bristol's new Blenheim 2 saloon

In the days when motor traders were teddy bear overcoats and sold their cars at the kerbside in London's Warren Street, "a gentleman's carriage" was a popular description of a posh saloon. The term has

dropped out of favour but one marque that could be described, without exaggeration, as a gentleman's carriage remains alive and well.

This week, Bristol announced a new model, the Blenheim 2. Critics reckon

Bristol is no more than a builder of instant classic cars. Not so, says chairman and managing director Tony Crook, who has presided over Bristol's manufacturing and marketing for nearly 40 years.

The Blenheim 2 (named after a second world war British bomber) does look like a classic. The outward resemblance to a 1973 Type 411 is strong, but the new car has its fair share of modern technology. "The difference is that our cars are still hand-made and inspected to the highest standard of traditional British excellence," insists Crook.

Like every Bristol before it, the Blenheim 2 has a robust separate chassis and lightweight aluminium bodywork. Uniquely, the spare wheel, battery, brake servo and fuses are still housed in the front wings, which makes for a very large, uncluttered boot and easy accessibility should things ever go wrong.

It does not have anti-lock brakes, though. "They can make drivers who don't really understand how they work feel over-confident," says Crook.

The power unit is a massive 5.9-litre V8 of unspecified (but it must be at least 300) horsepower with multi-point fuel injection, made to Bristol's requirements by Chrysler in the US. It drives the rear wheels through a four-speed automatic transmission with a switch to lock out top gear when desired.

Top gear itself is so high that, at 70mph (113kph), the engine is turning over at less than 1,800rpm. This is one reason why Crook claims to get about 30mpg (9.4 l/100km) on the M4 when driving from London to the factory at Bristol.

A minority of wealthy motorists of mature outlook believe traditional chassis-based construction, an interior of understated luxury and a large American V8 is an unbeatable combination. There are enough of them around to keep the small production team busy.

As fewer than 100 Bristols are made each year, the £118,778 Blenheim 2 is one of the world's most exclusive cars. Compared with its obvious rivals, it is also cheaper. A Bentley Turbo R is £148,980, an Aston Martin V8 two-door £149,500, and a Bentley Continental £199,760.

Even Damon Hill rides the new breed of scooter

Jack Barker finds things have changed since the mods fought the rockers around seaside Britain

Scooters are smart again. They came to public attention when they were used – and abused – by "mods" during their rallies (and battles with "rockers") at English seaside towns in the 1960s, but lost out later to bigger and more powerful motorcycles.

Vespas were the preferred model then, and they have retained a cult status. Now, though, the humble sit-up-and-bug legshield design, with the engine bolted on the back wheel, has had a complete make-over. Only the shape remains the same.

A new market has opened up across Europe. Damon Hill, the former world motor racing champion, rides one and they are used extensively to get around the pits at grand prix meetings.

They have been "discovered" by youngsters, too. Unfortunately, since the new models cost between £1,800 and £3,000, you should be aware of fashion-conscious urchins showing their appreciation by stealing yours.

The traditional Vespa TS is still sold new, clinging to its old, unbalanced design. You stop with a clumpy foot brake, start with a kick, and accelerate via a tendon-stretching handlebar gear change. But that is old technology, 50 years out of date.

The desirable models are totally different, applying

What you need to know

In the UK, the car licence-holders can drive a 50cc scooter without L-plates. To drive a larger scooter, you will need either a motorcycle licence or a Compulsory Basic Training certificate.

Costs of scooters vary. The Piaggio-designed Peugeot 50cc Speedfighter costs £1,799 while Piaggio prices start at £1,499 for the Liberty. The Typhoon 50cc is £1,249 while the 125cc model costs £2,450. The Vespa ET4 125 weighs in at £2,999 and the Aprilia Leonardo is £2,999.

The 50cc and 125cc Piaggio Typhoon were supplied by Metropolitan Motorcycles of Vauxhall, London SE1 7TP (tel: 0171-323 9313), which also has machines to rent. The Aprilia Leonardo and Piaggio's Vespa ET4 were supplied by Motorcycles City, Call 01222-400000.

twist and go-go technology to the classic shape. The brakes are on the handlebars, just like a bicycle and the start is electric.

There is an automatic choke, and both gear-change and clutch are fully automatic, keeping the engine buzzing at its favourite revolutions from standing start at the lights to top speed.

They are bicycles with power. And, however hard the Japanese try to catch up, the market leaders in Europe remain Italian, with the French running a close second.

Scooters are attracting a new type of driver. They are not designed for long journeys; within a city such as London, the M35 orbital motorway is a realistic and practical limit.

There are plenty of journeys that fit this pattern, though. Commuters are using them to slash their travel time through thick, rush-hour traffic. Parents are buying them as family run-arounds: often, they prove of more use than a second car, since they are simple to use and can be mastered by anyone.

Many have digital clocks on the dashboard, allowing riders to time their lives to the minute. Legshields keep bad weather off shoes and trousers, while lockable underseat storage is tailored to take care of crash helmet and emergency waterproofs.

Piaggio, which makes the classic Vespa, has led development of the new breed and its hottest model is the 125cc Typhoon. I took one out for a



The new and the old... above, a 125cc Typhoon, which has a top speed of around 75mph. Right, a proud scooter owner of the 1960s

test and was surprised by its speed although, as a motorcyclist, not converted immediately to the lightweight design.

The problem was in the transmission. There was plenty of power once the machine was moving, but starting meant the two-stroke engine revving away before reluctantly dragging it forward. When the power kicked in, it was decisive, but there was a definite lag.

There was also a problem with noise. Although the dealer I spoke to claimed the Typhoon was quieter than the tyre noise of a passing Mercedes, I did not agree.

At every junction, the pop-pop of the engine racing to engage the clutch brought back vivid memories of sleepless nights in Italian

cities. It was fast, though. Top speed was claimed at 75mph and I took it up to 70, but the small wheels and short wheelbase had it bucking alarmingly in slipstreaming traffic, and I decided this was quicker than I wanted to go.

Disc brakes front and rear and chunky balloon tyres meant it stopped well, but I never got used to an unfamiliar wallowing approach to corners. These were not problems that could be solved even with the generous three-year guarantee that Piaggio supplies.

So, I traded down. The 50cc Typhoon looked the same and had other advantages. Being only 50cc means that a full car licence-holder can carry pillion passengers, does not need L-plates, and

is not required to take a day-long compulsory course in safety.

The smaller engine was faster and quieter on the pick-up, but this soon brought it to the speed of 30mph – at which point, UK traffic regulations clipped its wings.

I have no idea who thought mopeds would be safer if restricted to 30mph in a traffic system that drives at 40, but they should be made to do penance. The legally restricted engine leaves the rider puttering alongside bicyclist, drains and broken asphalt near the kerb while impatient motorists queue to get past.

The fact is that an unrestricted 50 cc, two-stroke engine has plenty of power to offer that extra 10mph

and keep up with the traffic. Aprilia, one of Piaggio's rivals, produces the Leonardo, a 125cc, four-stroke model which is about as smart and expensive as scooters get. Yet, I mounted in a negative state of mind; after all, Leonardo was a genius and this was just a scooter. But, the sneer was quickly wiped from my face.

For a start, the seat was higher and the machine as a whole larger than the Typhoon.

I could sit and tuck in my feet without feeling constricted. The mirrors showed views of the traffic behind rather than my elbows.

The water-cooled engine made no more noise than a sewing machine. It delivered power adequately and smoothly up to 60mph, while

the chassis was heavy enough to keep it on track.

Handling was good, too. It sped round corners with aplomb, although bumps and potholes upset things considerably. I did not actually want to give it back but, finally, my time ran out.

As I climbed on to a Vespa ET4, Piaggio's agile and retro-styled update of the traditional scooter shape, the dealer said: "I don't think you'll be as long with this one. It's not as manly."

As I rode the good-looking machine – so balanced that it stayed upright almost at a standstill, and powered quietly by a four-stroke engine – I gnawed at his choice of word. It seemed an odd one to use about a scooter, of all things. But, by the time I got back, I knew what he meant.

The town that thrives on wheels and deals

Gary Mead visits Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where the tin gods rule

Some people argue that this is good. Others say it is bad. For the ones who deal in the truly gargantuan, though, there is Carlisle and its tin fair.

Set in the heart of Pennsylvania, Carlisle is an unprepossessing town, quintessentially middle America. It is where military officers come to study past glories, at the US Army War College. It is so far off the beaten track that, inevitably, it is destined for cult status.

Its citizens search, vainly, for something interesting to say about it. The best they can usually manage is that 60 per cent of the US can be reached by overnight truck from Carlisle.

On its outskirts, vast parking lots – lookalikes of the one that took a starring role in Steven Spielberg's movie *Duel* – are on the move at all hours, heading in and out of the town or more speedily stop-overs.

In Carlisle's town centre, monster pick-ups and ebese

Pontiacs growl throatily through the handful of streets, careful to avoid pedestrians but always threatening the odd Honda or VW if they get uppity.

Normally, you can whisk through Carlisle in a trice. But, 10 times a year, there is gridlock for days as hordes of motor freaks hit town.

Carlisle's car fairs are a world attraction to these chrome-plated, international connoisseurs. Indeed, in 1997, they gorged upon nine different "auto" and two antique motor events at the local fairgrounds. The events attracted more than 500,000 visitors from the US and elsewhere.

The 82-acre site is stuffed to the gills for each fair. Some are devoted solely to Fords, others to trucks, others to Chryslers, hot-rods or Corvettes.

The October flea market – known, pompously, as the "Fall Carlisle Collector Flea Market and Corral" – is the year's biggest event, a vast, sprawling, mass genuflection before the tiniest of Amer-

ica's tin gods. This, after all, is the country where you cannot buy a second-hand car, only one that has been "pre-owned", and where old cars are touted as "younger models" – which, of course, they are if you invert the telescope.

You can find more or less anything related to combustion engines

There were more than 8,000 different "vendor spaces" – stalls, to you and me – over the four-day October event, selling everything from camshafts to key rings as well as individual vehicles. In Carlisle the Edsel, not Elvis, is king.

All more or less post-1945, the machines on sale ranged from gleaming, souped-up, hand-polished hot rods to

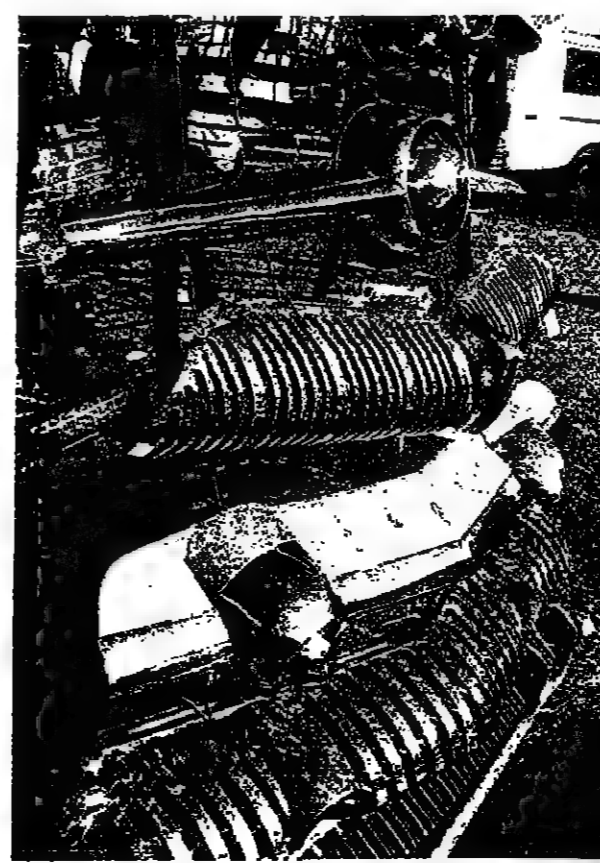
rust heaps with cards on them saying: "Ideal for a project, best offer accepted."

Most of the males wandering round the arena seemed to be searching for "a project", although one told me: "You know what the end result is? You put all that damned money in it and you never get it back. You're better off buying something new."

He missed the point. The old bangers for sale had not been tarted up lovingly for investment purposes but for the thrill of hand-crafting a gleaming vehicle out of a piece of junk. Over there was a handsome 1957 Ford Fairlane 500 coupe with just 48,000 miles – genuine? – for \$13,900. Nearby was a glorious 1949 Buick convertible, a snap at \$29,500.

I fancied a 1962 cream-yellow Thunderbird hard-top, with air-conditioning and a good, new paint job, for \$12,500.

"California car," said the small card in its window. This is code sales-speak for: "It ain't got no rust, least-



The stalls sell everything from camshafts to key rings and grilles

ways none you can spot." It is not only vehicles, though. Among the Buicks, Fords, Chevrolet and Cadillac, you can find more or less anything relating to the combustion engine, and much that isn't. "Check out

that toilet seat! Ain't it wild!" Indeed it was – a clear plastic seat containing a host of international coins, a fine embodiment of that old metaphor equating exchange with excrement.

Small boy scouts weaved

in and out of the crowds, pulling small hand-carts behind them. For a donation of \$5, you could hire one in which to load your purchases and save your arm muscles.

"Remember, you can find it at Carlisle!" roared the public broadcasting system. Some sad souls were even haggling at a stand dealing in commercial car videos – a 30-minute promotional movie for a 1980s Chevrolet, selling for \$10.

Somewhere, there was someone collecting some piece of automotive trash, no matter how obscure or apparently pointless. Vendors specialising in hub caps vied with some specialising in Ford hub caps, or others who dealt exclusively in Ford pick-up hub caps from the 1960s. The one big lesson from the Carlisle car flea market is that, for the all-American car worshipper, there is no such thing as trash.

In my bed and breakfast outside Carlisle – even the nastiest motel in town is booked out a year ahead for the car shows, and I was fortunate to find anything at all within a 50-mile radius of the place – I made the mistake one morning of admitting that I drive a battered, 10-year old Citroën.

"What the hell's a Citroën?" asked Michael, a fellow bed and breakfast.

digging into his eggs-over-easy.

Michael had transported his wife, Linda, all the way from Boston – a six-hour drive, nothing at all – to find some spare parts for his T-Bird. She wanted some "accoutrements" for her "Duster", whatever that was. We three enjoyed an affable non-meeting of minds.

For Michael, the car is on a par with such creations as the cherubim and seraphim. To me, it is by definition a poor investment, a distraction, an inescapable encumbrance.

Michael's face took on a puzzled, pitying grimace, when I told him that I mean at my wife for washing our Citroën twice a year because it seems, to me, a pointless waste of time. How could anyone fail so completely to understand the important things in life?

■ *Carlisle Productions (717) 243 7655. This year's Spring Carlisle is from April 23 to 26.*

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How to Spend It

You gotta go – it's a quality of life issue

New York is back in the swank, once again a wonderland for spenders, says Lucia van der Post

No matter how bad the jokes, you always know when you hit New York. The city is different. "I just got out of a relationship and my analyst said I was doing me no good," says the woman on the escalator. Or "It's no good, I gotta go – it's a quality of life issue." Are they all extras from a Woody Allen movie?

New York seems to be back in swanky times. The chilling fear that austerity was on the way seems to have evaporated and even though Barney's, the New York City's most famous store, is still in Chapter Eleven, it bristles with poshly dressed shoppers and the sounds of ringing tills.

But the old rule of thumb that what costs pounds in the US costs dollars in the US seems true no longer, although, as always in a city where no one believes in paying retail, there are places to find things more cheaply if you know where to go.

Still the best bargain places to shop are the Lower East Side on a Sunday. Otherwise, even the smartest shops always have sales – even just before Christmas, when I was there. We bought my daughter a fantastic dress for almost half price at Morgane la Faye, 748 Madison Avenue.

Zara, opposite Bloomingdale's on Lexington, is a good source of well-priced chic women's wear and Banana Republic (branches all over town) is the first stopping place for many a well-dressed Brit.

Century 21, downtown at 22 Courtland Street (tel: 227 9092) may be worth the effort, depending on your addiction to bargains – it has been described variously as hell on earth or fashion Nirvana. Like a giant jumble sale, you rummage through the clothes and might bear away a cut-price Prada, Gucci or Donna Karan. Wall Street brokers go there for

marked-down fancy suits. The best bargains in New York are books. Every neighbourhood has its speciality bookshop but Barnes & Noble, 259 Broadway at 82 Street, or Forbidden Planet at 521 Broadway on Union Square are always good.

Gadgets and gizmos are also worth checking – the latest cameras, binoculars and the like seem to be cheaper in New York than in most duty-free shops. Appliances Overseas, 276 Fifth Avenue, is the place to go and it will pack and ship.

The two main hot shopping areas are Madison Avenue – undergoing an amazing revival with Prada, Calvin Klein, Shanghai Tang – and SoHo. Madison has the outright glamour and show-biz fun of mid-town, compared with the quirky, bohemian, individuality of SoHo.

Like a giant jumble sale, you rummage through the clothes and might bear away a cut-price Prada

Shanghai Tang, opposite Barney's, is only a couple of months old, but I found it a disappointment, except for the wonderful padded silk jackets (about \$600 each), the jewel-like silk scarves and the Chinese imperial tailors, ready to make anything (at a price) on the first floor.

Eastern aesthetics are infiltrating home and clothing, and no store does it with more sophistication than the jewel-like Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Avenue. More like a museum than a store, it is a visual treat from the flower shop on the ground floor to the furniture and furnishings, to the funky clothing and jewellery.

Bergdorf Goodman, for

those with old-fashioned luxurious tastes, has, for my money, the best home department in Manhattan. Others may be better value (ABC Carpets, Pottery Barn, Crate & Barrel), yet others may be more avant-garde (the downtown SoHo furniture shops) but for sheer sumptuousness and set-piece theatricality, Bergdorf's home department is unmissable.

Those who feel aggrieved at being denied access to Voyage in London's Fulham Road can check it out in Bergdorf's – there's a free and open Voyage department in the store and they'll happily let you part with \$625 for an authentically tatty little cardigan.

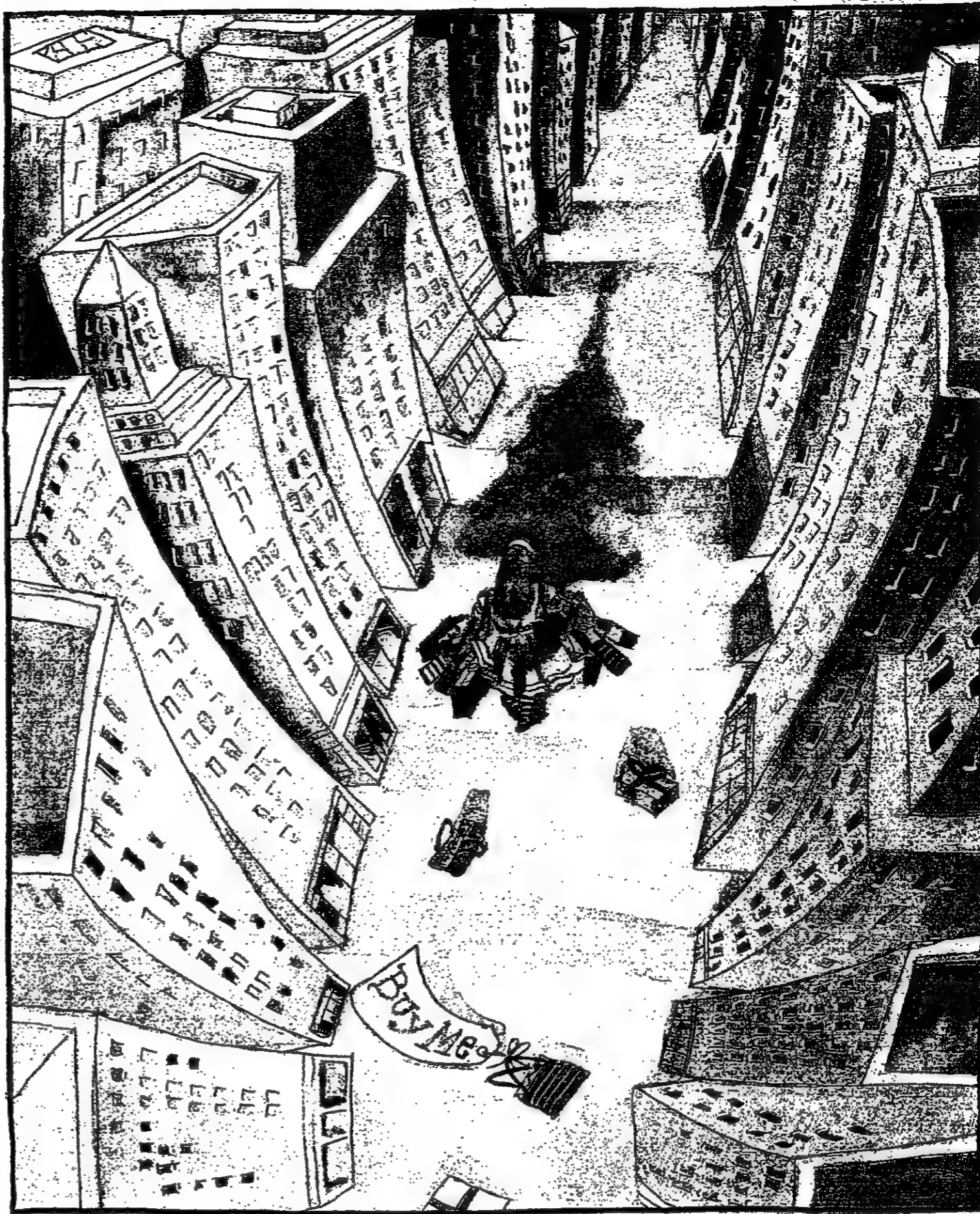
Bergdorf's is also where, if you think your wrinkles merit such expense, you buy the cult cream La Mer (promises, promises) at about \$155 for 50ml or a whopping \$1,000 for the super size.

Felissimo at 10 West 56th Street is the new-agey department store where prices are a little lower. You can buy your (essential) travel kit here, fengshui candles, bells, scented coins and good luck necklaces.

Now Marks & Spencer no longer sells Brooks Brothers wares in its British stores, so fans of the Ivy League shirts, cotton chinos, madras and boxer shorts should stock up at the Madison Avenue shop.

SoHo is still unmissable, and its atmosphere and style is expanding beyond its strict confines. When it gets too crowded, just about every weekend late morning and afternoon, the more adventuresome move over to Elizabeth Street. There's a hat-maker, little clothing stores and second-hand shops, a sought-after shoe shop.

There's also a "sceney" restaurant called Rialto at 265 between Houston and Prince (tel: 334 7900). It has an understated dining-room and, according to the Zagat guide, can be relied on to attract a "beautiful crowd".



For the very young, those in their 20s say, there's the M & R bar at no 264 (tel: 235 0559).

Nearby Ludlow Street is up and coming, too, with cool new boutiques where young designers air their wares.

Don't miss the eastern elegance of Global Table, a new shop at 107 Sullivan Street. It sells wonderful stoneware bowls, square sushi plates in indigo or lime green and cool, celadon green bowls with a crackle glaze.

The Enchanted Forest at 85 Mercer Street is a great place for children's toys – especially the sort that adults love (lots of old-fashioned, wind-up, tin toys and exquisitely crafted wooden trains and animals carved by a New York cab-driver).

Zona, at 97 Greene Street, is still a cult home store – scents and beads and Indian-influenced artefacts. There are lots of other good home stores in this area – Shabby Chic at 93 Greene Street, Portico Bed and Bath at 139 Spring Street, Wyeth at 151 Franklin Street and the intriguing Urban Archaeology at 143 Franklin Street and 285 Lafayette. This sells authentic (and re-editions of) grand old baths, lights, furniture and the like.

SoHo is more the place for the arty set than for ladies-who-lunch. Helmut Lang has an impeccably cool, clean new clothes shop; and The Laundry seems to be top of the hip young set's list.

Fragments, at 107 Greene Street, sells a charming array of jewellery. Wander around the adjacent streets and you'll come across shops selling old jewellery, old clothing, antique furniture and all sorts of other original pieces.

Beauty is serious business in New York and it's nails – long, luminous, manicured – that mark out the real New Yorker from the visiting scruffy Brit. Get up to speed at any of the manicure-to-go salons on almost every street corner. They are quick and cheap.

In the summer you'll find toes waxed, too. Get your tresses tended in one of the myriad salons, but be warned that prices can

make Nicky Clarke look cheap.

Frederick Feickel has a glossy new salon in the smart Chanel building, while John Barrett has a glamorous salon on the top floor of Bergdorf Goodman, in what used to be Andy Goodman's private apartment. In either place, you'll feel so pampered there's a danger of getting hooked. But if you want the top man, you'll be lucky if you come out with a bill at less than \$300.

For those who find all that much too swanky, Bumble & Bumble, 145 East 56th Street between Third and Lexington, is where the young and hip go for their clean, swinging haircuts and colour. These salons do the music scene crowd.

Marcia Kilgore's Bliss (568 Broadway, tel: 219 8970) is

The trend in this caring, sharing time is for restaurants to go in for communal eating

the new beauty salon favoured by Julia Roberts, Courtney Love and a host of other lovelies. It is rumoured to be so hot that you'd better book now for next Christmas, though I'm told if you go for the unpopular times you'll have more of a chance. It's the oxygen treatment for skin rejuvenation that have made the salon boom – \$80 a time.

Beauty is getting a distinctly new-age tinge with much talk of spiritual values, so shine up your vocabulary. After the fengshui candles, aromatherapy oils and mood-altering perfumes, watch out for vibrational remedy nail polishes.

If this sounds as mysterious to you as it did to me, let me explain. Tony and Tina, who run the vibrational remedy centre, are artists who produced a conceptual piece meant to be a spoof on the cosmetic world. It was about

putting colour therapy at people's fingertips.

But then it got serious. "Retailers," says Tina, "came to us and said guys, this is a hot idea, how about turning it into something real? Now we're selling about 400 \$10 bottles a week at Bloomingdale's."

The thinking behind the nail polishes goes like this. Studies done in 1977 at UCLA pinpointed the electro-magnetic forces around the body (in new-age speak, your aura) and also pinpointed your energy centres (chakras). They found colours had specific effects on the chakras.

"Red," says Tina, "is a great colour for your personal power. It is where our primal instincts are. Orange is great for sociability. When people are choosing colours, we ask which colour they're instinctively drawn to. People are too used to being told what they need – we're trying to let people start evaluating their own needs."

That's just for starters. "In the spring," says Tina, "we're doing hair mascara – a hair wand to stimulate your crown chakra and antidepressant aromatherapy lipstick and aroma colour bath (no bubbles, just pure colour energy). Soon after, we're going to launch an out-of-body machine – it will offer a visual and aural guided tour to help you get out of your body, to have an astral projection experience."

"Are people really up for this?" I enquire tentatively. "Oh, yes," says Tina. "They're ready to listen... we also usually mention that we believe there is a changing global consciousness. As we're approaching the new millennium, I believe people are starting to trust themselves and their intuition."

As you can see, beauty in New York is a much, much more complicated business than it is in our humble British shores.

Now we come to food – never forget that where you toy with your *radicchio* matters. Restaurants, according to a cultured New York friend, are of totemic importance because, at the moment, theatre and music

aren't up to much and no one cooks, so what else, as he says, is there?

Getting a table isn't easy. You either need to stay at the sort of hotel where the concierge can rustle up a table at the crackle of a crisp note or you need to plan your visit like a military campaign. Book before you come. It helps if you've starred in a movie, made the front cover of *Time* or appeared in *Vogue*.

Take Balthazar (80 Spring Street, tel: 965 1414) down in SoHo, for instance. It's so hot most of my New York friends haven't yet been able to get a table there. Thanks to a glamorous young colleague, we got in for lunch – I didn't think it polite to ask how. This is a restaurant that receives something like 4,000 calls a day. The sense of triumph at having been allowed through the door is almost – but not quite – enough to make one suspend one's sense of judgment. Very nice it was, all buzzy and Frenchified, with updated French brasserie food, but a little hard to detect quite what all the fuss was about. And no I wasn't sitting next to Sharon Stone,

Calvin Klein or even Bill Clinton.

Making it to Payard (1032 Lexington between 73rd and 74th, tel: 717 5252) was another triumph, this time thanks to an influential friend. An unshowy crowd but wonderful food, relaxed atmosphere and, for those whose waistlines can stand it, some of the world's best pastries.

Altogether fancier, filled with the beautiful people and offering pretty sensational food, is Sirio Maccione's Le Cirque 2000 at the New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Avenue (tel: 303 7789). In spite of the higher prices, you won't find booking there any easier. It logs 3,000 calls a day.

The new trend in this caring, sharing, torchy-feely time is for restaurants to go in for communal eating. Everybody hopes to sit next to somebody cute. Asia de Cuba (Morgans Hotel, 237 Madison Avenue, at 37th St and Murray Hill, tel: 726 7755) is one of this new breed. Add a menu that is a bold mix of Asian and Latin influences and you'll be lucky (or persistent or famous) to get a table at all.

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How to Spend It

Fashion

Yves St Laurent forty years on

The couturier found his old form in his winter 1997 collection. Avril Groom says much is expected for the spring

The shock troops of fashion these days are more famed for the unveiling they do than for their top-to-toe coverage. Yet the first outfit in Yves St Laurent's last *haute couture* show – a plain, dark brown, full-length coat – elicited a gasp followed by applause.

The coat was made entirely from sable, a rich, rare and very politically incorrect fur. If *couture*, the coat seemed to say, is all about exquisite, shameless luxury – then here it is. Prowling in it was Katoucha, a feline African mannequin who was a supermodel long before the cult was invented. Now in her 40s and with her own successful collection, she had come out of retirement to be the show's muse and a yardstick of elegance for the mature women who form the majority of St Laurent's clientele.

With this one outfit, perfect in its simple form and in the lustrous shade of the fur against the model's dark skin, St Laurent served notice that he was far from the spent force some commentators believe.

The show that followed reinforced this explosive start. These were dateless clothes, simple yet opulent, faultlessly proportioned and breaking no new ground, yet they seemed fresh after days of high costume drama from

This outfit served notice that St Laurent was far from a spent force

the young Turks of *couture* at Givenchy, Dior and Gaultier. Here were grown-up clothes for grown-up women confident in who they are. Winter 1997 was vintage Yves, a high point to be stored in the collective memory along with his 1980 artists' homage collection, a moment to quote when the detractors gather after one of the seasons when he is not on song.

More marvels will surely be expected from his spring 1998 *couture* show next Wednesday, 40 years after his first *haute couture* collection when, as a lad of 21, he stepped into the giant shoes of Christian Dior.

That the fashion world is somehow aggrieved if St Laurent no longer generates creative sparks speaks volumes about both the designer and public attitudes to him. In the beginning, he was so young, so innovative and successful – especially once he spread his wings in his own house from 1962 onwards – that expectations of him are still high.

His influence on late 20th century fashion has been huge – he was the catalyst for putting women into trouser suits, who first used the shock value of sheerly veiled breasts for publicity purposes, who brought street style into high fashion with his *Beat* collection, who popularised ethnic clothes and who, with his partner Pierre Bergé, invented the concept of ready-to-wear.

Other designers may have had similar ideas, but Bergé's astute marketing skills ensured it was images from St Laurent's shows which reached the world's press first. So diverse and all-pervasive were his innovations that the fashion historian and writer Colin McDowell puts him at the top of the century's half-dozen most important designers, above Chanel and Balenciaga, for his "completeness – intellect and creativity".

However, it must be said that St Laurent's innovations came in the early years of his career. Serious back-

ing at an early stage (from American cosmetics firm Charles of the Ritz) enabled a vast marketing and licensing operation to be put into place and the St Laurent name soon became both an industry and a treadmill.

He had always had design interests beyond fashion, particularly in theatre and ballet, and according to Financial Times journalist Alice Rawsthorn, who has written a biography of him, even in the late 1960s he was talking about breaking away from fashion. But as she also says, "he did nothing about it" – the pull of the lifestyle it provided, and the expectations of the public, were too strong. By the mid-1970s, he was describing himself as "a prisoner of my own commercial empire".

Even then St Laurent was prey to depression and became prone to a cycle of drug and alcohol abuse followed by periods in hospital. Such fragility made his small group of trusted advisers

ever more protective, and himself more isolated.

Small wonder, then, that his collections increasingly appeared to be reprises of his early hits, albeit tailored to the mood of the moment. In essence, nothing has changed since and it would be impertinent to expect that it should. St Laurent is now in his 60s, in poor health and surrounded by the same small, loyal clique he has had for 30 years; their opinions and view of life have aged along with his.

Although fashion professionals may demand perpetual novelty, the client's view is very different. St Laurent's priorities have always been beautifully made clothes that would make the wearer feel wonderful, perhaps an outmoded concept in today's headline-hungry world, but right for his wealthy customers.

When he was reported last year as saying that the dramatic *couture* designs by Galliano at Dior and Alexander McQueen at Givenchy looked like circus costumes, it may have sounded like sour grapes but it was probably founded in genuine incomprehension.

St Laurent's infinitely prefers to please the client rather than the photographer – when he started at Dior, *haute couture* customers and their formal lifestyles were what mattered and publicity was peripheral. He saw how quickly lives were changing, his innovations "gave women their contemporary wardrobe", as Pierre Bergé puts it, but he never forgot the woman inside the clothes.

This is what draws women back season after season to clothes that superficially do not vary much. Linda Woodhead worked for some years for Rive Gauche (St Laurent ready-to-wear) in London and says: "He always designs for women with real lives, not rock stars and Oscar nominees. These are 'proper' clothes – dated though that word is – which make you look dressed."

"They exude security and comfort, which mean a lot to a certain clientele. St Laurent has no antennae on youth, yet in some ways he's in time. Very few others can make ethnic costume look wearable."

□ From left: long evening ensemble from this winter's haute couture collection, reminiscent of his Ballet Russe collection, in black and gold silk brocade. Next come two designs of classic St Laurent tailoring at reasonable prices from the Variation Diffusion range – cream blazer, £460, trousers, £260, navy and white striped coat, £560, all from Harvey Nichols, London SW1. Tel: 01793-710060 for other stockists.
□ Far right: another design from this winter's haute couture collection – a classic loose satin tunic with a fur hat.

The classics have the most timeless appeal, though Woodhead now finds some of the 1980s shoulderlines beyond the pale.

Sarah Manley was St Laurent's press officer for four years and says: "It's the cut and quality which are so special. I think Yves would agree that he hasn't designed anything new for decades but he doesn't need to – his key pieces were so innovative they are still the prototypes of wardrobe essentials. I bought classic tailoring or simple evening dresses and they are always easy to update with accessories."

What puts even the ready-to-wear a cut above other classic fashion is St Laurent's natural, unerring eye for colour and fabric, and it can make the *couture* – the one area that is still very much his domain – exciting. Rebe Dorsey, the late fashion editor of The International Herald Tribune, wrote in 1987: "St Laurent has said and done practically everything; all he has to do now is say it again, in his own pure, perfect hand." That hand, and the imagination behind it, are still capable of producing a collection like that of winter 1997.

Woodhead has watched him at work. "It was intriguing," she says, "because he's a physical wreck who apparently doesn't know who anyone is, but he still has an instinctive understanding of fabric and colour, draping and cut."

St Laurent may be beyond the influence of passing trends but sometimes they come to him. The recent 1970s revival has spawned St Laurent lookalikes from other respected and voguish designers. Added to his *couture* success, his star is more in the ascendant than it has been for some time. Fur from a burned-out has-been, he is, insists Bergé, once again a man the fashion world is looking to.

"The influence he has had on Prada and Gucci have focused interest on him," he says. "Yves may not be so

creative now, but after 40 years what can he do? Why create peculiar new things for the sake of it?" Other designers' peculiarities have benefited St Laurent – Bergé says that over the past year sales of *haute couture* have increased by 100 per cent, "partly because of two very good collections and partly because women can't find clothes to wear from other houses".

Sales of ready-to-wear – designed by the house studio – are, he admits, flat, while menswear and the Variation diffusion line are doing well. Both, significantly, have a slightly younger image and there are signs that, in the wake of the 1970s revival, the St Laurent label is gaining a certain cachet.

The sporty menswear spin-off range Pour Homme has taken off among young label-chasers since the shop opened in Covent Garden last year, and the trendy magazine Dutch has just devoted 120 pages to the 40 years of YSL's achievement, with new Mario Testino pictures in a modern style showing that his ready-to-wear can be relevant to the late 1990s.

Several years ago, Bergé declared that *couture* was a dying art and, despite current success, he sees no reason to alter that view. "If anything happened to Yves, or he retired, I would close the *couture* division right away. I do not see how something so personal can be handed on and I do not think

it has worked elsewhere."

The ready-to-wear would continue – as a pragmatic businessman he realises that a house which is owned by an arm of a state-controlled conglomerate, the Vendôme Group, and has a licensing trade selling hundreds of million dollars' worth of products a year needs a flagship design range. "We would have to find a young designer to help us move on but respect the spirit," he says.

While the master is still there with his sureness of vision, there are occasional glimpses of the glory days – enough to tantalise press and clients into reporting and buying. Without him, there is a risk of producing only shadows and echoes.

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OUTDOORS

Leave the mud, abandon the house plants and head across the Atlantic. At last I have found a garden which has filled me with such enthusiasm that it has wiped out the low point of any gardener's January.

Longwood Gardens are easily accessible from Washington and New York: they are situated 30 miles west of Philadelphia on the edges of the Brandywine valley. While famous in the US, they are seriously under-represented on horticultural itineraries. I have been meaning to visit for years, but was delighted to discover that the difficult week from December 29 to January 4 is a high point for Longwood in a way that is unmatched elsewhere in the world.

On one visit you can move between two different types of garden and round off the visit with heartfelt American entertainment. The entire experience is a combination of fun and discerning taste which is still alive and well in high horticultural circles across the Atlantic, and underestimated in Britain - to our loss.

Longwood Gardens owes its range and style to the genius of Pierre du Pont, one of the kingpins of the great business family whose company is still based in nearby Delaware. Pierre du Pont was a long-time chairman of the Du Pont company and crowned his industrial achievements by saving and transforming the Longwood Gardens which remain open, as he wished, to a vast public.

In 1906, he bought the park in order to save its fine trees. They are still remarkable, from some fine limes to a magnificent avenue of flowering Paulownias.

Du Pont was one of those serious gardeners who began his love affair with plants at the age of nine. He was impressed at a young age by the sight of a large greenhouse on a main street in Philadelphia, visible to all passers-by.

He filed away this example in his mind and years later, he adorned Longwood with the magnificent conservatories which a new public visits, this time the result of his own expense and initiative. I have never seen such



Longwood's conservatories are a legacy of Pierre du Pont poinsettias lining a canal lead the eye to a Christmas tree, while (right) a Douglas Fir is dressed simply with tiny fairy lights and pots of white cyclamen hidden among its branches.

Gardening

The Christmas spirit lingers on

Robin Lane Fox finds inspiration at Longwood Gardens in Pennsylvania

exquisite plantings under glass. Christmas is a difficult time and you might expect an all-American riot of red poinsettias and imitation reindeer. The main displays have a Christmas emphasis, but the matching of plants and the staging of the exhibits is unimaginably beautiful.

I thought I had seen the showpiece in the largest house, the east conservatory, which combined some stunning trees of Mimosa with red dogwood, evergreen viburnums, Kashmir Cyp-

ress, something called Wigandia and well-placed specimen Agaves.

A masterly combination of winter greenery had been devised from the cut-leaved Geranium maderense from Madeira and Geranium palatum from the Canaries, a brilliant touch of plantsmanship which brought freshness and shine to winter leaves.

Three Christmas trees of Douglas Fir upstaged anything imagined by residents of Chelsea in London. They had been decorated with

nothing but white-flowered cyclamen in pots, artfully pinned at angles among the trees' branches. They looked enchanting, the last word in Christmas decorations for anyone who is fed up with attempts to simulate snow and icicles by spraying their tree with man-made products.

The east conservatory is only the pre-quel. House upon house of admirably chosen flowers lead off it, ranging from a garden of nothing but natural, silver leaves to a cool Mediterra-

nean house of singular beauty and a more tropical section, masterminded by the king of South American landscape designers, Burle Marx.

Time and again, I was wracking my brains and trying to put even a first name to the rivers of flowering plants in front of me. One entire corridor was vividly hung with purple-pink Christmas Cactus at eye level, a bit of a shock in the wrong company.

Either side of the passage, however, was given over to the fine leaves of the delicate Acacia leprosa which set off the colours superbly and is an inspired choice of foliage plant - it cannot even be found in the British Plantfinder.

Orchids of carefully segregated colours lit up the recesses of a house interspersed with natural ferns. Roses were in flower on New Year's day, cheering the darkest season.

My own particular prizes would go to the house heavily planted with the long sprays of a coral pink Plumbago indica that I have never seen before and to the touch of genius which combined a main planting of white poinsettias with great drifts of clear blue Coleus thyrsoides, giving an impres-

sion of bluebells among a Christmas decoration.

Anyone would be taken out of themselves by the walk through these astonishing glasshouses.

I defer to any curator who can dream up something so apt and elegant as the Longwood Mediterranean garden whose key base-planting is the jade green Salvia discolor.

Leafless shrubs were brought to life with an outline of light bulbs

lor, which I recommend so often for planting in pots during summer.

I came out into a January evening, wondering how to attain reality and how to raise the funds to send the entire Longwood staff over to most of Britain's botanic gardens in order to show them how to plant a greenhouse which is better than a middle second class. The return to reality was eased by two American specialities: singing and lighting.

Over Christmas, the indoor garden at Longwood

is not only to be seen, it is also to be heard. The large ballroom dating from the founder's day adjoins the east conservatory and anyone who feels like cheering after seeing planting at its best would join me in enjoying that underestimated accompaniment to garden visiting, a full-scale sing-along, complete with organ accompaniment.

On a cold day, the song-sheet works wonders: "On the weather outside is frightful. But the fire is so delightful. And since we've no place to go, Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!"

That number is big at Longwood in the conservatory after Christmas.

Dazed by the planting and uplifted by the singing, I emerged into a January night for the garden's final star turn.

All over the main specimen trees the gardeners had fixed the tiny fairy lights which have begun to add their delicacy to London's chunky old Christmas illuminations.

As dusk fell, huge beech trees sprang into pin-points of light. The enviable flowering Cornus trees were wreathed in red illuminations.

Du Pont's beloved orchestra of water fountains turned

gold, blue and pink in a display which out-classes the Italian Villa d'Este. Leafless shrubs were wittily brought to life with an outline of bulbs arranged like plumes of flowering lilies.

Everywhere, lights made up for the absence of flowers and turned the darkening landscape into a Christmas heaven. Orderly crowds walked through in due appreciation, accompanied by children to whom the sight really was heaven.

I remembered those dreary old prophecies of flower-power in my first years of study, who told us all to tune in, turn on and drop out. How wrong they were about the order of priorities.

Turn on the garden, not your friends, and you will understand the Christmas genius of Longwood. It returns magic to a season which is so often said to be laded and to gardens often stereotyped in their limited show of flowers.

Longwood Garden Information Service, which gives details of the programme of events, can be reached on (901) 610-388 1000 or www.longwoodgardens.org. The gardens are open daily and are located on US Route One, three miles north-east of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.

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Beating and unbowed

In the Midi, hunting is a democratic right, says Stephen Fidler

The idea of a ban on hunting has not advanced very far in this part of the Languedoc. Raise the subject by all means and invite a pitying look, as if only the sad English could come up with the bizarre notion of creating such a fuss about a few thousand foxes.

Down here in the deep Midi, most people cannot look at a live animal without imagining it on the kitchen table. Those animals that can't be eaten are shot anyway (apart from those that are poisoned) to leave more space for the edible competition.

If you want to be really English, you can wax enthusiastically to a Frenchman from these parts about how unusual it is to hear birdsong; then watch him salivate before running to get his gun.

Judging by this neighbourhood, there must be more firearms per household in rural France than appear in Terminator 2, and most of the ubiquitous dun-coloured vans careering all over the roads down here carry enough weaponry in the back to arm an active unit of the SAS.

You never know, after all, when you might run across tomorrow's dinner. Of course, the real difference between the uptight English and the freedom-loving French is that hunting is not seen as the preserve of a few inbred aristocrats, but a democratic

pursuit - democratic, that is, in a pre-20th century sense when only men were deemed to have adequate knowledge of world affairs to vote.

The huntin', fishin' and shootin' set comprises the butcher, bar-owner, policeman, peasant farmer and (given this is modern France) the unemployed - but never a woman. Between September and late January, hunting is the male bonding ritual of choice for most of the men of the Midi - at least those too small or old for rugby - and provides a useful protein supplement, too.

Hunting in the Languedoc has changed over the years, as has the countryside. As the mountainous areas around here have become depopulated, what was once upland meadow has given way to forest. Few rabbit and hare remain to be shot at any more, but the russet-coloured wild boar have multiplied. Roe deer and mouflon - rare wild sheep, which once only survived in Corsica - have been introduced by hunting associations and are hunted according to quotas, which are sometimes adhered to.

Local freezers are stuffed with bits of all these animals though some citizens, even in this rugged region, are squeamish about certain parts. My nine-year-old son - whose pals here have contributed recently to an entirely welcome improvement in his knowledge of the French

language - pointed out a bowl of dog food to me last week outside a neighbour's house upon which lay a couple of fleshy spheroids. "Boar's balls," he explained.

The hunters split into groups of 25 or so that jealously guard their own turf. In the late summer, fires often "break out" in the mountains, which encourages game to migrate to another group's area.

During the season, hunters usually meet before first light at the baroque, or

dispatched on the average weekend. A few years ago, one chasseur from a nearby village mistook his father for a boar and shot him. Even a weekend family walk in the mountains can turn perilous if you and your loved ones are unfortunate enough to come between the local hunters and their hapless quarry.

At night, the fire is built up and the animals killed during the day are butchered, having first been covered with deplorable powder, bathed in scalding water and stripped of their hair. This bloody ritual complete, the baroque is washed down and lots drawn for the cut meat. Some leave; others linger over pastis, wine and talk.

The conversation drifts from French to what the locals call *patois* - the *Langue d'Oc* itself - and back again. It turns from hunting to other subjects: how the recent mushroom season has been phenomenal during a wet and mild autumn. And how the behaviour of the hundreds of city types who come here to pick them from as far afield as Marseille, and leave their litter behind in vast quantities, has been as execrable as ever.

And what to do about the cities of France, where nightly hands of youths are torching cars. But the baroque is a long way from any city, and as the conversation dies, along with the fire's embers, there is not a protestor in sight.

A lot of ordinance can be

The Va

Arnie Wilson

TRAVEL

Honour, courage and the terrible cost

Lucia van der Post visits Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift

On January 22, 1879, 119 years ago, in an insignificant little country on the way to nowhere, the British Army suffered one of its worst defeats in British colonial history.

At the height of its imperial power, on the windswept plain of Isandhlwana in the heart of what is now Kwa-Zulu in South Africa's Natal, 1,000 men, highly trained and well-equipped, were beaten by 20,000 Zulu warriors armed with nothing but assegais, their stabbing sticks, cow-hide shields and a few captured rifles. At the end of the day, an inauspicious day of the "dead moon" for the Zulus (at the height of the battle, it is said, the sun went dark), 52 officers, 806 non-commissioned officers and men and 471 native troops lay dead.

The bare facts are enough to make the blood run cold. But go to the battlefield in the company of David Rattray, a passionate historian, eloquent orator-cum-actor, who is steeped in the geography, history and culture of this part of Zululand, listen to his tale of that battle, sit beneath the sphinx-like hill that stands guard at Isandhlwana and the landscape is once again filled with the troops of the 24th Foot and thousands of silent, waiting Zulu impi.

He brings out the drama, the pathos, the folly and the courage. As we sit looking out across the plain he begins to weave the threads of the story. The British, in expansive mode, want to crush the powerful Zulu nation. They provoke a war. They think it will be a quick one - the might of the British Imperial Army faced with nothing but savages. On the way to Ulundi, King Cetshwayo's capital, the 24th Foot, composed mainly of tough Welshmen, stop to camp on the plain of Isandhlwana on the night of January 21, 1879. Lord Chelmsford, commander of the British forces, makes some

crucial mistakes - he divides his forces in enemy territory and he fails to take the "Boer" advice to *laager* the troops.

"Imagine," says Rattray, waving his stick. "It is 11am on January 22. There is not a Zulu in sight. Lieutenant Charles Raw rides out with one of the scouting parties to see what is happening. Suddenly, on the edge of a ravine, his horse starts and checks. He looks down...there, closely packed and sitting in utter silence...as far as the eye can see, sit more than 20,000 Zulus warriors. Highly disciplined, ordered rank by rank, their shields glittering in the sunshine. It is a sight to chill the blood."

A few shots are fired into the silent ranks of Zulu impi and the disaster unfolds. The famous "horns of the buffalo" military tactic is precisely executed. "In a solid crescent, 3/4 miles wide, the Zulus appeared on the rim of the plateau as if they were one man. They cascaded down over the plain in wave after wave. Their numbers seemed endless."

The ill-organised, ill-prepared troops scrambled for their ammunition pouches. Scores of Zulus dropped at each volley of fire but there were always more. The ammunition ran out, the boxes could not be opened fast enough.

Almost to a man six full companies of the 24th Regiment of Foot died where they stood, shot or hacked to pieces, little drummer boys of 12 hanged and disembowelled on the backs of wagons.

We see the cave where the last Welshman held out, shooting until his ammunition ran out and the impi came to finish him off. Some of the Natal Kaffir troops deserted while there was still time, but not a single imperial officer left the field while a man for whom he was responsible was still alive.

It is not just the details of



From the film 'Zulu', set in January 1879 at Rorke's Drift. Natal. For the Zulus, it was the day of the 'dead moon'

the battle that bring the story alive - it is the smaller stories, those of the Welshmen who gave their lives, of privates Owen Ellis and George Morris, of Colonel Anthony Durnford with his withered arm, of Charles Henry Harford, "the beetle collector", bottling a rare species as the battle starts.

It was the beginning of the end of the Zulu nation

Then there are the stories of the Zulus, of Mkoana Ka Mvundlana, of the Blyde clan, the great Zulu hero of the day. "This," says Rattray, "was his day. Over 30 tall and in his 70s, he had run barefoot with his men all the way from Ulundi. Though barefoot, the Zulus ran so fast you had to think of them as cavalry. When the Zulus first felt the impact of the bullets and fell back in confusion Mkoana gave the great Zulu war cry 'Ushuthu' and lead them from the front until he himself

was gunned down." Another Zulu, whose father had killed three redcoats in the battle, told Rattray that the Zulus recognised the courage of their enemy: "Like lions, they fought, like stones they fell."

King Cetshwayo heard the story of what happened at Isandhlwana as the wall of grief and sorrow for the dead and wounded echoed from village to village throughout Zululand until it reached him in Ulundi. Cetshwayo knew that though they had won the day it was the beginning of the end for the Zulu nation. "It is," he said, "as if we have had an assegai thrust into our belly."

From the dusty landscape of Isandhlwana, Rattray picks up the story at nearby Rorke's Drift, just across the Buffalo River. That same afternoon of January 22, at 4.30, 153 soldiers, more than 30 of them wounded or ill, "this time better organised and well-prepared", held a little Swedish mission station at Rorke's Drift against 3,000 to 4,000 Zulus. All through the night the battle raged, the dark sky lit by the burning roof. When morning came, 500 to 600 Zulus lay dead, the rest had fled.

As you stand there looking at the walls of the rebuilt

mission station (it was largely destroyed by fire during the battle) and look up to where one of the lookouts saw the Zulu impi coming over the top of the Oskaber mountains "black as hell and thick as grass" you can feel the chill and wonder at the courage.

"It was a desperate and apparently hopeless last stand. There is no doubt that every man there thought he was going to die...yet not one of them cut and ran, and all but 17 survived. Eleven VC were won that day, more than on any other in British military history."

This is not just a tour for battlefield buffs, this is a tour for all who recognise the power of stories, who see history as a vital way of connecting our past with our future.

"It is impossible," says Rattray, "to sit here on this plain of Isandhlwana and feel any malice towards any of the participants. Sixteen Welsh Williams' were killed - those good men of the valleys, forced by poverty to take the Queen's shilling, who knew nothing of the nobility and courage of this nation they were charged with destroying. Some 2,000

to 3,000 Zulus died in a war they never wanted, on a day deemed inauspicious."

"Courage is the thing," said Churchill - and I am with him.

"Why us?" asks the frightened squaddie in the film *Zulu*, which powerfully tells the story of Rorke's Drift. "Because we're here, laddie," says the sergeant. "Just us and nobody else." Standing there, looking at the little mission station, you wonder at the pity and the folly and the nobility of it all.

■ To get to David Rattray's lodge, *Fugitive's Drift*, over-

looking the Buffalo River, hire a car and drive through the hills of Natal so eloquently described in Alan Paton's *Cry The Beloved Country*. Stay in one of David Rattray's lodges and go on one of his tours.

■ Worldwide Journeys & Expeditions, 8 Comeragh Road, London W14 9 HP. Tel: 0171-381 8638, fax 0171-331 0836 can organise three- to five-day stays at *Fugitive's Drift* at about £90 a night, per person full board. Escorted tours are about £40 per person. Classic reading is *The Washing of the Spears* by Donald R. Morris (Sphere).

The Valais opens up

Arnie Wilson samples Swiss chic in Crans-Montana

If the six passengers queuing patiently on the steps of Crossair's "Jumbo" Avro RJ aircraft in a London cloud burst had known why they were being drenched, they might have been angry.

The cause of the delay was Jamie Nelson's surprise birthday cake.

True, it was his 41st. Bruce, his father, and his father's friend Lorna, had snuggled in on board Lorna was agitated on two counts: keeping it secret until they reached Verbier and keeping it in one piece.

"It's so fragile and very delicate," she pleaded with the patient Swiss stewardess.

Suitably stowed, the cake and its superintendents no longer blocking the aisle, the six bedraggled passengers finally boarded Crossair's new Saturday service direct to Stion - and the Valais ski country.

Within 70 minutes, nearly 100 skiers were enjoying a spectacular descent into the heart of the Swiss Alps, soaring past the snow-clad peaks of Valais before dipping below the snow-line into the terraced vineyards, where most of Switzerland's wine is produced.

Markus Kramer, the captain, and his crew had rehearsed the flight carefully. Stion is not the easiest airport in the world to fly into. This is why Crossair is using the Jumbo. It has a steep "glide" angle of descent - 8 degrees instead of the normal 3 degrees.

A glimpse through the windows revealed Stion's famous "twin" episcopal fortresses perched on floodlit rocky peaks.

More than 100 miles east of Geneva, Stion brings several important ski areas much closer to hand: Zermatt, Leysin and Villars are 90 minutes away, the Portes du Soleil 80 minutes, St. Moritz 70 minutes, Verbier an hour and Crans-Montana 30 minutes.

Crans-Montana is one - or rather two - of those places, such as Fimbo, Laax, that you do not hear much about, although its skiing credentials are impressive and its social and shopping cachet every bit as up-market as its neighbour, Gstaad.

A candidate for the 2006 Winter Olympics, the resort is certainly well served: apart from the new Crossair flight from London, there is a TGV service, and its blue-and-white Italian equivalent, the Pendolino, brings skiers from Milan. A new funicular brings skiers to Montana from Stion. "We're becoming an international city," said Walter Loser, the resort's tourist director. "And, ooh la la, we're going to get some snow my dear." Unfortunately, this proved to be a touch optimistic.

It rained - but not for nothing is Crans-Montana known as one of the sunniest resorts in the Alps - and it brightened up, revealing a remarkable view from my window: at the Ambassador Hotel.

There is a wealth of above-the-treeline skiing around and beyond the three focal points of Bella Lini, Les Violettes and Petit Bonvin, which gird the mountains at around the 7,300ft to 8,300ft mark. This is where most of the lift system peters out, with the exception of the cable-car up to Plaine Morte at 9,840ft. From the glacier, a single, steep, exhilarating piste (with excellent off-piste variants) comes storming down a steep valley to link

A wide sweep of mountain peaks lining the upper Rhône Valley was visible all the way to Brig and beyond to the Furka Pass, including the Dent-Blanche, Weisshorn, and a tantalising glimpse of just the top of the Matterhorn pyramid. From the slopes, there is a commanding view of Mont Blanc.

It was the slopes, of course, that I really wanted to see, and the sharp change in the weather gave Christophe Egli, my young guide, the chance to give me a lightning tour of the resort.

Having spent the previous day barely able to see two turns ahead of me, I was impressed - when finally granted a clear day - with how the higher reaches, all the way up to the Plaine Morte Glacier, seem to rise and rise, giving the area a healthy 5,000ft vertical drop and 120 miles of pistes.

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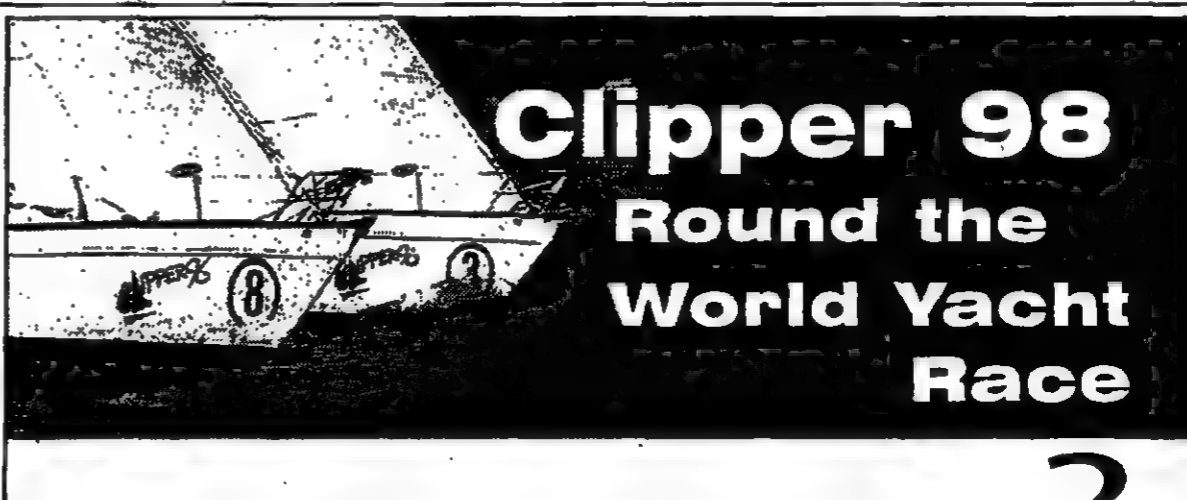
up with Les Violettes, right in the centre of a cat's cradle of runs.

We certainly earned our *cassoulet* and *brochette de saumon mariné*, plus a bottle of the local wine, at Le Bistrot in the Pas de l'Ours or Bear's Footprint - an extraordinary and striking structure in pine, rather like a tower of old chalets piled one on top of the other.

The five-star Crans Ambassador incorporates a thermal "cure centre" offering a range of natural treatments aimed at eliminating toxins from the body, including poliotherapy "to decongest and regenerate the liver and kidneys, cleanse the intestines and ease painful joints", as well as lymphatic drainage, electro-osmosis and a plant-based "youth serum" designed to regenerate skin and arteries.

When it was built, however, the hotel was not too popular with the cows returning one autumn along traditional pathways from their summer pastures. One, finding this strange new construction barring its normal route, walked right into the hotel and started exploring. I heard that the manager hurried along behind with a dustpan and brush - just in case it did anything to upset the newly installed guests.

■ The Crans Ambassador Hotel. Tel: 091 27 481 481. For details of Crossair's new service to Stion, call the Switzerland Travel Centre in London on 0171-734 4573.



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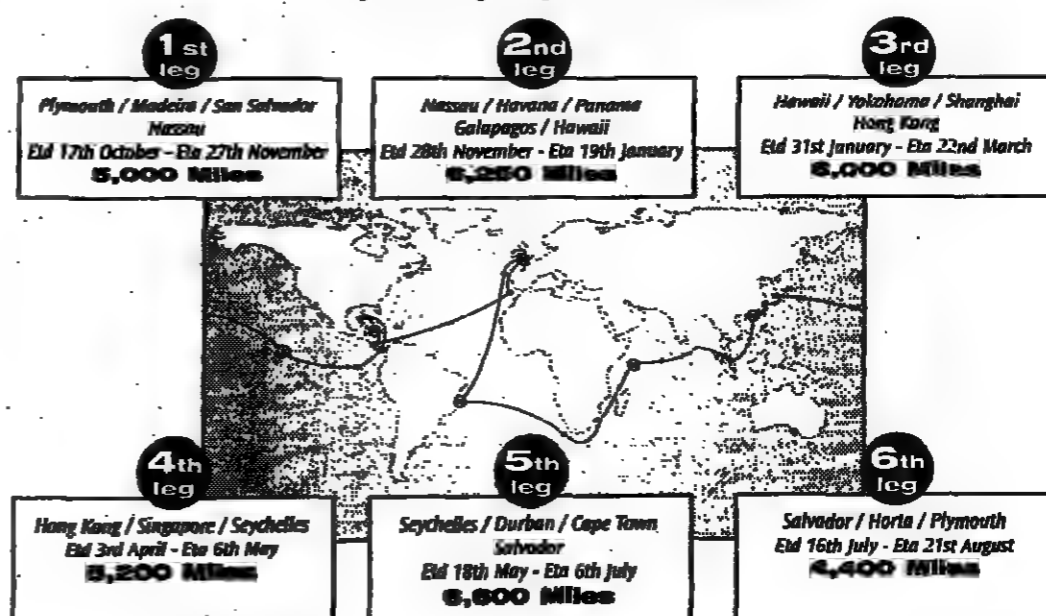
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TRAVEL

The real Hawaii is just up the road

Antony Thorncroft avoids the obvious to find an island rediscovering its old traditions and customs

"Never take a pig over the Pali - unless it is wrapped in tea leaves."

His sensible advice, the most powerful of Hawaiian superstitions, is ignored at their peril by the inhabitants of Oahu, the island which contains Honolulu, Waikiki beach, and most of the inhabitants of the 50th United States.

The Pali is one of the few highways that straddle Oahu, linking Honolulu and the dry south, where virtually everyone lives, to the wet and wild north. In the past it was a tortuous journey over the mountains and not taken lightly, certainly not with a pig, unless it was bedded in tea leaves and ready to eat.

The attraction of Oahu is that at one level it fulfils all your bland expectations of Hawaii, being little more than a backdrop for Waikiki beach, while at another, it opens up the mysteries of a past which gets stranger by the year.

Unless you are a confirmed sun-dried tomato, Waikiki, the holiday extension of the Hawaiian capital of Honolulu, is a one-day experience. Here crammed bodies lie comatose in a friendly sun, cooled by a sea breeze, while creamed hunkers whoop through the surf that roars in on challenging, but controllable, breakers. Behind are the luxury hotels; the designer shops; all the comforting ease of the US.

But even Waikiki has an edge. Crowded yes, but not obsessively so, since visitor numbers to Hawaii are down. American visitors, perhaps, but the majority of tourists are Japanese, many on honeymoon. Tacky, no; the beach and hinterland are almost obsessively clean and safe, and given over entirely to shopping rather than to more louché seaside pleasures like drinking, eating, and frivolous entertainment. It is Bond Street-on-Sea, with the designer shops recording their highest grosses per square yard in the world.

There is something quaint about seeing a posse of Japanese brides in white tulle posing for their wedding photos in the foyer of a faceless hotel, but it quickly becomes time to dig deeper. The Waikiki face of Oahu is not worth a journey half way around the world. Fortunately, anyone prepared to escape the suburban sprawl is in for the shock of the old.

Drive around the east coast and the atmosphere quickly changes - from friendly waves to the 20 ft breakers of Sunset Beach, which make Hawaii the most desirable spot in the world for professional surfers. Suddenly, annual rainfall jumps from 20 to 300 inches in a year. The vegetation becomes lush with banana plantations, and retirement bungalows make way for shacks that seem to grow out of the earth. The beaches are empty and an older Hawaii holds sway.

This is when Hawaiian history starts to take over. It is conveniently short. Until around 1500 years ago the islands were uninhabited. Then the Polynesians arrived and established one of the most ritualistic of taboo systems; women, for example, were only permitted to eat two of the 80 varieties of banana grown on the island. As compensation, men were obliged to do all the cooking, using different utensils for men and women. Break a taboo and you were slaughtered.

Then in 1781 Captain James Cook stumbled upon Hawaii and within two decades, armed with two borrowed cannons, a tribal chieftain from the big island of Hawaii had conquered the chain. The Hawaiian monarchy lasted a century before being ousted by the Americans, but Honolulu remains the only US city to retain a royal palace, now a threadbare museum.

After years in which Hawaiians stressed their American-ness there is now an obsession with their past. Most of it is tourist pastiche - the leis, the orchid garlands that greet visitors off the aircraft; the inescapable hula dancing; the "feasts" of barbecued pig on the beach; all the phoney ethnicity of "traditional Hawaiian evenings".

But although much is false - the ubiquitous ukulele was imported by Portuguese plantation workers; grass skirts are a modern invention - there is an unexpected foreignness about Hawaii; few white faces, very few pure Hawaiians, but a great mix from the Pacific rim. Honolulu's Chinatown has a seaport loucheness; after dark there is even an air of menace.

Coming across the "court", a procession of Hawaiians dressed as their 18th century ancestors, walking across the beach, is strangely moving. Traditional Hawaiian music flourishes; the language is being rediscovered; the sites of ancient sacrifice are being excavated. Poi, the basic food of Hawaii, made from the taro plant and tasting like tapioca chewing gum, is increasingly available. The Polynesian Cultural Centre in the north of the island is as serious as it is superficial; the local artefacts in the Bishop Museum greatly excite anthropologists.

The creaker in paradise, which led to the extermination by disease of most Hawaiians in the 19th century, carried on to recent times. The most moving experience on Oahu is a visit to Pearl Harbor, to take the free tour out to the memorial built over the wreck of the USS Arizona, sent to the bottom within minutes by Japanese bombers in December 1941, with the loss of almost 1,200 sailors, average age 19.

The ship is visible just beneath the surface of the water. Oil still leaks from it, polluting the calm waters. There is a sad silence from the tourists as they spend their 15 minutes on the simple floating deck, a shrine to the dead. It is naturally a popular excursion and, unless you arrive soon after 7.30 am, you might have to wait up to an hour in the visitor centre.

Pearl Harbor is a sobering antidote to the beach environment, less than 10 miles from one of the most popular beaches in the world. It is even weirder if you run into a party of hunters, crashing through the dense undergrowth, chasing with knives another import, the Russian Razorback pig.

Oahu in the past was probably never a happy place - ruled first by ritual, then by missionaries and plantation owners. Now, dancing to the demands of tourists, it is probably enjoying its golden age. But to make the most of a very varied island, tourists must leave the beaches for the jungles, the south for the north, and learn to avoid the kitsch Hawaiian culture for the more authentic recreations. Such journeying is made easy by an excellent and cheap bus service.

It also helps to have a luxury hotel as a base. The Mandarin group has just invested \$75m in renovating the Kahala Mandarin Oriental, located on the other side of Diamond Head, well away from Waikiki. It has a casual elegance but keeps its links with nature by having dolphins in a pool, and a flock of roosting birds. It provides an antidote to the crush of Waikiki, the foreignness of Chinatown, the formality of Honolulu, and the wildness of the interior.

North America Travel (0171-938 5737) offers seven nights on Oahu, including return flights with British Airways to Los Angeles and a night at the Ritz-Carlton in Pasadena. Then on to Honolulu, for a transfer to the Kahala Mandarin Oriental. Cost, on a room-only basis and two adults sharing, is £1,237.



The plants were introduced by the Polynesians - such as the koa tree, used for the surfboards of the chiefs; the clove, the strongest natural fibre in the world, which built the huts; and the kukui nut, which produced the oil used for lighting and tattooing.

It is a weird experience to be back to a strange environment, less than 10 miles from one of the most popular beaches in the world. It is even weirder if you run into a party of hunters, crashing through the dense undergrowth, chasing with knives another import, the Russian Razorback pig.

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The tropical island setting is half the advantage, of course, and the St Lucians use it well. Most of the concerts are staged in the evening, leaving you free during the day to pursue other essential Caribbean activities such as the watersports and lying in the sun.

There is, however, a sort of fringe festival, with local and regional bands playing jazz in the square at lunchtime in the capital. Carriacou, giving something to the St Lucians themselves. The Caribbean night is

Jazz in the St Lucia sunshine

James Henderson is already looking forward to the festival

It was a scene of utter contentment. A man lying in the sun, verging on the edge of slumber; the strains of hypnotic jazz music rolling out from a stage and filling the warm tropical air. A blossom from a white cedar tree spiralled gently down, hit him on the chin and lay still on his chest. He opened his eyes, realised, and closed them again.

It was the final afternoon of last year's Jazz Festival and St Lucian Luther Francois was running through his specially prepared medley of Caribbean jazz. Mid-afternoon, the whole thing had an air of a village fête, of happy abandon in the sun, with families on the fringes on picnic rugs, children chasing around playing tag, a few lads in the beer tent - and of course a certain vague attention on the stage activity.

St Lucia's Jazz Festival has now become a fixture on the Caribbean calendar. Like a number of festivals around the area, it was born with sanguine rationale: to increase tourism, the island's most important foreign exchange earner. Staged in May, it is supposed to maintain visitor arrivals beyond the winter season, which traditionally ends in April.

The festival does not break even, but it is reckoned to have been a success - in 1997 it increased visitors by around 15,000. By the by, the profile of St Lucia should be raised on the international stage. Just look what happened to Montserrat.

So much for vulgar theory. For the visitor, the festival adds an extra focus to a Caribbean holiday. The weather is not that different in May and, with the exception of a few concerts, it is not too crowded so you can simply pick and choose from the range of artists.

There are certainly some big names from the world of jazz, but the festival is by no means aimed at the purist. Really it is given as broad an appeal as possible.

My first evening was one for the hard-core devotees, though: Christian McBride, master bassist, followed by Pharoah Sanders, who ran his saxophone through mesmerising scales. The audience, the international visitors and the St Lucian great and good (who understandably have developed an interest in jazz, what with so many greats turning up on the island each year) gasped in reverence and awe.

The policemen, who were there to keep order, could barely stop themselves from dancing.

The tropical island setting is half the advantage, of course, and the St Lucians use it well. Most of the concerts are staged in the evening, leaving you free during the day to pursue other essential Caribbean activities such as the watersports and lying in the sun.

There is, however, a sort of fringe festival, with local and regional bands playing jazz in the square at lunchtime in the capital. Carriacou, giving something to the St Lucians themselves. The Caribbean night is

ideal for an open air concert: it uses the best of the evening cool and the huge backdrop of the black night sky.

Next night, I headed off to see Ronny Jordan, on a small stage set under the aerial roots of banyan trees. There was a robust, raw air to the performance; hard-nodding heads and a jangle of metallic tweaks that kicked and merged into a smooth, calm rhythm.

A St Lucian friend arrived and sat next to me. Most St Lucians are slightly boggled by the fact that the organisation seems to work so well, arriving on Caribbean time, she had missed half the show.

We went on to see Chaka Khan: "the diva of soul" as introduced by a screaming master of ceremonies. She was certainly a woman of enormous voice.

There is a strong regional quality to the festival too. Of course, West Indians are great music lovers and they flood in from islands nearby. Luther Francois' set on the final afternoon included the NY Latin

The rhythm slid in and out of salsa, soca and zouk with occasional strains of Bob Marley

Allstars (Puerto Ricans from New York) and Caribbean steel drum virtuosos from Trinidad.

The rhythm slid in and out of salsa, soca and zouk and there were even occasional strains of Bob Marley.

As darkness gathered, the throng of people pushed down in the front for the final act: Carlos Santana of all people. I used to listen to him 30 years ago when I was a teenager.

He was as impressive as I remembered, with his liquid, bewitching guitar solos, and as energetic, wandering around the stage with a fistful of maracas, encouraging his brass section to fill the night sky and egging his drummers to new levels of exertion.

The English village fête had transformed into a Caribbean fête (in West Indian parlance the word simply means party - it is the French creole side of St Lucia). Everyone was up and dancing: cedar-blossom man was there and the families had pressed in from the fringes, gathering the guys from the beer tent.

The crowd was carried on the Latin rhythm, heads rising and falling like cresting waves of a swell. In front of me, three St Lucian girls were moving outrageously, their bottoms going up and down like trumpet keys.

This year's festival runs from May 6 to 10. Acts will include Grover Washington Jr, Jazz Crusaders and Lorraine Carson. Further details from the St Lucia Tourist Board in London. Tel: 0171-431 3675. The jazz festival has a web site at: stluciazazz.com.

Mustique - a memorial to Messel

Giles MacDonogh finds a string of tasteful villas - and he hopes they stay that way

So much has happened in the recent history of Mustique that one might be forgiven for thinking the story is 300 years old, and not a mere 80. It all goes back to a vision made flesh by the one-time owner of the island, Colin Tennant, now Lord Glenconner, who decided to fill his largely uninhabited, waterless island in the Grenadines with villas, and have his sort of people inhabit them.

The first in was Lady Honour Swedgar, nee Guinness, sometime Channon, who built first one then another villa at the cliffs at the north end of the island. She employed a friend of hers, Oliver Messel, to make the design for Philblestown. Messel had retired from the theatre after an accident and gone to live in a house of his own design on Barbados. Messel was a brilliant set

designer, but no architect. Fortunately, Tennant had brought in the Swede Arne Hasselquist to lay out the roads and airport, and he was able to interpret Messel's working drawings. A partnership grew between the two men which survived about 15 houses until Messel's death in 1975.

Hasselquist still lives part of the year on the island, and now that Glenconner has gone to lie low in his restaurant on Saint Lucia, he is the Mustiquian with the longest view. He described working with Messel. If Hasselquist wanted something changed, Messel would burst into tears. He told Messel that the spindly

columns which were his trademark would not survive the climate, but Messel wouldn't listen. Then some promptly got blown away in a hurricane which hit one of his houses on Barbados. Hasselquist was triumphant.

Messel had a brilliant eye for detail. At Clonsilla, Lady Honour's second house - possibly the loveliest - Messel did everything, including the mirrors and lamp brackets. He altered designs in construction and was ruthless with the owners of his houses: "No darling, not like that," he would say, and then rearrange the furniture.

The Channons were already established on Mustique when Tennant had the brilliant idea of giving a piece of the south end of the island to Princess Margaret as a wedding present on her marriage to Anthony Armstrong-Jones. It so happened that Messel was Armstrong-Jones's uncle, so Les Jollies Eaux was designed by him, too. As the piece was rather big, Princess Margaret brought in her cousin, the photographer Lord Lichfield, to take half of it off her hands.

Lichfield employed Hasselquist to build Obsidian. Hasselquist designed another of the island's best houses in an informal English colonial style which was above all that recommended by Tennant.

Nor were they always happy with the simple, cottage designs of Messel: Queen Anne dolls' houses with depressed arches framing a sea view, thin columns and pierced baroque arches, and a sage counterpoint of interior and exterior spaces. Tennant's Great House was sold to a Russian who promptly demolished it.

Now came post-Messel Mustique and the architecture went wild. New money wanted something imposing. There was a spate of oriental designs with a touch of Hollywood. The oddest was Discovery - where Shogun meets Errol Flynn. Indeed, you half expect the latter to swing down from the rafters during dinner. The master bedroom is an exposed collection of rocks with a pool, so that you might imagine some maudlin of legend, fishing for carp from his cot.

Historicism went wild or eclectic. Oceanus looks like a plush restaurant on the Costa Brava complete with medieval vaults and white-washed walls. Two of England's most famous pop singers arrived and immediately plumped for some of the ripest and most outrageous of Hasselquist's fantasies.

Tennant was already packing his bags. His dream had been shattered. The Mustique Company took over, headed by Brian Alexander, a former guards officer and the dapper son of the wartime field marshal. Alexander was able to lend the place the right tone even after the visionary had fled. Now old Mustique hands say that sense has prevailed. Neo-colonial and Mock-Messel have made a comeback. The final number of villas

has been limited to 110. The most extreme figure touted was 5,000.

Messel is still the best of Mustique, and the reason why it is not just a party-island frequented by the very rich. Visiting the villas, you notice how the Messel designs impose an intimacy which makes them a home, even when they are only inhabited for six weeks of the year. With Clonsilla, Blue Waters, Samabala and Sea Star, Messel established a canon, a holiday villa in the best possible taste. Let's hope, in post-colonial Mustique, their future is secure.

Many of Mustique's villas may be rented from the Mustique Company. Tel: 001 809 458 4621. Fax 001 809 456 4565. Visitors may also stay at Messel's Cotton House Hotel; tel 809 456 4777. Giles MacDonogh flew British West Indian Airlines to Barbados.

SPORT

Tennis

Youth turns up the heat in Australia

John Barrett feels privileged to watch history in the making

Every now and then you are privileged to glimpse the future.

Bjorn Borg, a slight, round-shouldered figure at the age of 17, beating Buster Mottram in the junior final at Wimbledon from 2-6 down in the final set; 16-year-old Chris Evert curving her way through to the semi-finals of the 1971 US Open with metronomic precision and pushing Billie Jean King to the limit; John McEnroe, aged 18, winning eight matches at Wimbledon in 1977 as he roars through to the semi-finals; Martina Navratilova at the age of 17 serving and volleying like a veteran as she leads the Czech team to victory in the 21-and-under BP Cup at Torquay; Ken Rosewall, in 1953, playing precision tennis to beat America's Vic Seixas to win the French Championships at the age of 18; Steffi Graf, all arms and legs at the age of 14, taking Jo Durie to 9-7 in the final set in the fourth round at Wimbledon; Monica Seles, a frail 15-year-old in 1990, scaring the pants off the same Graf, by now the defending champion, in a nail-biting semi-final at the French Open; Martina Hingis, aged 12, winning the junior crown in Paris against an embarrassed Belgian girl five years her senior.

They are rare, these moments of revelation. And precious. To have witnessed two within the last week has been quite extraordinary. The first came unexpectedly in Adelaide. I had arrived at Memorial Drive last Friday to see how Andre Agassi was faring in his attempt to re-establish himself after falling out of the top 100 last year for the first time since he turned professional in 1988.

It was hot and humid on quarter-finals day at the Australian Hard Court Championships. Agassi had

asked for a wild card into the draw because he needed the match practice. He was due to play Brett Steven of New Zealand, who had put out the French Open champion Gustavo Kuerten in the second round.

Around the club there was a good deal of chat about the progress of a local lad who had been given the other wild card after winning a domestic event the previous week. In fact, at 16 years and 10 months, Lleyton Hewitt had already become a minor celebrity by eliminating two fellow Aussies - first Scott Draper and then Mark Woodford - who has been some-thing of a mentor because they both come from Adelaide.

Hewitt's quarter-final opponent was a good young American called Vince Spadea. The winner would play either Agassi or Steven. Agassi's win in three sets on a scorching afternoon was convincing. The New Zealander had got off to a golden start and won the opening set 8-1. Agassi, looking much leaner and fitter than he had done last year, found his range after recovering from 0-40 in the first game of the second set and allowed Steven only two more games.

"I'm getting better with every match," said the 27-year-old American. No one would have disagreed. In a night match interrupted by showers, Hewitt had beaten Spadea 6-1 in the final set to set up a meeting against his hero. "It's true. I do have posters of him at home. I can't believe I shall be on the same court as him. It's like a dream come true," he said.

For Agassi, their match was more of a nightmare. Not that the former world No 1 played badly in losing 7-6, 7-6. It was simply that Hewitt was inspired. Like Agassi, he takes the ball



Triumphant newcomers: Lleyton Hewitt (left), who beat his hero Andre Agassi, and Venus Williams, who predicted her victory over Martina Hingis



early, single-handed on the forehand, double-handed on the backhand, and hits it either flat and fast or with dipping topspin.

Like his hero, he is quick about the court. Standing only 5ft 10in, he has to be. What was so impressive was the way Hewitt dealt with the important points. Five times Agassi had break opportunities. Three times Hewitt hit winning second serves, two of them aces. On the other two, he won the rally. There was a fearless intensity about Hewitt's play that was remarkable. The telling lob he hit to turn the second tie-break his way was the work of an instinctive match player.

Afterwards, Agassi admitted he had underestimated his opponent. "I kept thinking he would go away," he said. "I should have given him more heat on those key points." But that would have not been easy, as Jason Stoltenberg discovered in the final. Despite leading 4-2

in the third set tie-break, he was outplayed as Hewitt took the next five points, among them another telling lob, for the title.

"I wasn't nervous at all," said Hewitt. "I suppose I had nothing to lose and everything to gain." What young Hewitt has gained is a new record. Never before has a player as young as this won the first tournament he has entered on the ATP Tour.

The only other senior event he has played is last year's Australian Open, where he was a qualifier and lost in the first round. Only two younger men have ever won tournaments on the Tour. Michael Chang was 16.7 when he won in San Francisco in 1988, and Aaron Krickstein was 16.2 when he took the Tel Aviv title in 1983.

It is a measure of Hewitt's ability that he should have been able to bounce back from such a physically and psychologically draining week to beat world No 4

Jonas Bjorkman in the first round of this week's tournament in Sydney. He even served for the match in the second round against fellow Australian Michael Tebbutt.

It was probably no bad thing that Hewitt lost. He will need all the time avail-

Agassi had asked for a wild card because he needed the practice

able to prepare properly for the Australian Open, which begins in Melbourne next Monday.

The second moment of revelation followed fast on the heels of the first. Venus Williams, the black teenage American who had reached the final of the US Open unseeded last September,

had arrived in Sydney last week in good time to acclimatise.

At a press conference held on the eve of the tournament, Williams, ranked 21, spoke of her conviction that she would soon overtake fellow teenager Martina Hingis as the world No 1. Eyebrows were raised. Confidence is an admirable quality, over-confidence less attractive.

Poignantly, the Sydney draw had thrown these two together in the second round, provided that Williams could beat Ruxandra Dragomir of Romania in the first. As one of the top four seeds, defending champion Hingis had a bye. When Dragomir retired with a thigh injury after losing the first set 6-4, Williams bemoaned the fact that she was losing the opportunity for match practice.

Practice was a commodity that Hingis lacked. She had arrived late from Europe, presumably confident that she would slip back into the

form that had won her three of the four Grand Slam crowns in 1997. So dominant was she last year that she lost only five times, despite a five-week gap following a riding accident that had required arthroscopic surgery on an injured knee.

As Hingis should have remembered, summer afternoons in Sydney and Melbourne can be brutally hot. With so little time to acclimatise, Hingis was unlucky that the day of her match against Williams was one of those humid scorches where every deep breath seems to burn the lungs.

The fact that Williams had not taken more than six games off the world No 1 in three previous meetings - the last the US Open final - did not dismay the American. "I made a lot of mistakes in that match," she said. "I was basically out of control and she took advantage of me playing so badly."

It was true. Williams had sprayed far too many errors

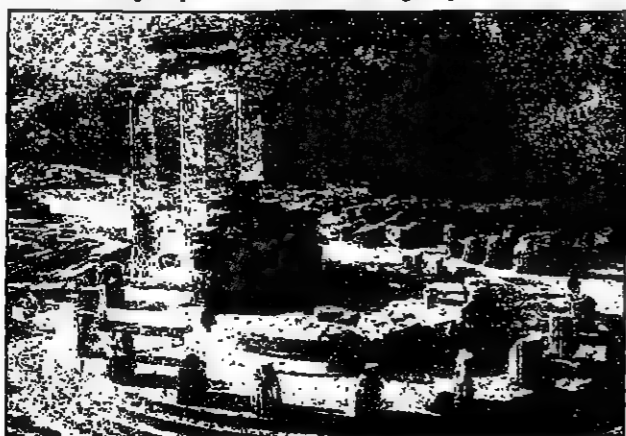
from the back of the court that day, going for too much, too soon. Clearly, she had learned her lesson. In a magnificent battle, in which both women suffered dehydration and the onset of cramp, Williams beat Hingis 3-6, 6-4, 7-5.

Her power from the baseline was simply too much for an opponent who looked a trifle slower than usual. Williams served much better than she had done in New York and volleyed well, too. This was a magnificent example of positive thinking overcoming the skill and guile of the greatest match player for her age the game has seen.

As the season unfolds, the rivalry that is developing between Hingis and the Williams family - Venus's younger sister Serena beat both Mirjana Lucic and Lindsay Davenport this week - is likely to produce the best tennis since the days of Evert and Navratilova. It will be a privilege to witness it.

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with Gerald Cadogan, Weekend FT Correspondent and Archaeologist
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Football

Think, talk and wear Posh

Antony Thornicroft on a team chairman trying to win over the whole town's loyalty

Tuesday was blues day for the Posh: Peterborough United, knocked out on one of those unexpected windfalls that make life in the lower divisions almost worth living - a fourth round away game at Manchester United.

There was a small consolation for Peter Boizot, chairman and paymaster of the Posh, who is using some of the fortune he made from bringing his Pizza Express chain to market to prop up his home-town team. The attendance of nearly 13,000 was almost three times the average crowd of a year ago. But the Posh have missed out on the big, six-figure, and counting, money.

"I have told manager Barry Fry that I can afford to lose £1m a year for a few years to come, but I don't really want to," says Boizot. His hope is that he can somehow balance the books and hand over the Posh to the good folk of Peterborough.

Despite his undoubted business acumen, Boizot nurtures a Boy's Own Paper approach to football. He was born, bred and schooled in Peterborough, and was an obvious choice when the youth team needed some cash.

He was so impressed by the clean-cut, nicely spoken lads that last January he bought the whole outfit, investing almost £2m in paying off Peterborough's debts and acquiring 97 per cent of the shares.

Now he is trying to reform

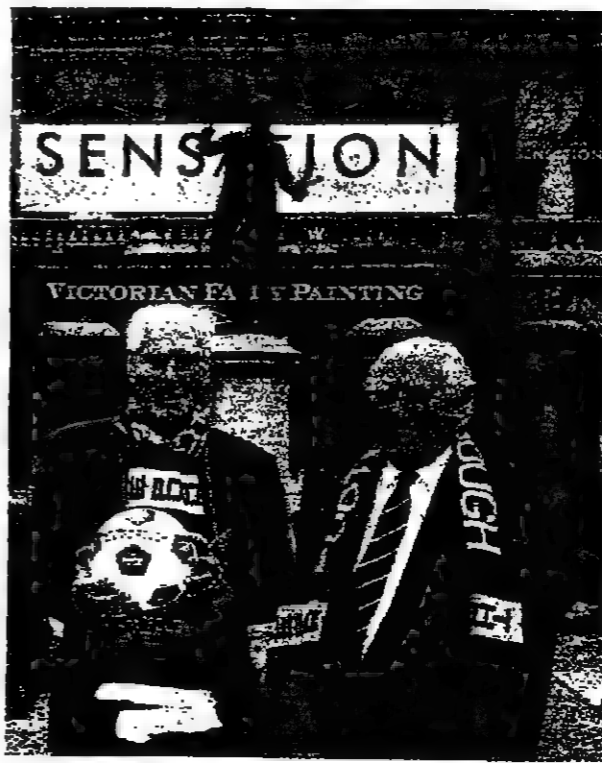
Peterborough in his own image. Boizot remembers going to matches in 1947, when the police band entertained the crowd before the match and supporters swathed themselves in club colours, waved their rattles and enjoying nothing more after the game than a good-natured josh with fans of the opposing team.

Rather remarkably he wants to instil this spirit at Peterborough. He is just back from Green Bay on Lake Michigan to see how an American football team like the Packers can completely win over the loyalty of a small community, and he won't be happy until the people of Peterborough think, talk, and wear the Posh. He is planning a new strip, a new club mascot and much smarter merchandise.

Under tough manager Barry Fry, the players are encouraged to train hard, play fair and become role models for the town. More to the point, Fry has been told he need not sell off his best young players, the inevitable, if self-defeating, financial fallback of most Division Three clubs.

Of course Boizot could be on a dispiriting learning curve. He is already adept at blaming the ref for some of Peterborough's latest reverses, and a recent attempt to draw fellow football club chairman into his life-enhancing vision proved a cruel disappointment.

Before giving his heart, and wallet, to Peterborough, Boizot was best known as a preserver of Venice from the flood (he has raised over



Mixing football with museums: Peter Boizot (right) with Sir Philip Dawson, president of the Royal Academy

£500,000 for the city by placing a surcharge on his Venetian pizza); as a patron of jazz; and as a friend of the arts, notably the Royal Academy.

The RA was having problems finding a sponsor for its latest exhibition, a collection of art treasures from England's regional museums. Boizot thought it was an excellent idea to link local museums with local football clubs, and wrote to the 97 chairmen in the Football League suggesting they

should collectively sponsor the show.

He failed to get a result, and has done the decent thing, finding over £100,000 of his own money to nail the name of Peterborough United as sponsor to "Art Treasures of England".

When it opens next week manager Fry and the players will be mingling with the art crowd, plus those supporters lured along by a cut-price offer in the Posh programme. Rather graciously, the other football team

bosches have been invited to the party.

Owning a lower league football club is inevitably a labour of love. But Boizot has already gained some satisfaction at Peterborough. By investing around £400,000 a year in the youth team and maintaining a consistent line-up on the field, the Posh are second in the division and on line for promotion. Crowds have risen from 5,000 to 7,000 and more.

There is also the property element. Apart from Peterborough United, Boizot has invested over £10m in the town, buying up and refurbishing a cinema, an office block and an hotel. A successful football team can add some commercial zip to a community. He is also planning ground improvements which will provide a better shop and restaurant, including a pizza outlet, and a new stand that will offer yet more retail opportunities.

The new stand will replace another new stand, which opened two years ago and has proved a disappointment. One of its attractions was its hospitality boxes, which were snapped up by local companies. But few firms renewed for this season. The glass in the boxes steamed up, leaving the guests with a view of their drinks but not of the action on the pitch.

Unfortunately, Boizot cannot spend too many Saturday afternoons shouting on the Posh. At the age of 58, he still turns out as a player - as a hockey player for his 'true love', Hampstead and Westminster Hockey Club.



1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26

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